00058427

00058427

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018

THE JAPS AT HOME

BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR.

FRITHJOF AND INGEBJORG. *5s.*
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., LONDON.

AUSTRALIAN LYRICS. *1s.*

A POETRY OF EXILES. *1s.*

A SUMMER CHRISTMAS. *6s.*

IN CORNWALL AND ACROSS THE SEA. *6s.*

SEIZED BY A SHADOW. *1s.*

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE. *4s.*

THE SPANISH ARMADA. *6d.*

LESTER THE LOYALIST. *2s. 6d.*
GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO., LONDON.
CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

BOOKS EDITED BY THE AUTHOR.

AUSTRALIAN BALLADS AND RHYMES. *1s.*

A CENTURY OF AUSTRALIAN SONG. *3s. 6d.*
WALTER SCOTT, LONDON. WHITTAKER & CO., NEW YORK.

AUSTRALIAN POETS. *3s. 6d.*

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS. *3s. 6d.*
GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO., LONDON.
CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Poor Japs and English Royalty.

From a Photograph by the Author.

THE JAPS AT HOME

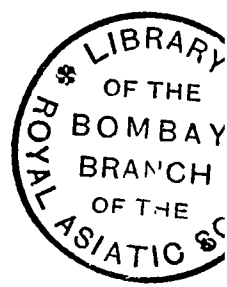
58127
a.c.

BY

DOUGLAS SLADEN

With Numerous Illustrations

2x-K-21



HUTCHINSON & CO.
25, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON
MDCCCXCII

915.2
Sla/Jup
58427

THIS BOOK IS

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

Dedicated to

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G.;

TWO CHAPTERS IN WHOSE

VISIT TO JAPAN

THE AUTHOR HAS THE PLEASURE OF GIVING

IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

NOTE.

The cover represents a geisha (singing girl) returning by night, in her riksha, along the banks of the Sumida-gawa, the river of Tokyo. It is the fac-simile of the picture on a head-towel brought from Japan by myself. These head-towels are made of cheap cotton, nearly always light blue in colour, and printed with a pattern or picture. They are worn twisted round the forehead, as the riksha-boys are depicted wearing them on the cover of this book.

TO THE READER.

IN my months of wandering about the streets and lanes of Japan, I kodaked with camera and pen a few phases of Japanese life, which I here present that you may see THE JAPS AT HOME as I saw them.

These chapters have perhaps a chance of being fresh, for they were composed, not by the midnight oil, but by the midday sun—literally.

Whatever struck me as interesting or amusing I noted down on the pad affixed to the top of my kodak-case,—an addition all kodakers should have.

These notes, forming a horary rather than a diary, constitute the subject-matter of my book, which pretends no more than to give my impressions of Japan and the Japs. I have not wittingly asserted anything which is not a fact, and when I make an unsupported assertion only state it as my impression. The sojourner among a secretive people cannot easily do more.

I have also, as was natural for an impressionist, written for the most part in the lighter vein, but *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?*

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	STREET LIFE IN YOKOHAMA	1
II.	IN YOKOHAMA, A WEEK LATER	15
III.	THE TEMPLES OF SHIBA	26
IV.	THE MAPLE CLUB AND ITS DANCING GIRLS	38
V.	CHRISTMAS DAY IN YOKOHAMA	49
VI.	NEW YEAR'S EVE IN JAPAN	52
VII.	THE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL IN JAPAN	60
VIII.	JAPANESE FIREMEN	87
IX.	JAPANESE WRESTLING	94
X.	SEEING THE GIANT FEED	103
XI.	SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AT HOME IN JAPAN	109
XII.	THE PLUM TREES OF THE SLEEPING DRAGON	125
XIII.	AT NAGASAKI	137
XIV.	JAPANESE WOMEN	148
XV.	WHAT THE JAPANESE THEMSELVES THINK OF WOMEN	158
XVI.	CURIO SHOPS AND CURIO STALLS	169
XVII.	AT A JAPANESE FUNERAL	185
XVIII.	JAPANESE NOVELS	191
XIX.	THE OPENING OF THE JAPANESE EXHIBITION AT TOKYO (UENO)	202
XX.	THE MARTYRDOM OF A MISSIONARY	214

CHAP.		PAGE
XXI.	To Kobe, for the Mikado's Naval Review	219
XXII.	Kyoto during the English Royal Visit	231
XXIII.	Down the Rapids with the Duke of Connaught	242
XXIV.	Danjuro and the Japanese Theatre	252
XXV.	Tea Houses and Tea Gardens	263
XXVI.	The Golden Shrines of Nikko	273
XXVII.	"English as She is Spoke" in Japan	289
XXVIII.	Theatres and Variety Shows in Japan	299
XXIX.	A Nation at Play	307
XXX.	Publishing a Book in Japan	318
XXXI.	An Artist's Home in Japan	329
XXXII.	Shaking off the Dust	334

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE
Poor Japs and English Royalty (*From a Photograph by the Author.*)	*Frontispiece*	
The Fan March	*To face page*	38
The First Dancer	„ „	43
The Finale of the Maple Dance	„ „	46
A Japanese Fire Station	„ „	89
A Yokohama Curio Shop	„ „	168
A Japanese Monastery	„ „	232
A Wistaria-bower Tea House	„ „	243
A Temple Gateway	„ „	267
A Japanese Garden	„ „	274
The Golden Shrine of Iyeyasu, Nikko	„ „	285
The Parthenon of Mountains	„ „	338

SMALLER ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Author in Japan	2
A Japanese Public-House Sign	3
Church People	8
The Japanese Thomas Cook	13
A Japanese Canal Boat	16
A Japanese Theatre	18
A Pipe Mender	20
Street Tumblers	23
Yokohama—The Club Hotel and Yokohama United Club	24
A Japanese Temple (Buddhist)	27
A Lady of the Town	52
Geishas	53

PAGE

A Strolling (Eta) Samisen Player 57
One of the Gods of Wealth—Ebis Sama 63
Children Playing in the Street 67
The Wrestlers and the Umpire 94
A Mighty Tussle 99
Our Wrestler in his Championship Dress 104
Sir Edwin Arnold in Japan 110
Sir E. Arnold's Bedroom in his Japanese Home 111
Sir E. Arnold's Japanese Drawing-room 112
The Guest Chamber, in which the "Light of the World" was Written 123
The Horseshoe Bridge at Kameido 128
A Japanese Pillow 151
Mrs. Sada 156
The Father-in-law 162
A Japanese Husband 164
Slicing the Daiku (Gigantic Radish) 166
Arrest of the Pawnbroker's Clerk 194
Preparing for Hara-Kiri—Suicide by Disembowelment . . . 198
Painting a Kakemono 209
A Japanese Woman Reeling Silk 212
Musumés 225
The Gateway of Yaami's Hotel 231
The Principal Tea House in Japan 264
Restaurant Tea House at Kanagawa 272
The Orchestra of the Miyako-Odori 301
The Ame-ya—Maker of Dough Toys 314
My Publisher 319
A Japanese Poet—Mayeda-San 325
Japanese Woman Writing a Letter 328

THE JAPS AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

STREET LIFE IN YOKOHAMA.

YOKOHAMA, *December 1st.*

THE first spare moment off shipboard one jumps into a "jinrikisha" to go round the Japanese town. There is a considerable latitude in the spelling of the word, the above being that adopted by the guild of jinrikisha men on their tariff card; but, for brevity, I shall often use the shortest form yet attained by the word—*riksha.*

The prices charged by the jinrikys, or kurumayas, are rather shocking to the Trades Union estimate of the value of labour. You can drive an hour in a riksha drawn by one man for sevenpence-halfpenny, and he will *wait* an hour for twopence-halfpenny. In snowy or stormy weather he may claim 50 per cent. extra.

If you prefer to hire by distance, and enjoy the privilege of having been born a Japanese, you can go half a mile for three-halfpence and a mile for threepence, though it must be admitted that no properly constituted riksha boy would take such a pittance from a European.

On the other hand, the Japanese currency is so much depreciated that you are only paying 75 to 80 per cent. of the nominal price; and it is only in demoralised places like Yokohama that the riksha guilds venture to charge such

high prices. Even in Nagasaki, Europeans who know their way about can get a riksha for a whole day at a fraction under eighteenpence, and a Japanese, in country towns which are uncorrupted by foreigners, would not pay more than a shilling a day.

THE AUTHOR IN JAPAN.

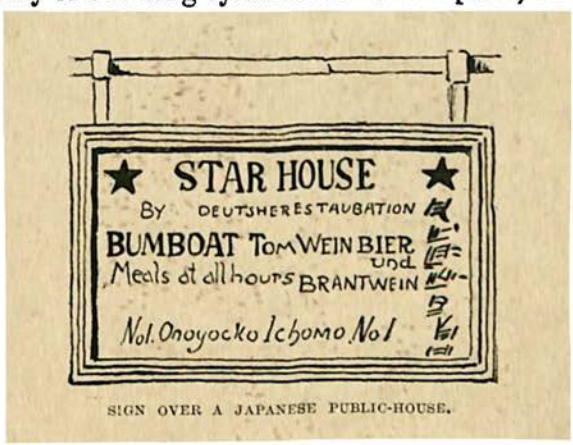
I wish I had kept one of these riksha guild tariff cards. They are fine specimens of "English as she is spoke" in Japan.

One soon whirls past the dwarf avenue of typical winter-flowering Japanese trees, which divide Negeshiyama, the European town, from Shighio, the native town, and a minute

or two afterwards is in the Benten Dori, one of the two native streets in which Europeans do most of their shopping, the Honcho Dori being the principal.

In Japan, Americans are always reckoned as Europeans, and all the western nations together frequently regarded as English.

Before we went very far down this street, on this memorable first afternoon in Japan, we came upon a human water cart, who apparently does duty in Japan for the perforated ship's boiler dear to bumbledom in London. His apparatus consists only of two long cylindrical wooden pails, suspended



SIGN OVER A JAPANESE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

from the flat shoulder rod acclimatised in Australia by the Chinese, and provided each with a long spigot, plugging up a hole in the bottom. When he is ready, he pulls up this plug stick, and the water gushes out. I kodaked him: he evidently understood photography, for his face betrayed an anxiety to be equal to the honour.

One has not to go far in Japanese-town to come across some variation of English. "Curio-dealers" may possibly have observed a vacillation in U's and N's in their patronesses' letters. The Star Hotel, by "Bumboat Town," is evidently considered an irresistible attraction to the Anglo-Saxon sailor, while Brantwein is added in a corner

to include the balance of the Gothic race. And one had not to go far for a specimen of English as what Max Müller calls an agglutinative language—

"Nipponekidemugaiseya, railway, steamships,
cointhings·dealtt·here"

this last all in one word.

One dealer offers his European patrons—

DEALER AND MANUFACTURER

OF

TORTOIES PLU WORK LACUER WARE

AUD

CUIOS.

And this is an hotel sign—

MOON HOUSE

Wines and Liguors

OF THE

COFFEE UND THE RESTAURANA

B. MISAWA.

And now, if Max O'Rell gauges rightly the stage at which newspapers expect one to form an estimate of a country, as I have just begun to go down the first Japanese street I suppose I ought to "size up" Japan.

Japan is, after all, Japanese. Every one you meet does not speak English, and the coolies, at any rate, do not wear "boxer" hats, though there is a marked inclination, in the Japs of very humble surroundings, to combine the Englishman's hat and boots with a Japanese costume, a

white "boxer" of the Noah's Ark pattern being the favourite, rain or shine.

With the exception of European hats, and coarse European shoes, the lower order of Japs for the most part adheres to the national garb ; and the ladies of the higher classes are rapidly returning to it.

I find Japan much odder than the shoemakers' bazaar at Athens, funnier even than the great bazaar in Constantinople—the Turk is so preternaturally grave; and one does not wish him to be anything else, for he only laughs when he is angry or contemptuous.

Japan is perhaps more characteristic and queerer than Ceylon, but Ceylon has the advantage in colour. Whatever its woods in spring and the lacquer of its temples may be, Japanese streets are neutral-tinted. One does not get the glorious reds and greens of the old tiled roofs and broad plantain leaves of Colombo, nor even the bright blues of China.

I think Japan might be almost disappointing, if it were not for the Henry-Irving-in-Hamlet legs of the coolies. With their picturesque tunics and spinet legs, they look as if they had been resurrected from the pictures of Perugino or Pinturicchio. They are varlets, slippered loons, as arrant as ever came out of the Middle Ages : they make the whole place mediæval. In fact, I doubt if one could give an Englishman a better idea of unadulterated Japan than by recommending him to go to the National Gallery and study the fifteenth century pictures, or to recall the old-fashioned booths resurrected in the pasteboard Old London at South Kensington, with their open fronts and pillbox insides, their grotesque wares and overgrown grotesque signs, their beetling roofs and projecting timbers. Their puniness to modern ideas, and their utter picturesqueness are parodied, by the thousand, in Tokyo and Yokohama. And the jerkins and trunk hose are there to match, not to mention quite

a goodly number of bow-and-arrow shops, and suits of armour exposed for the curio hunter.

One of the first things which struck me in the native town was the resemblance between life in Japan and life in Italy. The Japanese are the Italians, as the Chinese are the Germans of the East.

In Shighio one can see the double of the poor Florentine, wrapped in his round cloak, who stands sunning himself on the Lung' Arno, because he is too poor to have even a scaldino at home. I have already seen almost the identical cloak in a thick winter kimono of wool, or chocolate-coloured leather. The scaldino, the charcoal finger-brazier, which is the sole comfort of the poor Italian, has its exact counterpart in the more expensive hibachi ; the rag and bone and old metal shops of the Mercato Vecchio, and its purlieus, are first cousins to the humbler curio shops of Japan; and the masses present the same curious contrast of penurious economy with shiftlessness.

They, too, are a laughing, light-hearted people, feeling life of so little worth or prospect that death has no terrors. They, too, to the very lowest, are Nature's gentlemen in their manners, but treacherous, revengeful, and shifty in their bargains. They, too, are born artists, and have all the indolence of the artistic temperament so strongly that, without feudal influences, they produce nothing great as they did in the old days. The poor rather remind one of the Italian poor in appearance—clothes apart.

And though their languages have no connection whatever, philologically, the same liquid note belongs to the genius of both. Such words as Tokio, Kioto, Yokohama, Nara, Hakodate, would sound as natural under the blue winter sky of windy Tuscany as under the clear December skies of blusterous Japan.

The Japanese, to the very lowest, have charming manners —a polish like their incomparable lacquer, and said by old

European residents to be no deeper, though as difficult to chip through.

Those who have had business dealings with both nations infinitely prefer the Chinese to the Japanese. The Chinese nibble, but they never repudiate. According to the English merchants in Yokohama, the Japanese gives an order, and when it is completed repudiates it if he has any object in doing so.

It is hard to pin a Japanese down in a bargain. He will never commit himself, and woe be to you if you go on trust, so say the oldest residents. A Chinaman's word is good enough, though the poor John's fingers are light. The Japanese does you wholesale, so says the merchant, and so says the sea captain, and so says the Press in the privacy of hotel bars and crowded streets. (They only have to hold their tongues on paper.)

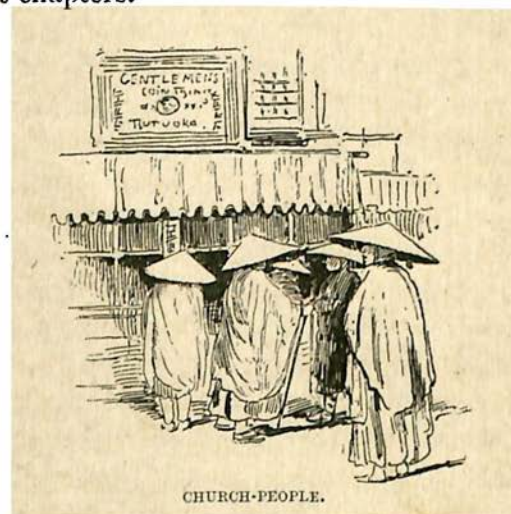
In fact, their good-natured account of the Japs' way of doing business reminds me of an Oxford friend who was being "hauled" by the College Dean for some breach of academic rules. He, of course, had some perfectly glib and natural explanation. He was never taken aback. "No, Mr. J.," said the Dean triumphantly, "that won't do this time; you told me the exact opposite last term." "I know I did," was the unabashed reply, "but that was a lie." I knew that that man would prosper. At the present moment he is an editor of a great London newspaper, and I expect before many years to see him a shining light in the British Parliament—of course in the ranks of the party of respectability.

There are odd sights at every corner in Japan.

His Majesty's mail is carried by postmen in blue serge bicycle club costumes, with knee breeches and white cotton gloves, but frequently no shoes or stockings. To make up for this, they invariably wear solar topees on their heads, though the Japanese do not use sun strokes. But the

queerest crew I have seen for many a day are parading about in Lincoln-green togas and limpet-shaped hats that look like extinguishers.

I ask my jinrikisha man, who prides himself upon his English, who they are. He answers in his terse way, for he deals in only one part of speech—nouns—"church people," and I have to be contented. They look like a lot of king-crabs. We pass a small temple, but I will not pause to describe it, as there is sure to be an epidemic of temples in subsequent chapters.



CHURCH-PEOPLE.

The mention of church people and temples reminds me that it is Sunday. The Jap even keeps Sunday in a way. There are more people idle than on other days, and the upper class Japanese make a holiday of it. So do many of the Chinese, who go up to Tokyo by rail (second class, not third), gorgeously attired in apple-green and sky-blue brocades and white silk stockings, smoking cigars of the largest size. The Japs observe Sunday as they wear a European hat, because it stamps them as a superior class. They would keep the Jews' Sabbath, too, if it was "smart" enough.

It isn't due to the missionaries; for whom they have the most undisguised contempt. The well-bred Japanese shudder to think of missionaries, while the poorer class do not keep the Christian Sunday at all, but go on trading as usual, though they may possibly feel grateful for a day on which Christian shops are shut, and Christian buyers driven to the counter of the unbeliever (as we are literally, in jinrikishas, to-day).

Even odder than the postman is the key smith, with a beautiful brass-bound cabinet containing his tools, fringed with a regular pawn-shop of old keys. His cabinet has delightful little drawers. Every specimen of the Japanese cabinet-maker's work has these drawers in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, which fly open and close in the most unexpected manner. These tool cabinets, especially those which are made by workers for their own use, are veritable works of art, and seldom obtainable by foreigners.

None of the men look as if they wore anything but hose on their legs, which are far more suggestive of a Christian's legs before he puts on his trousers than after.

The Benten Dori, though a fair street to shop in, is not a very interesting one for native life. It is desperately anxious to be European in its *clientèle*, though owned exclusively by Japanese. So it has a *Pigeon*-English (is not this very word a corruption of *Business*-English?) signboard over every door, and asks Christians a Jewish rate of profit. But, to-day, an ancient native, quite a Japanese Seneca, with shaven head and wrinkled cheek, and a *négligé* Roman senatorial dress, has strayed in, and is jesting gravely with a friend. We stop to take a sun picture of him (to this day I remember the dreary Latin hexameter poem I had to write when I was at Cheltenham, on "Photography," under the classical alias of *Sol Pictor*), and then say to the jinrikisha man:—

"*You go better street; more Japanee.*"

He rattles us off at a hand gallop (and there is a good deal of rattle in a galloping riksha) to the street where most of the native theatres are. I won't describe them now; there is sure to be an epidemic of theatres, too, in subsequent chapters. This street is also fuller of native life than any other, for here they do their lounging.

All along the street, carrying funny little Jap babies in hoods upon their backs, are big sisters or young mothers—one can never be very sure which, in Japan—for the Japanese mature like rabbits, and don't look grown up until they are grandparents.

One hardly ever sees a grey-headed man in Japan. It is such a queer, contradictory, upside down sort of country, that very likely producing a moustache is a mark of middle age, and a full beard a sign that one is approaching the term of man.

The Japanese are no more hostile to the idea of "bustle" than their so-called more civilised sisters, but lately, were. I notice a very fine one on a woman washing the steps of her dwelling, and that dwelling only the humblest type of Japanese shop, with its tiny open front, and its almost total absence of stock, veiled by paper slides and banners of dark blue ship's canvas, ornamented in white with cabalistic designs which may be letters of the alphabet. If she were to turn round I should probably be confronted with a row of jet black teeth; for the Japanese husband, who is jealous, considers it his only safeguard to render his wife repulsive to other men by making her mouth a Gehenna.

Close by they are building a house (which will presumably be "somebody's" house) of black mud, on a very airy framework. The beaver makes a better job of it; but, on the one hand, he does not expect his handiwork to be upset by an earthquake any day, and, on the other, he does expect it to keep out the elements. Besides, it must be necessary to build things cheaply in Japan.

I can't form the wildest guess as to what the poor Japanese lives on. There are forty millions, and one can gauge the rate of wages by the fact that one can go half a mile in a riksha for three-halfpence, and buy a cabinet three feet high with half a dozen drawers and two sets of folding doors, for a couple of shillings! Yet every one is dressed well, and every one seems able to afford to pass a whole day at the theatre when he chooses, and to spend threepence-three-farthings on doing it, too. And all the business done is in the pettiest sums, and not too often at that.

I give it up as to how they make their living, but the old resident growls out: "Make their living, and a jolly good living, too, the scoundrels! You've no idea how well off they are." Which I am free to admit.

For vegetables, the poorer classes hover between the sea-weed stall and the radish-hawker. Other forms of green-grocery are included in the business, but quite under a bushel compared to this mammoth radish—the daiku. The Japanese are very fond of it, but the Europeans of course pronounce it rank, as they would anything that was at once large and cheap, and relished by the natives.

The loads these poor fellows will carry on their shoulders are astonishing. I bought a palm tree when I got back to the hotel, four or five feet high, in a pot of earth a foot and a half square, which the hotel boots could hardly carry up-stairs. The flower seller was carrying two of these, and a camellia, and half a dozen other large flowers to boot. For one of these enormous shrubs, in quite a handsome fancy wooden pot, I only gave him half-a-crown; but sixpence for the camellia. And I suspect that the hotel guide made him pay a pretty good brokerage out of this.

The odd Jap lanterns are a great industry in the streets. The boys who paint them are hardly bigger than English babies; but then, infants are very precocious in Japan. Every five minutes you meet some queer little slip

of mortality, with its little arms tucked, in characteristic Japanese fashion, each up its own sleeve, and with its thoughts devoted to the nation (or perhaps marriage).

How unwilling we are to turn our human horses' heads towards home. We feel as if we could stay out all night in this new-earth (which has a very hazy idea, if any, of any heaven, new or otherwise). It looks even more like a willow pattern plate than it did from the deck of the ship.

The Japanese seem to have borrowed everything. We know that they borrowed one kind of pottery from Corea and another from China; that they borrow every conceivable article from the civilisation of the West; that they borrowed their very alphabet from China. It seems as if they had borrowed their scenery, too, from China.

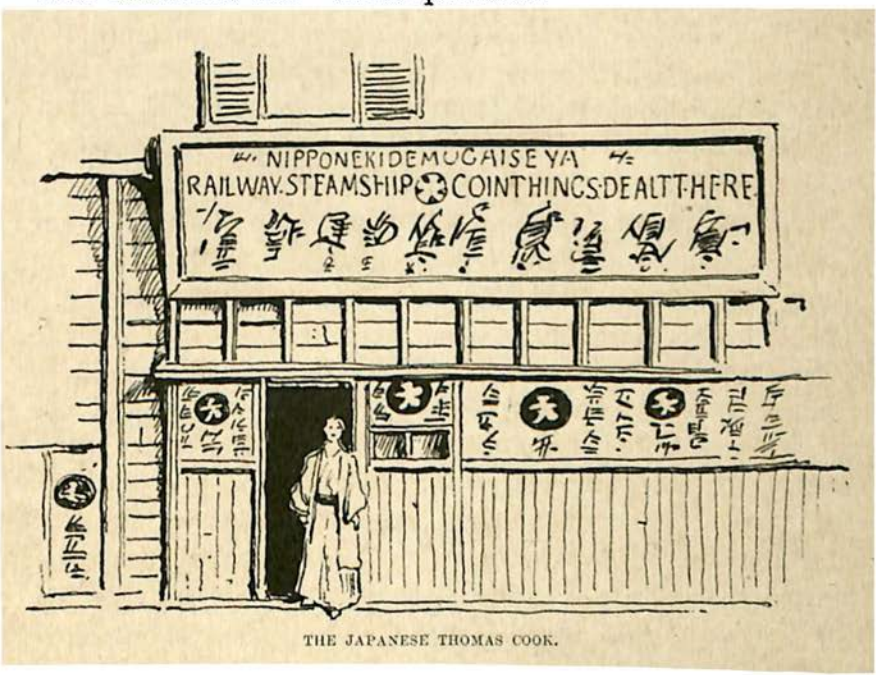
The very fish hawkers carry out the national idea, by borrowing a couple of YEN (dollars) one morning to buy a load of fish, which they have to pay back the next with the inconsiderable interest of twenty-five SEN (cents)—about 5000 per cent. per annum.

However, the coolies at any rate are very Japanese, with their crested tunics and cinque-cento legs. Nothing could be more Japanese than one I met, with his queer thatched stall balanced on his shoulder, and the innate brightness of this people, high and low, shining in his expression. His mate was carrying a couple of piles of boxes and baskets slung from his shoulder staff, as milkmen used to carry their pails in London, before they grew proud by making too much money out of their shares in Water Companies.

We hurry home past the Cricket Ground, which the English, as irrepressible as their own sparrows, have engrafted on the Land of the Rising Sun; past the headquarters of the Ken or District, and the General Post Office (every public building with a gilt conventionalised Rising Sun proclaiming its Imperial connection); past the huge Consulate, over which waves the flag on which the uncon-

ventionalised sun never sets ; past the Custom House Wharf, the celebrated English Hatoba, and along the bund to the Hotel.

After the lunch we got to-day at the hotel, we were determined to make up with the admirable *cuisine* for our long period of dieting against the return of seasickness on the qualmish waters of the Pacific, while it indulged in what Canadians call " winter pastimes."



THE JAPANESE THOMAS COOK.

Dinner over the younger and more frivolous members of our party went off to kill time—since they were really downright sorry to lose each other, and had to say good-bye in an hour or two—in a way so regardless of its being the Sabbath, as to remind me of a fellow-passenger I had when I went round the Cape of Good Hope to Australia. As his name betrays, he was a Hebrew. I met him one Sunday afternoon going down the companion stairs. " Where are you off to, Mr. Cohen ? " I enquired, for the afternoon was

lovely. "I am just going to 'ave a game of poker with two or three Christians." I didn't feel like "seeing" him after this.

When they went off with *malice prepense*, as the law hath it, I came up into our sitting-room overlooking the bay, to muse and ask myself if it were really possible that I was in the land of marvels, the most artistic in its heaven-sent way since Greece lost the art.

It was nearly nine o'clock when I came up, and from the beautiful *Omaha*, the United States corvette, which reminds me of an old-fashioned frigate with her graceful fiddle-bow, and of a *passée* belle with her retention of graces out of date in the present severe tailor-made fashion in ships, came the musical American bugle call. As I am writing, I hear the tinkle of "two bells," and the discharging of the nine o'clock gun. Looking out from the window I see, crisp and black in the moonlight, the lofty spars of the beautiful ship. How lovely is the pure, clear Japanese night following the shining Japanese day, unrivalled for photography (as, by-the-bye, one hears of every country, except those of Northern Europe). I can see every ship in the harbour, and so still is the water that the reflection of the steamer lights seems to bridge the whole space from the ships to the shore.

CHAPTER II.

IN YOKOHAMA, A WEEK LATER.

YOKOHAMA, *December 8th.*

WE have been in Yokohama a week, to-day, so I feel that I must chronicle some more of my impressions ere the strangeness of the country loses its edge.

It was a good place to land: for nearly every one who goes to Japan *viâ* America does land here—chiefly, perhaps, from its vicinity to Tokyo, the capital of the country.

Besides, it is the principal foreign colony, and one can get excellent accommodation to recruit after the voyage, and a good many wrinkles about travelling in the interior.

It was a great relief, after the close quarters on board the old chartered boats which run from Vancouver to Yokohama (the ocean greyhounds of the C. P. R. were not ready when these lines were penned), to find one's self in the Club Hotel, with its fine hall and great, airy rooms, which had once been the quarters of the Yokohama Club.

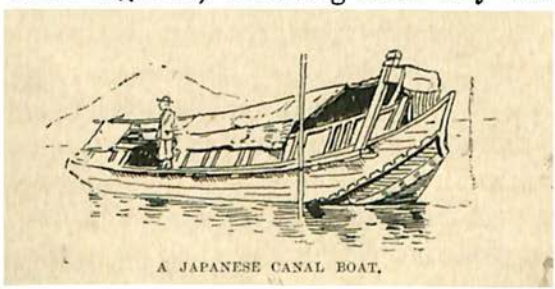
Very novel and strange it was to sit down to a regular French lunch of many courses, served by a crowd of spindle-legged Japanese, in their picturesque dark blue tunics and hose, who (most of them) could not speak a word of English, and took their orders by the numbers on the menu.

"Boy, bring me some No. 1."

Very funny we thought the shuffling noise they made as they ran about the floor, dragging their straw sandals by their big toes.

As I said in the last chapter, lunch over, we, like everybody else that has ever landed in Japan, ordered rikshas right off, and drove away to the Japanese town. On our way we passed the "Hatoba," where we had landed, called in popular parlance the "English Hatoba."

Landing in Japan is most entertaining. The moment a ship drops anchor she is surrounded by a flotilla of the queer little native boats, propelled with one oar by half-naked Japs, who swarm up on the ship's deck, sucking in their breath and bowing to the ground as soon as they are on board. Nobody patronises them but the Asiatic passengers. Saloon passengers go off in the hotel launches, which in a few minutes, threading their way through the



A JAPANESE CANAL BOAT.

swarming native craft, land you close by the Custom House.

Your luggage is carried up by a swarm of coolies. How quaint they looked the first time one saw them, in their tight hose and tunics, made of the universal dark blue cotton, ornamented in the back with some brilliant device in white or red. The coolie who carried up our hand parcels looked like a walking advertisement of the Waterbury watch. Most of them were barefooted, all of them were bare-headed, perspiring and smiling.

Japanese smile from the day they begin riding on their sisters' backs to the day on which, to use a fine Buddhist phrase, they "condescend to die."

Close to the hatoba is the division between the native and European cities. The spacious mansion of the English

Consul, a typical Eastern house, is on one side of the road, and on the other is the Kencho, where the business of the ken, or prefecture, is transacted. Just beyond this is the Post Office, a large brick building in the American style, ornamented with the golden emblem of Japanese nationality. (The Japanese themselves can't, for the life of them, tell you whether it was originally the rising sun or a chrysanthemum.) This road is planted on both sides with flowering trees, blossoming the day we landed, in the middle of winter.

Immediately after this, to our delight, we made our escape from the *Lie-European* town, as the Chinaman would call it, and struck the ordinary Japanese town in the Benten Dori (Venus Street). The houses here were, many of them, thoroughly Japanese—little one-story affairs, built of wood, with their fronts removed all day, replaced, if it was sunny enough, with dark-blue or chocolate-coloured curtains, like the door of a tent, ornamented with the owner's name or device in huge white characters.

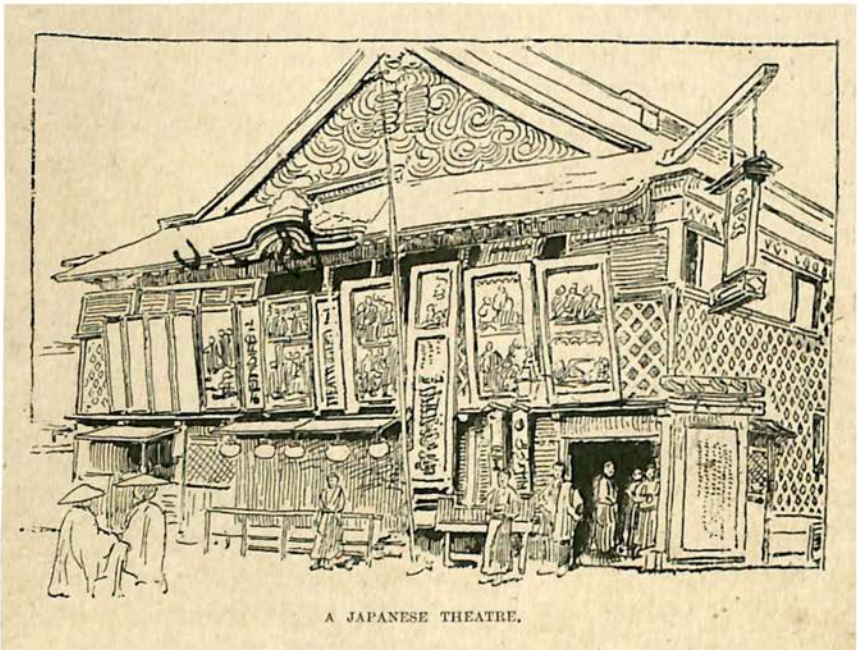
Most of them in this street were shops for the benefit of foreigners—photograph shops, porcelain shops, basket shops, silk merchants', haberdashers', or curio shops of the third order. The second order are in the Honcho Dori—the next street—which emblematises its superiority by having the shop fronts glazed instead of open. The first order are in shops like Deakin's or the Fine Art Gallery, in the foreign settlement.

Even some of the Benten Dori shops were un-Japanese enough to have counters. The true Japanese shop has a floor, raised about a foot above the street, covered with fine white straw mats an inch thick. On this the proprietor squats, the customer never stepping upon it without removing his boots. The stock is partly spread out on the floor, partly on shelves, and partly hung from the ceiling. At the rear is a wooden ladder, like a ship's companion, leading to

the attic, if there is one, and there is generally a passage on one side.

In the first shop a little boy was finishing off, with a hammer and agate burnisher, the gilt on one of the great "satsuma" jars which they make in Yokohama.

In the third shop, last Sunday, when we were still very green, it being our very first day in Japan, we bought some note paper, ornamented with storks, temples, torii, and



A JAPANESE THEATRE.

Fujiyama, which we fondly believed to be what the Japanese used, until, a little lower down, we came to a genuine Japanese stationer's, Tomoya's, where we saw the hundred-feet rolls of porous wrapping paper, upon which the natives of "Nippon" indite their *billets doux*, and saw them making the great white-covered account books, with knotted rope backs, so familiar to us now that we have been in Japan a whole week.

The "church people," whom we saw last week in the

bright green cloaks and limpet-shaped hats, turn out to be mendicants licensed by some temple in Kyoto.

After leaving the Benten Dori we crossed the canal near the police station, and were happy at last, for we found ourselves, as I have mentioned, in the "theatre-street,"—a genuine bit of Japan.

At the very entrance was a theatre where you could sit all day for about fourpence, and smoke your pipe and eat your dinner. It was ornamented outside with huge sign-boards, covered with the most blood-curdling pictures of dragons, as big as ships, breathing the traditional fire; of women being cut up like beefsteaks; of blood-splashing murders, and split-hair's-breadth escapes, painted in all the colours of the rainbow, the hue of blood showing up nobly.

Most Japanese plays are very much in 'Ercles vein. They are really exceedingly clever in simulating wounds; the murderer makes a savage cut, and blood spurts from his victim.

A "tum-tumming" noise is kept up all the time the performance goes on, possibly to draw the attention of folks outside to the fact that the performance is going on.

Outside the theatre was a row of little girls, seemingly about four years old, carrying the next baby but one in the haori on their backs, and discussing affairs with the gravity of matrons, or skipping about to get out of the way of the kodak. Whether they were standing still, or he was having his head shaken off, seemed a matter of pure indifference to the baby.

Close by stood the pipe mender, with a rack full of second-hand pipes, ranging down to a halfpenny in price; but most of his customers preferred to economise, and have their own dilapidated pipes mended. Then we drove on and passed an Ameya, or maker of dough toys, which he blows out in glass-blower's fashion in the shape of gourds, cupids, cocks, etc.; and one of the little street stoves, where,

by paying a fraction of a halfpenny, children can have a little dough and sauce, and spend the whole afternoon in cooking.

We go nearly every day to this queer street, with its theatres and bath houses, and bazaars where they sell semi-European trash, and the inevitable pipe cases and hairpins. It has one most fascinating by-street leading off it, where the cabinet-makers and fourth-class curio sellers congregate.

I have spent hours and hours in this street, picking up queer little articles of daily domestic use among the humbler Japanese, as artistic as a Greek temple in their observance

PIPE MENDER.

of the science of shape and ornament, and each with its little bit of allegory or famous legend hinted at. There were brass bowls and plaques ; pipe case clasps ; wooden and bone netsukés ; metal inkpots for the belt, hardly differing from the Turkish ; bronze mirrors, and miniature temple ornaments; inros of rare lacquer, chipped out of all value, but interesting as specimens; the comb and mirror pouches used by Geisha girls, and what not.

It was in this street that I bought at a cabinet maker's a couple of old temple banners, twenty feet long, made of heavy cotton something like ship's canvas, painted one with

the famous battle on the bridge between Yoshitsuné and Ben-Kei, and the other with the great old General Toyotomi Hideyoshi, the Warwick of Japan.

They are splendid pictures, full of life and colour, though, of course, with the absurd Japanese disregard for perspective.

I have seen forty dollars asked for one not to be compared with them in a shop in New York.

And every day when we get to the end of Theatre Street, the riksha boys, who, being paid by the hour (a whole sixpence), naturally want to spin things out as much as possible, suggest that we shall return by way of the Bluff.

"You see where English gentleman live, very rich."

Yokohama consists of at least five different quarters. The well-to-do foreigners all live up on "The Bluff," as the queer, flat-topped hill, of the orthodox Japanese pattern, at the entrance of the harbour, is called. Their places of business and the hotels are in the Settlement, separated from the Bluff by a creek, and mostly near the sea-front or Bund. At the back of this is "Chinatown"—Yokohama has a population of two or three thousand Chinese—and separated from the Settlement and Chinatown by the road from the hatoba to the cricket ground is the native town, faced in the front, mostly, by buildings in the European style. Beyond this, again, is the Kanagawa Bluff, where the wealthy Japanese live, almost overhanging the railway station.

The houses of the wealthy foreigners on the Bluff are some of them delightful.

The unevenness of the ground gives a wonderful opportunity for landscape gardening, and with a bamboo brake, a few palms, a lotus pond, and one or two of the great stone votive lanterns they call ishi doro, one can be as oriental as Aladdin.

The houses themselves are great, roomy bungalows, full

of the artistic things which can be picked up so easily in this land of recently decayed feudalism, and which will make the owner's fortune, or remind him for ever of the quaint Eastern land in which he was a pilgrim and a sojourner after he has returned home, as the Englishman in the East always means to do.

The houses are full of picturesque, smiling, obliging servants, and really their owners have as much quiet luxury as any reasonable man could desire.

Away beyond the Bluff are the cemetery and the race-course, which seem to have a sort of affinity in the Anglo-East, and, beyond them again, a scene of enchanting beauty, the Gulf of Tokyo stretching away down to Yokosuka, with a long procession of crumpled headlands and islands; and right at one's feet a delicious little bay, with the sweet little village of Negishi nestling under the cliffs in its embrace.

Negishi, with its microscopic farms and tiny village houses with steep thatched roofs of marvellously picturesque shape, and its dear little graveyard scooped out of the cliff, with rows of pitiful stone Buddhas at the heads of the sleeping dead, is an idyl.

From the Bluff down to the Settlement the slope is so steep that riksha boys won't draw you down it unless they have a second man to act as brake, and won't draw you up it unless they have an assistant behind to act as propeller.

It is bordered by rather nice little curio shops, which have very pretty little things at quite moderate prices. They have to tempt residents, who know the value of things. Visitors don't trouble the Bluff much, except when they are asked out to dinner by the people to whom they brought letters of introduction, and this is of course at night.

Tiffin, as they call lunch in the East, is at twelve, and so we had been able to drive all round the native town, the Bluff, and the Settlement, and back in time to see some performances by daylight of the street tumblers and acrobats

and monkey trainers, who had collected round the Club Hotel on observing that a new ship had come in.

The conjurer's principal tricks consist in lying on his back with his feet in the air, supporting tiers of human beings, or spinning an impossible number of large wooden tubs at the same time, or eating flaming charcoal. In Japan his sleight-of-hand is not, as a rule, remarkable. I soon got tired of

STREET TUMBLERS.

the conjurer, and persuaded the monkey-trainer to begin. The "monkey-business" was very funny in this particular troupe. There were two men, and a very pretty and picturesque young woman—a regular gipsy, as black as a Malay,—who did everything with an up-tossed head and a haughty look in her eyes, as if she "couldn't be bothered."

Her duties were multifarious. She had to twang the

samisen, beat the drum, and keep the monkeys' wardrobes sorted, so that the performers could dress up the animals without delay.

If the Japanese only knew how exactly the monkeys counterfeit them in the eyes of strangers, they would execute every monkey in Dai Nippon.

Now it would be an imitation of a swaggering, two-sworded Samurai; now an old hunch-backed mendicant woman, hobbling along with a stick; now the haughty

YOKOHAMA.—THE CLUB HOTEL AND YOKOHAMA UNITED CLUB.

master scolding a servant kowtowing and grovelling his forehead in the dust—always too lifelike.

We live luxuriously at the Club Hotel. We have a fine sitting-room with five windows less than a stone's throw from the sea, a private entrance to the street, and bedrooms *en suite*, for almost half what it would cost us to live in the same style at quite a second-class London hotel, and our first dinner will give you an idea of how we are fed.

Our bill of fare that night included oyster and turtle soup,

and fish better cooked than one ever gets it in an American hotel, and various kinds of meat, and poultry, and game, and *entrées*, and three or four kinds of pudding, with fruit, and nuts, and ices to wind up with.

This is the "roughing it" which we had pictured to ourselves, and we often have a quiet laugh over it. After dessert I spend a delightful hour in the snug library of the Yokohama United Club, one of the cosiest clubs I know, and then I come back to our sitting-room to join the others, ensconced in easy chairs, with the feeling of content one has when one has had a thoroughly good dinner as a climax to a tiring day on shore, after the enforced idleness of that tiring fortnight on a stormy sea.

We sit with the dreamy happiness of lotus eaters, listening to all sorts of unfamiliar sounds; the shrill ho-he-to whistle on the double bamboo, followed by the clop-clop of a blind man's staff proclaiming the wandering momu (massage operator—a task performed almost exclusively by the blind in Japan); the clattering of the riksha boys, whose vehicles we can count by the glimmering lanterns of brightly painted paper; and at nine o'clock the bugling on the war ships which summons to bed. The day we arrived, for once in my life, I obeyed the summons. I generally like to see the day duly finished before I turn in.

CHAPTER III.

THE TEMPLES OF SHIBA.

YOKOHAMA, *December 15th.*

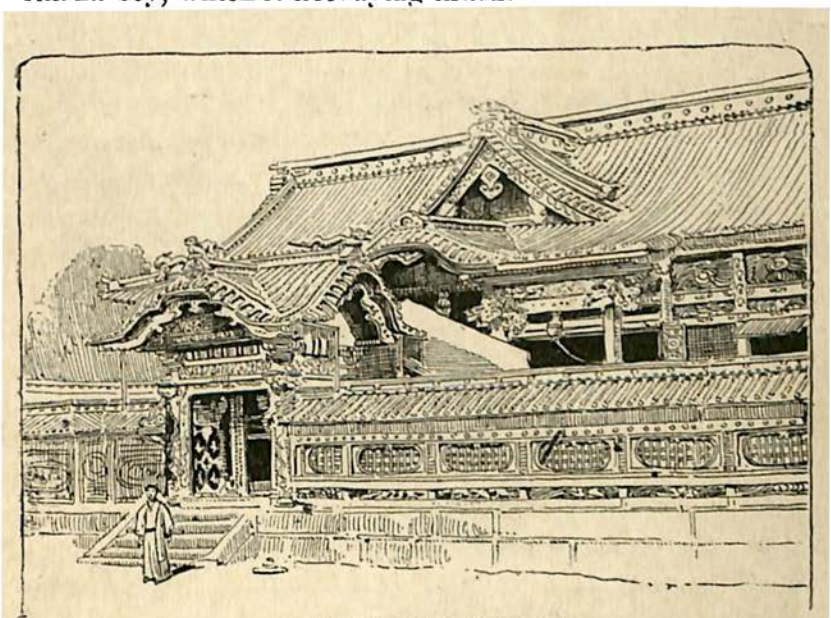
I HAVE been in Japan a fortnight, and I can't complain of my stay being uneventful. I am dictating this chapter, because I have blown the skin and all the nails off my right hand, of which more anon, for if I start describing this I shall forget some of the wonderland through which I have been passing to-day.

I have been receiving Australian hospitality from an old political opponent of my uncle's. The latter has long since gone to rest, and Mr. B. has been resting on his oars in Japan for five-and-twenty years as far as Australian politics are concerned, and Conservatives and Democrats of Victoria have been lion and lamb in a coalition for years past. Evening always comes when the warriors put off their harness. He volunteered to take our party for a day's sight-seeing in Tokyo, and to entertain them to a real Japanese banquet at the Maple Club.

At the station at Tokyo we found a guide and interpreter hired to meet us. He was a comical-looking creature, a typical specimen of the lower class Japanese, acting as a clothes horse to an ill-fitting suit of European "slops."

This, we find, is his robe of ceremony. In ordinary life his European veneer goes no further than a grey felt hat and the low elastic-sided shoes affected by the Japs, because they can be kicked off with ease and grace, according to the Japanese custom, on entering a building, whether sacred or

private. After he left us at the station coming home we learned that his actual name was Shundo—till then we had known him as "Man Sunday," because his name sounded something like it, and because we met him on Sunday, and in honour of Robinson Crusoe's faithful servant. We are afraid that we shall find him a great deal too faithful. His English is not bad, but as a guide he knows less than a riksha boy, which is not saying much.



A JAPANESE TEMPLE (BUDDHIST).

However, on this day of days he knew enough to take us down the Hikagecho, the street at the back of the Shibaguchi; and we have been very much entertained by the second-hand clothes shops, with rows of gay silk and crepe kimonos hung up like half sheep in a butcher's shop.

To-day has been one of those Italian winter days I spoke of in my first chapter; bright, warm sunshine and blue sky, but cold shade and cutting wind. Mr. B. chose Shiba for our day's sight-seeing, and outside of Nikko, which is

several hours' journey from Yokohama, there is nothing more typically Japanese. The whole willow pattern plate materialises there; the bamboo groves, the tea gardens, the queer cloud-shaped hills, and temples, temples, temples—all in a beautiful park, with fine drives and avenues of needle-like cryptomerias!

We passed through a gateway and round one of the torii, which bestrew sacred enclosures in Japan, and were in Shiba—Shiba the beautiful, pronounced, though not spelt, as the English pronounce the land which sent forth its Queen to pay homage to Solomon.

What we have seen to-day is beautiful and marvellous enough, and costly enough, to have been the dwelling and treasure house of the mysterious Queen, one of the most romantic figures in Hebrew history. And what a Sheba Japan would have made. Only, unfortunately, there are etymological difficulties in the way as extensive as the great wall of China.

We went over for the day from Yokohama, distant only eighteen miles, to Tokyo, of which Shiba is a suburb. Remembering the adage that only fools and Americans travel first class, though Australians should by rights have been included, we went second, being unable to be Australians and not wishing to be fools. Mrs. B. happened to observe that it was the worst second class carriage she had ever been in. "Yes," said Mr. B., "it's a new one—one of their own building. The Japanese think they can play chess as soon as they know the moves. They hire the best foreigners they can get to teach them how to make or do anything, and as soon as they have acquired the most superficial knowledge, turn them off, without compensation or gratitude, and start on their own account, though the Chinaman has the credit of 'never going back' on a man who has served him well."

We soon forgot the amateurish build of our carriage in

the view, for there was Fujiyama, with his matchless cone enveloped in a sweeping mantle of fresh-fallen snow, and the nearer landscape quaint with grotesque low hills, hunch-back bridges, and toy villages. At every village along the line were long frameworks of matting, with the sea-weed drying on them which is used for wrapping rice. The country was principally taken up with rice fields. The rice farmer carries out literally the precept of Ecclesiastes: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," for rice is sown when the rice fields are flooded, simply by throwing the rice upon the water.

Almost before we knew it we found ourselves at Tokyo and in the Hikagecho, the queer winding street leading from the Shimbashi railway station out to Shiba, which has a side walk on one side of the road only (and that below instead of above the level of the road), made of wood, with a raised log curb.

We were hardly within its gates when we came across one of the inevitable torii, and the innumerable wash-places; for ablution forms as prominent a feature of religion in Japan as in Turkey, and, indeed, some of the Japanese washing fountains bear a striking resemblance to the Turkish, with their wide eaves and rich carving. All the temples of Shiba are Buddhist.

Shinto, the purely national religion of Japan (of which the Mikado is Pope, King, and a Deity rolled into one), is the plainest of the plain in contrast with the gorgeousness which riots at Shiba.

Temples, arches, bell-towers, fountains, have all alike the grotesque, high-ridged, gabled roofs, with the graceful curve of the palm leaf replacing the bald slope of European roofs, their wide eaves resting on a bewildering maze of colour and carving.

Gorgeousness in rags! The costly lacquer yielding to the weather on the exterior of the temples is a parable.

Buddhism was fostered by the usurping Shoguns, the dictators of the army, the puppet Mikado being the pivot of Shintoism.

The last dynasty of the Shoguns, the Tokugawas, lavished countless sums on their mausoleum-shrines at Shiba, Ueno, and Nikko. When they fell, the Mikado naturally cut off the revenues from the institutions which would have immortalised the splendour of their rule; and, consequently, these shrines, which are among the most splendid monuments of Buddhism, share the fate of most things maintained by voluntary subscriptions. But they are still almost indescribably gorgeous.

Go into one of those rare country churches in England which keep nearly perfect yet, like that of Totnes in Devon, its fifteenth-century rood screen, and you may form a microscopic idea of these Japanese temple friezes. The same colours—gold, scarlet, and green (sometimes blue in England)—predominate, and birds, flowers, fruit, and grotesques form the subject matter. But the West is poverty-stricken to the East. Gold is lavished, and for one little Gothic rood-screen a few yards wide, one has almost acres of these friezes and carvings.

The Western carving, too, is often little better than bas-relief, while the Eastern is sculpture; carved to the minutest detail back and front, no matter if the back will be shown or covered up. Each detail is a perfect piece of sculpture in itself. The pheasant and the stork, the lotus and the plum-blossom are repeated again and again, with every variety of conventionalisation and embellishment.

These temples are built with a view to earthquakes. Japan is run for earthquakes as the encampment in the Thousand Islands makes hotel accommodation a question of Methodist principles. Its one original science is seismology.

In these countries which are apt to feel the trident of Poseidon, to use the classical myth, the proper way to prevent

a house falling, it would seem, is for it to have no foundation. It merely has a kind of stone bed, such as one sees round the legs of the best regulated billiard tables; and thus, when the earthquake comes, the massive wooden structure, whether it be the highest pagoda or the most spreading temple, kicks up its heels like a frightened horse, and by and by quiets down again.

Talking of pagodas, there is a fine one at Shiba. I enquired if strangers could go over it. "Oh, yes! on the 16th of July." My enquiry was on the 15th of December.

I suppose if I had been a native I should have sat down and waited. Time is of no more consequence here than it is in Italy, and indeed Japan resembles Italy in a good deal more than climate. Eliminate the public buildings, and the larger shops and dwellings, and life in Japan is very much like life on the Arno or the Tiber. The very coolies, as I remarked elsewhere, have their clothes cut exactly like the citizens in Perugino's or Carpaccio's pictures. The tailors of tunics and trunk-hose who lived within hail of the Piazza of the Signoria, or the Piazza of San Marco, have handed down their patterns, scarcely modified, to their successors in Nippon—or perhaps Japan has only reached the fifteenth century in civilisation.

But there are further points of resemblance. He who has wandered round the Mercato Vecchio and its purlieus, or the humble streets on the other side of the Arno at Florence, and then wanders down the purely native streets of Yokohama or Tokyo, cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance between their cheap pottery shops; their disgustingly savoury cook shops; their dozens and dozens of general shops, half marine store and half pawnbrokery, in which rusty and battered hardware predominates; their basket shops; their cheap stationery shops; their swarms of dirty, inquisitive children; their asking twice as much as they intend to take for an article; their patient haggling,

and studying of a stranger's state of mind to see if he is really eager, and if he is likely to budge from his offer; and the impossibly small price which they would ask a fellow-citizen for it.

The very beggars resemble each other, but are laudably fewer in Japan.

But to return to Shiba. We had breakfasted at 8.30, and were not to have our banquet with the dancing girls until 2 P.M., so we felt that, being twelve o'clock, it would be wise to refresh the ladies before we started to regularly do "The Temples." Accordingly we climbed a little hill to a tea-garden, flanked on one side by the pagoda, and on the other by the monument to the first Japanese geographer, who constructed a still existing map about six hundred years ago. A copy of his map is beaten in bronze on the railings in front of his monument.

The monument had only been opened the day before by one of the Princes. I have the autograph copy of the Prince's speech, presented to me as a curio.

As we climbed up the hill to the tea-garden we passed a shrine to the goddess Inari, easily recognisable by the two foxes guarding it. Inari made all the foxes her servants, so whenever one sees a fox guarding a shrine one knows whose it is at a glance.

As we climbed we had also a lovely view of the Gulf of Tokyo, outlined with the distant rim of the hills of Kanozan, and studded with the white sails of junks.

We had tea squatting on benches in front of the monument—the infusion of bitter herbs known as green tea, and various bean-meal sweetmeats. I amused myself with photographing the monument.

When the ladies professed themselves refreshed, we started off for the tombs of the Shoguns, and the magnificent shrines grouped round them, visiting on the way some other fine temples, and the little black Buddha always

carried in his wars by that redoubtable warrior Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty.

It is in front of a bronze Buddha at the entrance to his temple that the beautiful stone lotus cistern stands. The bronze Buddha has a number of votive tablets hung in front of it, and its arms filled with pebbles by the faithful. To reach it one has to cross the little bridge over a pond full of the sacred lotus lily, and pass some of the queer stone priests' tombs, ornamented with the arrangement of cubes, and globes, and triangles, which emblematises the five elements of earth, air, water, fire, and wind.

The temples we had just visited were remarkable for the infinite richness of the frieze under their eaves. Birds, flowers, and fruit fairly rioted in these superb masses of gold and green and scarlet interlacing. In particular I noticed a dragon frieze, the wildest in imaginative design, the deepest carved, the most gorgeously coloured, and graced at each gable with an exquisite bronze bell. In front of this were two splendid specimens of the famous hanging dog and inverted cock.

As we, fresh from the new West, were riveted by these quaintest vagaries of the unawakened East, a queer sort of crow flew over our heads, with "Ah, ah, ah!" in place of the familiar caw.

Here, too, we saw the most exquisite of the washing fountains. I doubt if Sultan Achmet's is more beautiful; it certainly is not comparable in richness of colouring.

If the Japanese fountains fail anywhere it is in their columns. Nearly all the columns of Japan are plain square beams, or the same counterfeited in stone. It looks as if one had superposed the most fantastic Oriental roof on copies of Stonehenge.

Here, too, we caught our first glimpse of those extraordinary objects, the stone votive lanterns of the fudai daimio, the lesser vassals of the Shoguns (Tycoon emperors). Some

of them are a dozen feet or more high, carved in fantastic shapes. There is a little sort of window for a light. Each of these daimios presented a couple of lanterns to his favourite temple, one to stand on the right and one on the left of the entrance. The greater, or kokushin daimios, presented magnificent bronze lanterns. There are literally hundreds of these lanterns offered to deceased Shoguns, of which anon.

There is some curious cyclopean masonry round some of these temples; and I was more and more impressed, as I went on, by the red, red, red, of them—they were all glorious with scarlet.

I must get on to the tombs of the Shoguns, which are certainly one of the sights of Japan. It is a regular feast of lanterns. One enters through the court of stone lanterns, a huge elongated space containing hundreds, perhaps thousands of them. From this one passes into another filled with superb bronze lanterns, and one of the quaint bell towers which contain such enormous bells.

The finest bronze lanterns of the kind are said to be the six in these temples presented by the three princely families called "Go-San-Ke."

They are of large size, and standing by themselves are particularly conspicuous. From the court of the bronze lanterns one passes into the courtyard of a temple hung with a long festoon of brass lanterns. The bronze and stone are of course standing, not hanging. From the court of brass lanterns one passes into the praying chamber of the priests, not unlike a rectangular chapter-house, with a matting floor, exquisite panels, and a number of large oblong lacquered boxes, about eighteen inches long, six inches wide, and five inches deep. These the interpreter said contained their prayer-books—something, I suppose, corresponding to the huge volumes bound in purple morocco for which young ladies work book-markers when the vicar has no wife to protect him.

From the praying chamber a delicate little antechamber leads into the chapel of Iyenobu, Iyeyoshi, and Iyemochi, the 6th, 12th, and 14th Shoguns. Into its glorious carvings enter no less than a hundred different birds and trees, predominant over all, the pheasants so noticeable at Shiba.

At the chapel door our guide took off his shoes, but the priest was gallant, and seeing how much trouble it would be for Miss Aroostook to unlace her boots and lace them up again as neatly, he waived the regulation in her favour, and the whole party followed suit.

The chapel was, of course, very gorgeous, but the principal thing I noticed was a green silk cloth presented by the Mikado, with the inevitable conventionalised sun in heavy bullion lace. For the religion of the Mikado is Shinto, not Buddhism, and these were the chapels of the rival potentates, the Shoguns or Tycoons.

Up to 1868, when the Shogunate was overthrown, Japan had dual monarchy like ancient Sparta—the Mikado, the nominal emperor and head of the purely national religion of Shinto, and the Tycoon (Shogun), who was in theory only the commander in chief, but in reality dictator over at least the north-eastern part of the country.

From the chapel we passed into another court of lanterns, and ascended a broad flight of steps, in the interstices of which grew the familiar little spleenwort, the trichomanes, which seems to have ecclesiastical habits, since it patronises in the same way the old churches and walls and ruined abbeys of England.

This brought us into another temple, with great bronze doors and sliding panels within. These were flung back, and revealed an exquisitely lacquered floor, which shone as only the marble pavement of St. Paul's Without the Walls has shone to me before ; while, frescoed on gold, two on each side of the altar, were four monsters that reminded me

strangely of the representation in Christian art of the four beasts of the Apocalypse.

Then came another stately flight of steps, and the ponderous but beautiful bronze gates, presented by a King of Corea about two hundred years ago, admitting to the fine bronze tomb of the 6th Shogun of the Tokugawa Dynasty, Iyenobu. I made preparations to kodak it. The priest was highly amused at my kodak. I asked if I might stand on the tomb of the Shogun's wife so as to get this photograph. He said, Yes, if I did not take long. I just popped up, snapped, and down again. And he would not believe I had done it!

Then we descended the great stairway, and passed into the next enclosure to a precisely similar stairway, culminating a succession of courts and temples. We reascended through a door with exquisite carvings of plum blossom (plum blossom is to Japan what the long leagues of cherry blossom in Sir Francis Doyle's immortal poem are to Kent), to the tomb of the 12th Shogun, Iyeyoshi. His tomb, like all the others except Iyenobu's, is made of stone. It has a remarkably handsome doorway. After this we visited the tomb of the 14th Shogun, Iyemochi; precisely similar in courtyards, temples, steps, and every other attribute.

And then, to our extreme regret, as we had not time to visit the gorgeous lacquered tomb of Hidetada, we began to retrace our steps from this maze of colour, and carvings, and costliness, passing through the gateway of the Ni-O into the huge irregular-shaped outer courtyard with its hundreds of stone lanterns. This gateway has on its outside grated niches in which the "Two Kings" stand. In front of this wire grating the Japanese chew paper pellets, and spit them at the statues. If they stick it is a good omen.

And now we bade good-bye to Shiba for the present, and getting Man Sunday to hail the rikshas, whirled off to our banquet with the dancing girls at the Maple Club. As we

drove we passed in long procession the queer willow pattern mounds and solemn fir woods, needle-like in their closeness and tapering stems, but topped something like the stone pines which make Italian landscapes so picturesque.

The scenery, the jinrikishas, the grotesque barbaric temples we had just left, the banquet and dancing-girls which awaited us, made us confess: "Truly Japan is Japanese." And here the jaded Western traveller may at last find novelty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAPLE CLUB AND ITS DANCING GIRLS.

YOKOHAMA, *December 15th.*

IN my last chapter I alluded to our eventful banquet at the Maple Club. This is not, as its name might imply, an association of Canadians exiled in London or New York, but an institution after the manner of the Lyric Club with its plays, where the bureaucracy, aristocracy, and plutocracy of Dai Nippon recreate themselves with chess and draughts, the most luxurious of dinners, and the most exquisite of dancing girls in far-off Japan.

Though we were the guests of an Australian, we had to be admitted to the entertainment at the club by the courtesy of Mr. K. Nagao, president of the Hakubunsha, the principal publishing firm of Japan; and on our arrival, we were met by a gentleman bringing from him cordial apologies for being unable to join us, and a present of two beautiful books, highly illustrated and bound in silk, done up with the multifold red and white string, and the little paper kite which proclaims a present.

One of the books represented the various games played in Japan, and the other gave forty plates of exquisitely delineated birds and flowers.

The Maple Club was very much maple. The ceilings, and I daresay the floors, were made of maple wood; little dark wood bosses of maple leaves were inserted all over the house; the sunken brass handles for sliding back the doors were maple-leaved; the white silk panels which formed the

The Fan March.

walls were sprinkled with gold maple leaves. The little hibachi—hand stoves for charcoal—placed between each two guests in the dining room were fretted with maple leaves. The dado between the dining-room and dancing-room had a maple tree in its spring leaf, and the dado at the back of the latter another with the crimson tints of autumn; the very balcony had a maple-leaf balustrade.

There was a balcony running along the whole length of the two rooms, screened off by sliding windows glazed from floor to ceiling, and from end to end, making a delightful sun bath.

The room was carpeted with thick soft matting, made of the uniform mat shape, by which a Japanese measures the size of a room. He does not say a room of so many feet by so many feet, but a room of so many mats.

It was, of course, innocent of chair or table, the only furniture being princess cushions (extra wide and soft), covered with silk crêpe of a subtile electric blue, garnished with the inevitable maple leaf. It is not to be imagined that we outraged matting or cushions with our Christian boots; I doubt if the Mikado himself would be admitted to the Maple Club without removing his boots at the threshold.

The boots of every one in the building are always ranged in a row outside, reminding me of the bull-dog of a bibulous friend in America, whose choice of doorstep was an infallible guide to the particular bar in which his master was "resting."

But to commence the entertainment. We sat down, as I have said, in a room furnished only with matting, and hand-stoves, and princess cushions. All of a sudden a bevy of pretty little musumés entered, carrying, on little lacquer trays, cups in little lacquer saucers of the washy looking, but wormwood tasting, green tea of the country.

There was a fascinating girl attendant, the prettiest that

could be found in Japan, to each ; richly attired in the dull grey or blue silk so much affected here, ornamented behind with formidable sashes of light bright silk lined with scarlet. This obé, or sash, formed a waistband, tied in a huge knot behind, which spread out like the concave of a shell below, and was rolled like the hinge of a shell above, the lining matching that of the long hanging sleeves.

Impossible as it may seem to the victim of Anglo-Saxon waiters, these Japanese girls have made waiting as picturesque as a gipsy dance. They enter the room without a sound from their stocking-shod feet, glide up to you, and then, falling upon their knees, lay the food before you, and continue kneeling with drooped eyes and hands until you are ready to be helped.

After the first discharge of tea they re-entered, carrying, on little white wooden trays, wrapped in delicate rice paper, hi-okwashi. They did not enter in a herd, but one stealing in the tracks of another. Perhaps I ought to mention that hi-okwashi consists of beautiful white cakes, looking like marzipan, stamped with Japanese characters, and made of bean flour and white sugar, with the delicate flavour of honey in the comb. The hi-okwashi was flanked with maple leaves made of some sweetmeat; "in spring and fall colours" as they say "on 14th street."

These are said to keep four months, but they last Europeans longer.

Then came a quite sufficient interval. We were distinctly relieved when we saw the head of the *tableaux-vivants* re-approaching with literally the most remarkable kettle of fish I ever set eyes on. This was suimono, and, I may say, quite *sui modo* ; deposited, like the hi-okwashi and the washy tea, on the floor on small black lacquer trays.

This course contained, *imprimis*, live fish—of which anon—of two different kinds, white and red, served on a beautiful little mat of fluted glass, the counterfeit of the little green

rush mats which epicures associate with the most famous of English cream cheeses. On the same plate was a spoonful of horseradish, beaten into a paste with vinegar and green herbs, "daiku," the gigantic radish which lends such a comical aspect to Japanese greengrocers, a kind of seaweed, raw spinach and raw shrimps, all in Liliput portions. One does not start on this suimono, but on a queer fish broth, served in little lacquer bowls, horribly like the colour it would be if the lacquer came off; these are brought in with inverted bowls one size smaller as lids—the invariable lid of Japan. One takes this broth fish foremost. Extracting the gobbets of fish was our first experience with chopsticks, which immediately afterwards we had to ply with considerable agility in breaking up the "live" fish and dipping it into the condiment, made—I was just going to say muddled—of the horseradish, seaweed, and shrimp, in little saucers full of "professional" sauce.

That you may not picture us holding live fish by the tail, and tearing out hunks with our teeth, be it explained that the murder is done in the orthodox Horatian way behind the scenes (screens) by the wily Japanese, who cuts the portion from the living fish in such a way as to avoid all vital parts, giving the epicure the satisfaction of knowing that the portion is alive enough to quiver if it wants to. Miss Aroostook ate the whole of her portion with the gusto of a Japanese aristocrat, and in fact went religiously through every course, and used the chopsticks with a finish which the interpreter said had never been equalled by a European.

At this early stage I felt gratified that one of our party, accustomed to Japanese orgies, had brought an honest English sandwich. One bite of the live fish made me throw up my eyes in despair, only to see the lady of the Aroostook smacking her lips over saké.

After suimono came something that sounded like sashimini—prawns in batter, served on a plate with quail

which might have been prepared with a smith's hammer; crystallised oranges and walnuts; and a queer kind of fish cake, made of fish beaten up into a paste, and worked up until it looked like pork fat. Of this, one received a slice as big as a mouth organ. This bag of tricks seemed to be called kuchitori. The prawns were as big as a good-sized crayfish, and I believe the quail was excellent; but without the meretricious additions of bread or potato, and something better than saké to wash them down, my appetite for savoury viands is limited. But I am wrong in saying there were no potatoes! There were potatoes of a sort; Japanese ones, white in colour, but sweet, and beaten into a paste with bean flour and sugar till they tasted like *marrons glacés*.

After the kuchitori came shiwoyaki; that is, fish baked with salt. It was served with teriyaki (preserved plums) and sweet potatoes syruped, and was followed by hachizakana, fish in a bowl. From this farrago I rescued with delight some fish done to a beautiful brown, tasting like grilled mackerel; there was something square and European about this brown fish, so I ate it, with my ham sandwich by way of bread. It was a wonder they had not Asia-ted it somehow; for in a Japanese banquet, when you do get anything seemingly straightforward, it is sure to be doctored with syrup or something else which utterly transforms its nature.

Throughout the banquet we had been stared in the face by little ampulla-shaped porcelain saké bottles, standing each in a little carved wooden tray, and each with a porcelain tureen of hot water beside it, for washing out and warming the saké cups between each refill. The saké is drunk warm. Saké is a pale straw-coloured fluid, which has been described variously as tasting like beer or unfortified sherry; to me it tastes like that most nauseous of mixtures, weak beer and water. My cups did not require washing out, but I was not quite so out of the spirit of the thing as to follow my

The First Dancer.

next neighbour's example and order German beer. I simply went without.

All of a sudden we heard the notes of the Japanese guitar, and the doors of the dancing-room were closed, only to be flung open the moment afterwards and disclose women playing on the guitar (samisen) and koto, an instrument which is like a fender stool, about six feet long, with fiddle strings on it.

A dancer had entered in a marvellous dress of scarlet brocade, made as Japanese costumes are, with long sleeves and two tunics, the under one very light, but disclosing white satin drawers terminating in queer white linen tabi—shoes and stockings all in one, with divided toes. The top tunic was loose, and fastened at the waist with a magnificent sash of green brocade. The colours were in admirable taste. Her hair was a work of art: pounded up with fat to much the same consistency as the pork-like fish cake, and then beautifully worked up into a butterfly, with large flat wings, profusely decorated with gemmed pins and flowers. And so, on a less elaborate scale, each of the pretty girls who waited on us had hers done.

Japanese girls can be very pretty even to the European eye. Many of them have exquisite complexions—the rich brown and damask so glorious in the pictures of Simone Memmi and Domenico Ghirlandajo—due to the same reason, the marvellous transparency of the warm-hued skin. Captivating *nez retroussés*, and little rosebud mouths, are quite common.

But to return to the dancing. It is not dancing in our sense of the word, but posturing and dumb acting. The first dancer gave a quantity of fan play. She was an admirable actress; good-looking, too, not as the lower order of Japanese just described, but after the manner of the Japanese aristocracy, with their waxy, oval faces, thin eagle noses, and bead-like eyes. It was some tragedy she was enacting, in which passion, represented by thunderous stamping and

fierce rushings forward in a springing posture, was the prelude, followed by disdain, with pursed lips, thrown up chin, and scornfully averted eyes. The stiff rigidity with which she maintained, for many moments together, the writhed postures, betokened extraordinary muscular training: and, indeed, I understand that one requires to be trained from early childhood to execute them. Lastly, she swept from the room like a tragic queen.

Then the real tragedy began. The interpreter recalled her at my request, to be photographed in her most striking attitude. I stepped forward to the charge with my kodak, and a flash light to give sufficient illumination to the room. I got my camera into position and lit the flash. It hung fire. I took it in my hand to see what was the matter, in the orthodox gun-accident method, and it went off with the promptness invariable on such occasions.

A swift explosion, a leap back, a cry of "My God!" and dancers and musicians had fled with wild confusion and a suspicion of dynamite, while the guests were steeple-chasing over stoves and saké bottles and moribund fish to learn the worst. It wasn't very bad. I had just blown the nails and skin off my right hand, and was beginning to feel that unless water were brought immediately the room would swim. Water eventually was brought, and I drank and threw myself down on a hasty collection of princess cushions to indulge in the luxury of a few seconds' *nirvanâ*. Then oil was brought, and flour, and the hand dipped and bound up in all the Sunday silk handkerchiefs of the party; for the accident happened on a Sunday, as goody-goody books predict.

Then I voted that the feast should be resumed. The Australian, an ex-cabinet minister, accustomed, no doubt, to stranger scenes in his Legislative Assembly, was already at work, and more courses were wafted in.

The feature of the first was a curious white soup called

chawan, made of egg, chicken, mushrooms, mitsuba (which Man Sunday explained as the "water-crest"), and mizakaka, which means boiled with sauce (Man Sunday wrote sauce down "souce"). The creature which had suffered mizakaka was the fish called tai. My Japanese friend said they had taken its backbone out through a little hole that he pointed to in the belly, and remarked that it was like our red mullet. It was stuffed and sent to table with a curious bend, suggestive of a whiting that had gone out of curl.

Then came a pretty incident. The lovely and graceful chief musician, who seemed to act as spokeswoman for the troupe, glided in, and kneeling before me with her hands and eyes drooped in the attitude of supplication, asked through the interpreter if the rest of the dancing would tire me. I did not know that they had previously bargained with the interpreter that there should be no more dynamiting with the kodak, so I felt as I imagine Ahasuerus must have felt towards Esther, and was gracious.

The new dancer was dressed mainly in rich white silk, with a decoration of the inevitable maple. Hers was a softer tale, but with death as a climax. She fell, like a shot bird, flat on her back; then, with some inappropriateness, picked herself up again and made a long salaam. It had been all posturing—the Japanese dance with everything but their feet. The story of the dumb show is told by the musicians, who not only tum tum on the harp and sackbut and psaltery, but keep up a chant in a solemn and somehow not unmusical monotone, with cracked falsetto voices.

Meanwhile more chow, to use the local expression, had been laid at our feet by our kneeling little Eastern beauties, who were a good deal disturbed by my not patronising the saké bottle. This time it was wanmori, a sort of custard soup containing chicken, mushrooms, boiled fish, and radish leaves. It is needless to say that I did not feel more

disposed for devouring chow after my little *contretemps*, but Miss Aroostook went on gaily.

My condition seemed to concern the dancers very much. As soon as they had changed their dresses, kneeling in the same graceful postures they made sympathetic inquiries; and, seeing me trying to rig up a sling, brought a pile of soft cushions, a foot and a half high, and slipped them under my injured arm. And, a little while after, when I was pointing out to Man Sunday a window imperfectly closed, one of them brought her dainty white shawl and arranged it over me. I began to feel quite interesting and an invalid, and leaned back in a delicious *dolce far niente* sort of way to look at the next dance, the *tour de force* of the performance, the celebrated maple dance.

I was far too luxurious to notice the details of the dance, though I did notice in their hair, on their fans, on every particle of their exquisite dresses, the maple leaf of the club which gives the dance its name. A swaying of graceful bodies in soft sensuous motions, a flutter of fans on the floor, a gleam of dark heads bending over them—these are all my impressions of the maple dance which I ought to have described with such minutiæ.

Then came a long wait, in which they sought to recuperate me with such villainous compounds as saké and Japanese green tea. The very idea of them being given to me made me feel aggressively well. The picturesqueness of the scene was heightened by the arrival of the tall iron candlesticks, two or three feet high, with straight, slender stems, and a spike to stick the candle on, so characteristic of Japan. The interval grew so long without anything particular happening that the interpreter slipped out to interview the dancing girls, and stayed away a most creditable time—I mean creditable to his good taste. At last he reappeared to say that, usually, this was all the performance, but that to-night there would be an extra dance in honour of my presence.

Finale of the Maple Dance.

And shortly afterwards, truly enough, two dancers reappeared with musicians playing on the Japanese violin and samisen, the samisen player being very pretty. The dances are just long enough to satisfy one, not long enough to be tiresome, and we had sensations of genuine regret when the time came for us to order our jinrikishas and put on our boots.

Every article of food brought during the whole dinner was left before us to the very end. And when we signified that we had finished, a number of neat little white wooden boxes were brought in by the pretty little Japanese Hebes who were waiting on us, and all the unbroken victuals deftly packed, this being the Japanese custom. We explained in vain that tai going out of curl and fish pounded into pork fat had no charm for us, though we did not mind taking the sweetmeats. Our explanation was put down to our modesty, and with the scrupulous Japanese politeness over-ruled.

Finally, we jumped on board our rikshas, and bowled through the gaily-lighted streets to the station, stopping on our way to do some shopping in the Ginza.

To-day has been as Oriental as we could wish.

December 19th.—P.S. (A most important P.S.; four days afterwards.) The cruellest blow of all had been, not the injury to my hand, but the failure to take the photographs I desired. I asked the interpreter if any one had ever photographed those dances. He promised to make inquiries. To-day I received a note, saying that the proprietor of the Maple Club was so grieved with my mishap that he had taken the dancing girls, in full dress, to a photographer, and had the four dances photographed for me, of which he begged to send me copies, with the most cordial inquiries after my hand. They were duly tied up with the red and white string, with silver where red and white join, and the little red and white paper kite. As I was undoing the photographs to show them

to Mr. Farsari, the great photographer in Yokohama, he explained to me that this little kite contains a thin strip of seaweed, and that seaweed was formerly the principal article of diet in Japan—so that the little strip of sea weed in the kite-shaped paper betokens hospitality. I am glad that the sea weed diet has been superseded in Yokohama by really capital French cooking—at any rate at the Club Hotel. I found a luxurious Japanese banquet a different matter. I would sooner go to sea than live on seaweed, and that is saying a good deal, for I accept that ancient definition of the sailor's life : "Prison, with a chance of being drowned."

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN YOKOHAMA.

YOKOHAMA, *December 25th.*

CHRISTMAS DAY in Yokohama is not a festival of the Japanese; they have not yet taken it up as they take up white felt hats and yellow leather boots. It is mainly a celebration by a few hundred English, and, in a less degree, by fewer hundred Americans and Germans, of the holy day which represents to them the sacred institution of "family." For on the day on which the Child Jesus was born, the children of the Anglo-Saxon are wont to gather round their "house-father," unless oceans sever, with religion in the morning and mirth after, till he is gathered to his forefathers and his children in turn become *patres familias*.

Wherever the people of the Island Queen, who rules over ten hundred isles and ten millions of square miles, have carried the Union Jack, and that is almost everywhere where ships have sailed, there on Christmas morn one will hear the "Hark, the herald angels sing," to show that their hearts are in the old home. Wherever the sun is shining in that twenty-four hours which begins at 11 A.M. in the 180th meridian of east longitude, it hears the familiar hymn. And how strange it seems here in this corner of the earth, with the open-bosomed Japanese women, and their queer little children, peeping in at the door to see what kind of josssing inspires this irrepressible nation whose red merchant flag fills every port.

Ordinarily speaking, the Sunday muster of burly Englishmen, each dressed in his most respectful, respectable clothes, and each with his fibrous moustache looking its most belligerent, has something ridiculous about it; but here, the width of the world away, there is something imposing in the spectacle of some hundreds of them turning Yokohama into South Kensington, from 11 A.M. to 12.30 P.M., one day in every week. I have attended the Christmas service in St. Peter's, I have spent Christmas in Australia, America, Africa, and Europe; but I never was more impressed than by the unpretentious Christmas muster of business Englishmen in Yokohama, assembled to show that they had changed their domicile but not their *domus*.

The church was profusely decorated with scarlet berries, yew, palm and bamboo, effectively snowed with little tufts of cotton wool; and at the entrance of the chancel was a bamboo arch enriched with white camellias. The music was really excellent. A long introit embodied the favourite Christmas hymn tunes, culminating in "Hark, the herald," which the congregation sang. The *Venite*, the *Te Deum*, and the *Benedicite* were all given in cathedral fashion; and instead of hymns there were two anthems from the *Messiah*,—"Comfort ye," and "Behold, I bring you good tidings,"—with the sacred song, "There is a city builded," to conclude. There was no litany, no communion service, and only a very short sermon—an admirable Christmas service.

I had not intended to attend it; but meeting my fellow-countrymen streaming in, I slipped in to make one more in this little bit of England over sea. At home I am an irregular attendant, and it is often an effort to go; but where English are few I love, with a Celtic sort of clannishness, to go and accentuate the representation of England by a humble one more. I fully believe that I love England and think of England more than nine-

tenths of the stay-at-homes, though I am so little on her shores.

Those who never go five hundred miles from London can have no idea of the intense ardour for England that burns in the breast of the soldier sitting in his tent in the Soudan, or Burmah, writing a letter home, that will be despatched he knows not when, because it is Christmas Day, and he is thinking of the family circle, in which there is only one chair vacant. They can with difficulty realise the feeling that animates the sailors on the stately ships which are away for years together, upholding the power of England in the distant Pacific, and the colonists who have left home, not because they do not love it. England acquires a new significance even for travellers, in quest of knowledge or adventures to think over, when, on some stormy night, they draw round a great log fire, with a generous dinner inside them and their favourite wine at their elbow.

I wonder if many of the people at home pause to remember how many other Englands there are scattered all over the globe, all of them thinking of the old England to-day?

Great Britain is bound to her children abroad as no other country is. Not that others, such as Germany and Italy and China, do not send their tens and hundreds of thousands forth; but because they send their sons to become citizens of other nations, or aliens in foreign communities, while a large proportion of the British go to countries perhaps ten thousand miles away, but still flying the old flag and drinking the health of the Island Queen. And again, whereas Germany is only one of the Lutheran nations, and Italy only one of the Roman Catholic nations, Great Britain has a private National Church of her own; and wherever the Englishman's foot rests, there will the beautiful liturgy of our Reformation be heard, as I have been hearing it to-day in the fabulous "Cipango" of Marco Polo.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN JAPAN.

TOKYO, *January 1st.*

A LADY OF THE TOWN.

THE Japanese have the capital habit of squaring all accounts by New Year's Day (except with foreigners.) He who fails to do so, save with the consent of his creditor, is a dishonoured man. Consequently, those who have been unsuccessful in business during the year, sell almost every article in their possession for anything it will fetch. A million and a quarter Japanese—most of them poor—live in Tokyo, and to give a last chance to the unfortunate debtor in a land where interest is perceptible enough to be reckoned by the day, there is a great fair held every New Year's Eve, extending about a couple of miles along the Ginza,—the main street,—with a flower market in the cross street leading from our hotel and the principal gate of the castle to Tsukiji, the only quarter of Tokyo in which foreigners are given the right to have a house.

Pretty nearly every poor Japanese is more or less a shopkeeper, because the front of his house is thrown open to the street during the day in fine weather, and he is willing to sell anything he possesses, if the price pays.

Imagine every one of these who has not saved enough money to settle his debts next day bringing as much of his worldly goods as he can carry, in funny square boxes, slung

over his shoulders at each end of a bamboo, to be displayed on the pavement, or rudely improvised stalls, at the fair.

We had been told that New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were the days of all the year in Japan, and that Tokyo was the place to see them at their best. So we came up to Tokyo last evening, and as soon as it was dusk sallied out into the Ginza to see the great fair.

Two miles of stalls—two rows on each side of the street—brilliantly lighted with flaring and fantastic lanterns, but themselves the most ramshackle erections of dirty boards and flimsy cloths! At intervals festoons of crimson lanterns

GEISHAS.

hanging slack from the street to the flagstaff of a two- or three-storey tea house (as they call the native inns), and strings of lanterns over the saké kegs sewn up in matting covered with scarlet and green fish, dragons, and other emblems, which are piled up like a wall in front of its bottom storey.

From every tea house came the tinkle of samisens, or the mouse-like voices of the geishas.

The stalls, as a rag and metal exhibition, eclipsed anything I ever saw in the Campo de Fiore at Rome. There were

mat stalls, cushion stalls, stalls where they sold the kimonos (wrappers) and the obis (sashes) worn by the natives, or their queer socks with divided toes—white for wearing with sandals, blue, studded underneath, for wearing unshod. There were stalls for straw and rope sandals and the high wooden clogs used in foul weather.

There were stalls where they sold the grass rope and fringe (nawa) used for hanging along the house front for the first week in the year, to keep evil spirits from passing under; and the big grass tassels with the scarlet lobster and the gift bag; or the takara buné, the little plaited grass ship of wealth, with the seven gods of riches seated in it, one of which devices hangs over every portal during the same period.

Next to this might be a booth where they sold nothing but lantern boxes made of white card, painted in black with the owner's crest or device. These were really very picturesque, and I had several times longed to hang one up over a draught screen in our rooms, but had been deterred by the horrible suspicion that they were used for conveying the ashes of cremated corpses. An artist friend—Henry Savage Landor—who had been several months in Japan and went a-fairing with us, set my mind at rest on this point, and I there and then purchased one, and carried it with me all the evening, filling it gradually with such odds and ends as inros (Japanese porte-medicines); netsukés (ornamental buttons for stringing through one's sash); miniature temple ornaments—censers, candlesticks, flower vessels; the little pocket mirror and comb cases carried by musumés in their graceful hanging sleeves; the fantastic hair combs and hair pins, very old some of them, more or less battered, but of exquisite workmanship and materials; the queerest little china boxes, some of them only an inch across, holding the red or black pigment used for the seals which every Japanese carries to impress where we give a signature; the

seals themselves, generally of brass ; exquisite little bronze and silver charms ; fine old brass or bronze ends for paper lanterns ; little ivory boxes, hardly bigger or thicker than a gentleman's visiting card, used for the vermilion with which they brighten their lips.

The old metal and general curiosity stalls were largely in the majority ; for, besides metal proper, they dealt in inros, netsukés, second-hand pipe cases, hibachis (charcoal hand stoves), swords, and small pieces of lacquer. I even bought some charming old pieces of (rather dirty) silk embroidery for a shilling or eighteenpence, which would have fetched five or ten times as much in London ; and a beautiful ivory samisen twanger, nearly eight inches long, for which I paid the fractional value of sixpence.

"Ikura?" (how much?) I would ask, picking up some charming little bit of pottery or metal work—each with its little flaw, crack, or dent, of course. "Rokuji sen" (sixty cents—half a crown), would perhaps be the answer. I would say, laughing, "O Roku sen" (six cents). Next time I passed they would call out, "Shijiu" (forty), and the next, "Nijiu" (twenty), and finally, as they saw my arms getting fuller and fuller of purchases, and feared that my purse would be running out, the proprietor and his wife, and any members of their family they had about, would commence kow-towing and smiling, hissing, and calling out, "Yoroshi, yoroshi. Roku sen" (Good—all right! Six cents), and I would find myself saddled with something I never thought of buying, but of course felt bound to buy when my offer in fun was accepted in earnest.

Now, when it is too late, I wish I had bought a hundred dollars' worth of these fourpenny-halfpenny treasures, to ship to England. I had taken a hundred dollars out with me in case I saw any fine piece being sacrificed, as I was told they sometimes were, at these fairs, by an embarrassed trader who had put off selling till too late; and I could easily

have spent the money, and spent it well. For every one of these little articles—many of them in domestic use by quite humble people—had some quaint beauty of shape or decoration or ingenuity, and I have never seen one of them in England or America.

A pickpocket did his best to relieve me of my hundred dollars at one fell swoop, but his ignorance of European pockets saved me; the pocket he attempted to pick was one of the side pockets of my covert coat, in which I never carry anything except a pocket-handkerchief. While his hand was in my pocket I caught him. I rather expected the populace, who were all of the humbler classes, to sympathise with him against a foreigner. But much as a Japanese hates foreigners, it is nothing to his dread and loathing of a thief. The flimsy houses, constantly thrown wide open, are so at the mercy of thieves that a thief, or pickpocket, is regarded much in the same way as a horse thief is in the Far West. I thought they would have lynched him. I don't exactly know how he escaped.

But like some more enlightened nations, they are more lenient to thieving when it is done with the brains instead of the fingers.

It was a pleasing diversion to turn from pickpockets to watch a strolling samisen player or a masker. One could hardly believe that one's surroundings were not a dream. Was it possible that one saw with eyes awake that queer old Japanese gentleman in a wide sleeved, deep collared kimono of chocolate-coloured leather, stamped in white with his device, two feet at least across; and all these queer coolies, in hose and doublets and hoods?

And what of the crimson lanterns swaying in the wind, and the tinkle and tum tum of Oriental music falling from the lattice of a tea house. We plunged into a tea house from which came shouts of laughter that must mean something irresistibly queer to us. Out at the back, one of the

posture dancers who go about in little troupes at New Year's tide had on a mask, and was going through a series of antics which were supposed to travesty a Chinaman. Nothing could have been more unlike, and the Tokyo populace are familiar with Chinamen, for there are plenty of them in the Tsukiji quarter. But they were just as much

A STROLLING (ETA) SAMISEN-PLAYER.

amused. The troupe received about sixpence for their performance, and were immediately succeeded by a troupe of boys with jolly, laughing faces, one of whom carried a banner the shape of a couple of canister lids, the smaller on the top, while the other two danced to the music of a flute—the flute and the drum constitute most of the music to street entertainments in Japan.

Then we went back into the inn to listen to a samisen

player—squatting down on the edge of the raised floor so that the mats should not be soiled by our boots. The natives always kick off their shoes or sandals on entering a house. We had hardly sat down before sweet little musumés (girls) brought us the pale straw-coloured tea in tiny little cups, with metal saucers and without handles, and trays of queer little cakes.

But it was growing late, and we had still the flower fair to see before we returned to the hotel to spend the witching hour, at which the old year passes into the new, in thinking of home folks across the seas. The flower market was even more picturesque than the fair, with its rows and rows of blossoming plum trees, with blossoms single and double—white, pink, deep red, or even variegated. These were dwarfed to the size of geraniums, with every branch twisted into queer curves, and each in a blue or white porcelain pot. Without the plum tree in the blue pot no Japanese house, even the very poorest, is complete at the New Yéar. The educated fir trees (matsu-ji) were even more dwarfed and highly trained, and one could buy either of these, or a beautiful fan palm, in an artistic pot, for eighteenpence or two shillings; and for a crown or two one of the tiny artificial gardens, a couple of feet square, with its trained trees, and its lake and its toy pagoda, and bridges and stone lanterns (ishidoro).

The flower fair, like the other, was a glare of light; and there was the same bargaining to be done, with the owner calculating on his so-ro-ba, or counting board, every time there was a rise or fall of a halfpenny in the offer.

Suddenly I looked at my watch. It was just on twelve. A clock began to strike. I paused and shut my eyes on the fantastic Orient, while a prayer rose to the crisp, starlit sky, and thought flew quicker than telegrams to the old home of which I wrote in Australia.

I fancy I can picture you upon this Christmas night,
Just sitting as you used to do, the laughter at its height.
And then a sudden silent pause intruding on your glee,
And kind eyes glistening because you chanced to think of me.

And now good-night ; and I shall dream that I am with you all,
Watching the ruddy embers gleam athwart the panelled hall.
Nor care I if I dream or not, though severed by the foam—
My heart is always in the spot which was my childhood's home.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

TOKYO, *January 5th.*

WE did not get back from the fair last night till the small hours, but we were up betimes to see Tokyo in its great transformation scene—decorated for the New Year.

As every one who has the smallest knowledge of things Japanese will remember, the Japanese have a minute and almost solemn etiquette for every operation in their existence. It is to an article in "The Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan," written by Mrs. Chaplin Ayrton (a great many years ago), that I owe the precise composition of the decorations given below. She says the most striking feature of New Year's Day in Japan is the decoration placed, more or less complete, before each portal.

Every object in this has its symbolic meaning. If the spectator faces the green arch which this decoration forms, he will have on his right hand the me-matsu (*pinus densiflora*) with its reddish stem, and on his left the black trunk of the o-matsu (*pinus thunbergries* (sic) syn. *pinus massoniana*). Though pines are monœcious, fancy has ascribed to the black-trunked tree a masculine gender, and to the lighter a feminine. Further, these hardy trees symbolise a stalwart age that has withstood the storms and troubles of existence.

Immediately behind rises on each side the graceful stem of the take-no-iki (bamboo); of which the most convenient kind is selected. Its erect growth and succession of knots,

marking the increase during succeeding seasons, make it a symbol of hale life and fulness of years.

There is a distance, usually of six feet, between the bamboos spanned by the grass rope (nawa), which though convenience obliges it to be high enough to pass under, should, to accord with its symbolical meaning, debar all evil and unclean things from crossing the threshold.

In the centre of the arch thus formed of pines and bamboos and the grass rope is a group of several objects, most conspicuous among which is the scarlet yebi or lobster (a crayfish, really), whose crooked body symbolises the back of the aged bent with years. This is embowered in yusuri branches.

In the yusuri (*melia japonica*) when the young leaves have budded the old are still unshed. So, many parents continue to flourish while children and grandchildren spring forth.

In the centre also are the graceful fronds of the shida, or urajiro (*polypodium dicotomon* of Thünberg). This fern symbolises conjugal life, because the fronds spring in pairs from the stem. In Japan, fronds growing thus uniformly do not suggest equality of the sexes. Between the paired leaves nestle like offspring the little leaflets.

Here and there are gohei, the quaint scraps of paper offered to the Shinto gods; according to some, a conventionalised representation of the human form, the offerer devoting himself in effigy to the deities. According to others these offerings of cut paper represent offerings of valuable cloth—this is the more usual explanation.

Almost as conspicuous as the yebi is the orange-coloured dai dai (the fruit of citrus bigaradai). There is a pun implied here, like the play upon words in English heraldry, for the second meaning of dai dai is generation—may the family tree flourish. The juice of the dai dai is prized as a specific against vomiting, as Europeans take lemons for a preventative against seasickness.

There is a pun, too, in the piece of charcoal beside the dai dai, for sumi (charcoal) has the second meaning of "homestead."

The honta wara, or zimbaso, a species of seaweed, is a memorial of good fortune. For, about 200 A.D., when the Empress Jingo-Kobo reigned, she concealed her husband's death lest the people should be discouraged in the campaign against Korea. Her troops encamped on the seashore were in danger of defeat from want of fodder for their horses. She ordered the honta wara to be gathered from the shore for the horses, and refreshed by this meal they were victorious in battle. At the end of the war she bore a son named Hachiman, who, from the circumstances of his birth, became the Japanese Mars.

Another seaweed decoration is the kobu (*lammaria saccharina*). Here also is a pun on the verb yoro-kobi—to rejoice or gladden.

The last decoration is the fukutso tsumi; a square of white paper, held in by a red and white string (midsu shiki), which marks a present. This is to be considered a lucky bag, for its contents are suitable to the season, consisting of kachi guri, roasted chestnuts; kazu-no-ko, the roe of the herring (nishin); kazo-no-tane, the seeds of the torreya bucifera, used to make sweets; and kushi gaki, the fruit of the kaki diosphyrus, dried on a stick—kushi kaki becomes gaki in composition, as kawa (river) is changed in Sumida gawa.

These decorations are cut down in Tokyo on January 7th, in some places on January 3rd.

There is another decoration sometimes used—the daikoko buné, a miniature ship of twisted straw, laden with representations of bales of grain, bits of green, and little ornaments of every kind. The idea of the ship is an offering of first fruits.

To bring the sleeper lucky dreams it is the custom, on

the night of January 2nd, to cover the pillow with a rude picture of the takara bune, or ship of riches, having the seven gods of wealth seated in it. They are Bishamon Sama, Fuku Rokujin, Benten Sama, Jirojin Sama, Hotei Sama, Daikoku Sama, Ebis Sama. This representation of the ship of wealth is a very favourite subject in Japanese art. There is a splendid specimen in the museum of arms at Tokyo.

Down to the last sentence I have quoted Mrs. Ayrton, with a few abbreviations. It was impossible for me to give

ONE OF THE GODS OF WEALTH—EBIS SAMA.

an account of the New Year's decorations so completely in so few words.

Now that I have given an idea of their composition and symbolism, I can go on to describe the New Year's decorations, and New Year's festivities, as we saw them with our own eyes.

To start with the lobster group, to use Mrs. Ayrton's expression, we found that she had made a most important omission in describing the composition—the great tassel, or knot of grass, which is the most noticeable feature. This

knot with tassel ends is a constantly recurring feature in Japanese ornamentation, from the mortuary shrine of a Shogun downwards.

Mrs. Ayrton is careful to use the expression, "more or less complete," of the decorations. She was wise. I had to walk a couple of miles along the Ginza, the main street of Tokyo, to find a decent specimen of a lobster group to photograph. And when I found it, it needed no small generalship to kodak it successfully. First of all I had to obtain the permission of its proud owner. I could not speak a word of Japanese, he could not speak a word of English. I went into his shop and bowed as if I were a nigger waiter expecting a handsome tip. He squatted down on his hams, and bowed until his forehead touched the beautiful white mats on which he knelt. Then I entreated him, with a gesture, to rise, and led him to the front of his shop, pointing at his lobster group, and patting my faithful kodak. He didn't understand a bit till a jinrikisha boy (the sharpest-witted men in the coolie class) said hasheen (pronounced shasheen), which means photograph. The proprietor was forthwith wreathed in smiles at the honour about to be paid to his "honourable" lobster group.

Then a new difficulty arose. Most Japanese shops are only five or six feet high; this was ten or eleven, and I, who am only five feet and a half, had to get my camera on a level with the object, and within two or three feet of it, to make the photograph sufficiently large. An idea struck me. I threw down my note book and stick (an Englishman would not go to his own funeral without a walking-stick if he could help it), regardless of the fact that the strangeness of my behaviour—from the Japanese standpoint of course—had already attracted a crowd of a few hundred people.

I had seen a stool, intended not for a human being—the Japanese don't know how to sit—but for a red lacquer lantern

with paper sides, or slides, which stood on it. I put down the lantern, carefully carried off my stool in triumph, mounted it just under the lobster group, lifted my kodak as high as I could over my head with both hands, the forefinger of my left on that button which has to be pressed for the Eastmans to "do the rest," and snapped a shot.

The crowd were breathless with excitement, and had to be dispersed by a policeman, four feet and a half high, before we could get away. So like the Athenian of Biblical report is the Japanese in his thirst for *aliquid novi*.

Even the English residents in Japan solemnly hang the lobster group in the evergreen arch over their garden gate at this season of the year, partly perhaps to flatter Japanese sensibilities (though this isn't very English), a little perhaps for its supposed good luck, mainly as a kind of Christmas decoration. They put it up for Christmas Day, and not for New Year's Day, and so do some Japanese in Yokohama. In a few years' time they will probably shift the whole festival to Christmas Day; the Christmas-keeping people there, the English and Germans, being paramount in the treaty ports. It is not very much to shift the festival from the Western New Year's Day to Christmas Day, when it has already been shifted from the Japanese New Year's Day to the Western.

"What shall I do?" I asked of Abé San, the accomplished Japanese who manages the Tokyo Hotel, and can talk and write both English and French tolerably fluently, and buys a new suit of clothes, modelled from the new guest's, every time a particularly well dressed Englishman comes to his hotel. "What shall I do so as to see as much as possible of the New Year's decorations and games and holiday makers?"

"You had better drive to Asakusa. It is far. You will have to drive right across the city to get to it, and will see many people in their houses decorated, and in street playing.

And at Asakusa very much people and wrestling at the temple—the temple of Kwannon."

Jumping into rikshas, away to Asakusa we went.

For a wonder it was not one of those ideal days in which Japanese winters deal. But in spite of the grey London weather, what a fairyland diorama we enjoyed as we dashed through the Titanic gateway, over the broad moat, into the maze of narrow streets of wooden and paper houses, hardly higher than a tall Englishman. The grass rope, nawa, was carried from end to end of each block, to keep out the evil spirits; and every doorway had its New Year decorations in honour of the gods or the national custom, and its crossed flags in honour of the Mikado, a homage that is paid on all public holidays.

Every doorway had at least a patch of evergreen and these crossed banners, the red sun on the white ground—silk *crêpe* even for the poorest houses—mounted on lacquered bamboo staves, with gilt balls to replace the spear head or the eagle of Western ensigns..

Every now and then there would be a house which enjoyed the dignity of a second storey, with the typical decorations. Most of the houses had nothing but the flags and a poor little lobster group. We only came across one showing the cut bamboo (taki-no-iki) and red and black firs (me-matsu and o-matsu) described by Mrs. Ayrton. It was a very typical little Japanese shop, with its shoji or inner shutters (as in many shops, made of glass, not paper), left up because it was a holiday. On business days, except in very bad weather, the shop is left open to the street.

We were in imminent danger of committing manslaughter the whole way, for the streets were simply packed with battledore players, mostly children, in the most brilliant costumes, who kept up the shuttlecock at distances and for periods that appear impossible to Europeans.

Fortunately our rikshas were drawn by human horses, or

there would inevitably have been shying ; as one shuttlecock whizzed past one at a low trajectory, like a volley at lawn tennis, and another ended a slow and lofty parabola within an inch of one's nose, where a bat would be ready to despatch it on its return flight.

The children blocked the streets with their favourite pastime, while their parents perched on the roofs wherever they were high enough to woo the wind for kite flying ; a pastime of very uneven attractions. In the distance it is fascinating ; one sees the paper falcon at a dizzy height soaring amongst the eagles. Close to, whenever the kite is not winding its string round your neck, it will be found entangled in the legs of your riksha boy.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE STREET.

Just as we passed the castle's ramparts we came to a yashiki, one of the great black wooden kraals with its four sides formed by the strongly barricaded outer walls of the barracks of the clansmen, and an open space in the centre surrounding the town mansion of the daimio, or clan chief. Neither clan nor clan chief lives in them now ; but the great daimio under the Tokugawa dynasty spent half the year in Tokyo, garrisoned by a whole army of feudal retainers. These yashikis have mostly fallen from their high estate, and become barracks for Imperial troops or tenement houses for the poor.

When we were passing one of the latter, outside the great Torii-shaped gateway of massive black timber, two sweet

little mites were playing another of the great New Year's games, which to the unallegorising Anglo-Saxon is simply bouncing ball; but it means no end to the Japanese. According to Mrs. Ayrton :—

"These balls are made, not of india-rubber, but of paper and wadding symmetrically wound round about with thread or silk of various colours. The children sing all the time they keep up the bouncing, and the most popular song for this is a play upon the numbers. Here is an example, in Japanese :—

"Hi-fu mixo-yo yoshida no
Katasumi oroshite, kiri ni rizande
Tamoto yé iréru, tamoto ga nuréru.
Sambon yé noki ni, sudzyme ga samba
Tomatto-ichi-wa-no sudzumé ga
Hato ni owarété-aré ga chin chin.
Kose ya pô pò-madzu ikkankashima shita."

And here is one translated by a Japanese lady, which Mrs. Ayrton believes, from the sudden transition near the end, to be imperfect :—

"See opposite, see Shinkawa, a very beautiful lady, who is one of the daughters of a chief magistrate of the Oda-wara-cho. She was married to a salt merchant. He was a man fond of display, and he thought how he would dress her this year. He said to the dyer, 'Please dye this kinran and donsu, and the purple for the middle dress, into seven or eight fold dresses.' And the dyer said, 'I am a dyer, and therefore I will dye and stretch it. What pattern do you wish?' Either the dyer or the merchant gives the reply: 'The pattern of the falling snow and broken twigs, and in the centre the curved bridge Go-Jo.' 'Crossing or not crossing the bridge,' chokin chokera kokin kokera." (Note by the Japanese translator.—"These words are inserted to fill up, and have no known meaning.") "The girl was struck here, and there, and the tea house girls laughed. Put out of countenance

by this ridicule, she drowned herself in the Karasgawa. The corpse sank, the hair floated. How full of grief was the husband's heart! Now the ball counts one hundred."

Sometimes the game consists simply in counting how many one can keep up. In counting, however, there is a regular game credit and debit, as shown in the appended table:—

First Turn.

A keeps up 100.

A's Account.		B's Account.
A lends B 100.	A pays back to B.	B lends A.
	Second Turn. B keeps up 60 bounds.	B pays back 60, and still owes A 40.
30 (This, with B's debt of 40 [100—60] makes 70 lent by A to B.)	*Third Turn.* A keeps up 30 bounds.	
	Fourth Turn. B keeps up 100 bounds.	B pays back 70.
	B lends A 30.	
	Fifth Turn. A keeps up 20 bounds.	
	A pays back to B 20.	B lends A 10.

and so on.

The boys seem to go in more for kite flying, the girls for battledore or ball. The kites are made of Japanese paper, thin and strong, on very light bamboo frames. In this season of prevalent winds they fly very easily, and a light humming noise is produced by a piece of whalebone attached to the kite, and set in rapid vibration by the wind.

The girls introduce more of the solemn ceremony, which

the Japanese delight to impart into the "trivial round, the common task," in their games than the boys do.

Says Mrs. Ayrton: "Girls, dressed in their best, hoarded through December, or better still in new clothes with gay battledores, made usually of kiri wood (*paulonia imperialis*), strike briskly the airy little shuttlecock made of the black seed of the muku (*homioceltis aspera*), winged and decorated, and sing:—

"Hito go ni futa go Mi watashi yo me go
Itsu yoni muashi, nan go yakushi.
Kokono ya ja to yo.
Hito ri no wusume wo futari shité
Mirutabi, yorutabi, itsu shika mudzu kashi
Nan no yakushi, kokono yo Torasho."

Both songs are rhymes of numbers up to ten

In the middle of all this kite flying and ball playing and battledoring, we would come across a couple of Japanese of the humblest stations, say two small shopkeepers, whose whole stock in trade did not amount to a guinea apiece, friends meeting for the first time in the New Year. They would be repeating the orthodox New Year greeting, probably: "Shin nen nogo shiogo, wo moshi agamas," and bowing to each other for about five minutes, accurately observing the etiquette of bowing to an equal, a superior, or an inferior as the case may be.

There are degrees even in penury, and I have seen a child of two years go through a lesson of the whole category of genuflexions in a humble curio shop where the profits could not have exceeded a shilling a day.

With each bob of the head of these ceremonious friends, there would be the corresponding elevation of the Mother Gamp European umbrella, which every Japanese who has a dollar in the world hugs, whene'er he takes his walks abroad.

New Year's Day is the universal visiting day. The

Mikado receives the great officers of state, and his subjects receive and call upon their whole acquaintance. How they manage it puzzled me, but I suppose that the Japs mark upon their name-paper (visiting cards are actually made of paper unless the owner affects Europeanism; and they are used as universally as the ginghams) the hour at which they will be at home on New Year's Day, as our hostesses mark their day at home, unless it happens to be Sunday.

With the visit they generally combine the presentation of the seibo, which ought to have been brought the day before, and was, until etiquette became trodden down at the heel by the imitation of European slipshoddiness. Among the poorer classes the usual seibo seems to be a Hakodate salmon, squashed flat in the process of salting and packing, or a blue cotton towel such as the riksha boys twist round their heads. So prevalent are these particular forms of the seibo, that the stationers keep a line of gaily printed wrappers, something like our newspaper wrappers, for the specific purpose.

The most fascinating part about the seibo to me was the red and white twine, stiffened with rice paste, and tied with marvellous neatness into the inevitable tassel knot, with its little kite of red, white, or gold paper, explained above.

This idea of a trade mark for presents might be adopted with advantage in countries that call themselves more civilised. The landlord of a house I took in Devonshire used to send me more butter than I could eat every week, and at the end of the term charged it all to me, at more than I should have had to pay for it at the dearest butterman's in Plymouth. He always spoke of it as a compliment.

I was very much amused with one great official on his way to call on the Mikado. His horse was shying, and he was only accustomed to human horses.

As we drew nearer and nearer to Asakusa the plot thickened, the streets becoming crowded with Japanese riding in double

rikshas (the more extravagant habit of having only one rider to each poor two-legged beast of burden being almost abandoned to foreigners). Sometimes the duet would be a respectable old Jap and his wife, more often a geisha (singing girl) with her chaperon or cavalier, the latter apt to be flushed with saké.

The crowds of geishas made the street very picturesque with their delicate rainbow-hued silks; elaborately dressed, flower studded hair, whitened faces and vermilioned lips. And so did the Inns, with their festoons of crimson lanterns swinging in the breeze, and their piles of great saké kegs, each sewn up in matting garish with a scarlet or green fish or dragon.

Anon there would be a mighty shouting, or a joyous singing, as, drawn by the patient ox, or a score or two of impatient coolies, rolled past the triumphal car taking home the rice—the Japanese harvest homing. Well might they rejoice who were able to take it home in this lean year, when rice was up to ten yen the kobu instead of four or five.

There was a great variety in the processions. All had their array of coolies in brand new head kerchiefs and dresses of dark blue cotton, stamped mostly on the broad of their backs with their master's crest in red or white, or both. One lot was powdered all over with white moons, and another looked like living Catherine wheels.

When the services of an ox—I should have written bull—were required, the car was generally an elaborate affair, reminding one of the allegorical displays of the German brewers at an American Centennial. I took a picture of one that was higher than the highest houses it passed, culminating in a huge sun a dozen feet in diameter, made of crimson velvet, with a heavy gold fringe festooned across it, and gilt rays at least another dozen feet long springing from it. Round its base was a tangle of draperies and fans and foliageries, blended with the unerring felicity of taste

possessed by even the humblest Japanese ; and on a kind of balcony in front, and on the piled-up rice bales behind, were a swarm of masqueraders, a bevy of girls, and a kind of king, most of them with some feckless musical instrument. They had, unfortunately, jumped down before I got sun enough to get a picture.

More in the spirit of old Japan perhaps is the hand car. I photographed a little one drawn by half a dozen coolies, and with no ornament on its rice bales but tall swaying bamboos, the tallest with a long white banner streaming in the wind and a crimson lantern firmly fixed on its head, the others with lanterns gracefully suspended, nodding like bluebells, and a plentiful supply of coloured cloths, saké jars, and bamboo branches. There was much music and much saké at work in all of them.

By this time we had crossed the fine iron bridge built by the Japanese themselves across the Sumida Gawa, the broad river-parent of innumerable canals and moats, which make Tokyo the Venice of the East, and were in the suburb of Asakusa; more abandoned to the haunts of pleasure than any spot in the city.

Soon we crossed a broad street and found ourselves among thousands of rikshas at the end of a lane, densely packed with the funniest little Japanese women in their most brilliant dresses, and bordered on each side by rows of white wooden booths, and a perfect avenue of gigantic cut bamboos with the foliage left on them. These were interspersed with endless banners, crossed over the gateways and drooped from the house fronts like the pennons in the Chapel of the Garter. At the entrance of the fair we were obliged to leave our rikshas. We followed three sweet little girls, perfect pictures, with their soft grey kimonos and bare flower-brightened heads, up the narrow lane between the booths, which were filled with the ordinary gimcracks of a Japanese fair—toys, such as kites, battledores, shuttlecocks,

dragon heads for the kagura dance, firemen's hooks and standards, flags, and dolls; female fripperies, such as lacquer combs, gay hair pins, ladies' satchels and pipe cases, mirrors, trumpery lacquer articles, cakes, and candies. The wares exposed were awful rubbish; and we were glad to elbow our way through to the great temple, which is the heart of all this holiday making, casting a glimpse to our right at the five-storey scarlet pagoda.

The open space outside was full of the Japanese Christmas trees, or perhaps I ought to say New Year's trees—a handful of long tapering branches fastened together at their bottoms, and so tapering that the paper toys and sweetmeats hung on them made them bend and quiver like a fishing rod with a black bass attached.

Space forbids my describing here in detail the vast scarlet temple and gateway. The latter was as high as the temple itself, with lanterns hanging in its arch as large as the ordinary Japanese house, and the inevitable "Two Kings" (Ni-O) in their wire rabbit hutches, stuck all over with pellets of chewed paper.

As we passed from the great sam-mon to the temple, we noticed an elaborate washing-place, and a huge hoarding, with the little white wood notice boards, to remind the gods of the prayers or benefactions of the faithful.

On entering the temple it was not long before we recognised the fact that there were sacred chickens. There were also images in profusion, and not a few stalls where priests sold cheap prints and pictures of the special incarnation of Buddha worshipped here (Kwannon Sama, the Goddess of Mercy, is tutelary of the temple).

I contributed to the support of the institution by spending two sen and a half,—about a penny,—and then turned my attention to the faithful, who were endeavouring to insure attention from a different quarter by clapping their hands to show that they were going to begin to pray; and, as a

preliminary, throwing a few rin (decimal fractions of a half-penny) into the huge grated bath which is there to swallow offerings. We were not the only mere sight-seers, there were plenty of Japanese to keep us company; for the country has a duality of religions, and a plurality of inhabitants who don't "take any stock" in either.

Taro, my riksha-boy, who could speak quite a good deal of English, and was pretty well posted in the legends and superstitions, as well as the sights of Tokyo, had left his riksha and his hat (a solar topee, though the thermometer was well down in the "forties"), and the Red Indian's blanket which every riksha-boy carries to cover the knees of his patrons, with his mates, and skipped in after us to play his favourite *rôle* of interpreter, and enjoy the holiday himself at the same time. On the strength of his erudition he always treats himself better than his mates. The explanations he made to us were so absurd that he evidently knew nothing about it. This is a Buddhist temple: he must be a Shinto-ist. He is not high enough class to be a sceptic.

From the temple he led the way to the Zoological Gardens mixed up with it, in the centre of which stands the famous cock-tower. But the *tour de force* is a Corean tiger, for the Zoological Gardens consist to a great extent of tortured fir trees in porcelain pots. Zoological is not a wide enough scientific term to describe this precious collection. There are, however, two bears from the big northern island of the Japanese group, Yesso, and a number of the storks (alive) which play such an important part in the decoration of the trash exported from Japan, but which, so far, we had never seen in Japan.

I could not help thinking what a pretty ornament they would make to the botanical gardens at Melbourne, where they are very fond of acclimatising water fowl, and where these birds would thrive. 'Possums might be sent in return.

Their fur would be valuable here, and the Japanese would eat them—sharks and swordfish are quite a staple article of diet.

Would we go up the cock-tower? Taro asks.

"Must we take our shoes off?" Then we wouldn't, though the view is fine. We preferred to keep on our boots, and hastened past an artist, emulating in the dust of Tokyo the men who pastel the pavements in London, to the mountebank dentist.

Talking of the men who make those fearful and wonderful pictures with a few bold strokes of a stumpy chalk, and a few seconds' rubbing with the fingers, one recalls inevitably that one who used to take up his position outside Sir John Millais's huge house in South Kensington, and underneath his pictures write: "My rich brother lives in there, while I have not enough to eat." He referred, I believe, to brotherhood in art.

Here in Asakusa there was also a woman who dashed off her pastels with equal skill on paper, choosing her subjects principally from the mythological characters connected with this temple. She retailed her works at rather less than three-halfpence each. I bought five of them—a couple of disreputable looking demi-gods, and three landscapes. These last included a Japanese eagle sitting on a snowy tree, another flying round a snowy Fujiyama, and a picture of a gigantic red peony in a little straw case buried in the snow. The lady artist's genius had evidently had a wintry experience, not to say reception.

The dentist was magnificent. Drawing an enormous two-handed sword he approached his first patient, a little boy with a mouth of teeth like a barrel with the hoops knocked off.

He swung his mighty sword. The boy cowered and shrieked. And then—— Everybody knows the easy transition by the accomplished quack from the marvellous to the microscopic in remedies.

"But are there not any jugglers?" I asked disappointedly of Taro.

"Jogler? Oh yes," he replied; and led the way to a row of booths, surrounded by open-mouthed Japanese.

The first had five rin—a depreciated farthing—printed outside in large figures. But when I came to pay, I was told that the board only referred to children, which was a lie, and I knew it; but I paid three-farthings all the same for myself and my wife and the riksha man, who followed in uninvited and then said I must pay because he had no money.

The juggling consisted only of a small electric machine; and the simple switching of the current on and off elicited continuous applause.

However, we felt "had," and moved on past some wax works exhibiting daimio (feudal barons) in their pre-revolution costumes, and Aino (aborigines of the northern island) in their native dress, to a booth which had on its signboard a tremendous fire-breathing sea serpent, usurping a whole gulf, while a crowd of terrified Japanese stood on a cliff firing engines of war at it. This wormed another three-farthings apiece out of me, and we went in to see only a cub seal about a foot long, which went through a lot of tame-monkey tricks. This kind of thing, varied with an occasional theatre, went on to the end of the chapter.

At the end of the chapter came the pride of Asakusa, the miniature Fujiyama, 110 feet high, constructed of lath and pasteboard and plaster—a tower in the shape of the conventionalised mountains of Japanese pictures, commanding a view of the whole fair, and much of the great city behind. Like the campanile at St. Mark's it is ascended by an inclined walk. We walked up its shaky planks, and didn't find it very much fun, though on a normal winter day we should have seen the real Fuji, the Parthenon of mountains, soaring fifty miles away. All we did see from the top was

the queerest olla podrida of grown-up children, who sent up the tinkle and tum-tum of Oriental music, and the shuffle of myriad clogs.

We were very much more amused by the fate of the man who attempted to pick my pocket, and was detected (wonderful to relate) by a detective. He was a very ingeniously got-up crook, in the costume of a Japanese student—native breeches, a sad coloured kimono, octogenarian European shoes, and a grey "boxer" hat. He also wore spectacles.

The first intimation I had of his designs was to see what looked like an elderly artisan, out for a holiday, rush at him, and begin boxing his ears so violently that his spectacles were knocked off, and his face was whipped scarlet. Then he dragged him up to me and put his own hand half into my pocket to intimate what had happened. I made signs, after feeling my pocket, that I had lost nothing. But that did not seem to signify; all the way to the police station he was shaking the poor thief by the collar, and boxing his ears. The Japanese are a nation of children, and their own authorities treat them like naughty children.

I lost sight of him as I turned round to listen to a Japanese street band; one of the little groups who go round soliciting contributions for a great temple at Kyoto—a man with a drum, a woman with a gong, and a boy with a sort of flute. I brought my kodak to bear upon them, but quick as lightning the old man, who was terrified at the evil eye of the lens, covered his face with his drum sticks (not slang for legs). So I photographed him with his eyes darkened by suspicion.

And then we passed from a whole street of performances to a whole street of shops and stalls. Tea houses and saké shops were in abundance. They invade even the sacred precincts of the Zoological Gardens, which are as jealously guarded as any thief in Tokyo. The cheap curio stalls principally devoted to pipe-cases, which we have christened

bag-o'-tricks stalls, predominated; surrounded by worsted dealers, sellers of "serop," cotton-wool tortoises, Japanese Christmas trees, and a conjurer, from whose tent was interpreted by Japanese musical instruments that ancient melody, "*Oh que j'aime les militaires.*"

This brought us to the famous rope bridge over the lotus pond, quite a long bridge, constructed of pliant bamboo and rope, like the swinging bridges of the Incas, made immortal in the pages of Prescott. Miss Aroostook, with her usual pluck, volunteered to be photographed on the middle of it; and some Japanese hobbledehoys, keeping at a safe distance from my cane, were ungallant enough to run on it and shake it violently, in the hope of shaking her into the lake or at least frightening her into hysterics. But they failed in their amiable object.

And then, much to Taro's (eldest son's) disgust, we had to take leave of Asakusa Park, with its pagoda and its famous temple and its holiday crowds. For at dusk my publisher was tendering us a banquet at the famous Ko-yo-kwan, known to Europeans as the Maple Club, the leading native club in Tokyo, to which all the most prominent Japanese belong, the club house being the most exquisite tea house in the country.

We made a poor start for our return journey. Directly we were outside the gates we found our riksha boy, the historical Taro, wringing his hands and yelling. His mate, his riksha, his blanket, and his hat had all disappeared. But at length the missing properties were found at a neighbouring tea house, and the sun shone through the clouds again.

It was slow travelling, going as fast as we could, through the streets packed with soldiers, wearing "holiday" on their countenances, children one mass of sores, the queer little Jap omnibuses, looking like miniature police vans, or the carts in which butchers take meat from the shambles, and

rikshas carrying Japanese dudes in marvellously swell clothes, and silk hats seedier than a Q.C.'s.

At one point in the road we were blocked by a crowd which had collected round a mountebank whose whole stock in trade was a battered silk hat. This and his gestures seemed to cause uncontrollable amusement to the Japs. He certainly was a merry-looking Andrew.

We drove home along the Thames Embankment of Tokyo, that city of muddy creeks and canals. It was almost deserted, though we did meet an old man, that *rara avis* in Japan, where the old are quiet and stay at home. They seem to dread an exposure of their feebleness as much as a donkey dreads the exposure of his corpse.

On we dashed, past high stockades and gabled white houses, with the black monograms standing out on their gables even in this dusky light, and past a little street temple into leagues of streets which were a forest of bamboo leaves and flags ; looking, oh! so picturesque in the gloaming.

Our noses were taken up with the disgusting smell of the sesame oil with which the evening meals were being cooked, and our eyes with the lantern lighting. One old Japanese was climbing up a ladder to light a lamp which could not have been more than six feet from the ground, while a more intellectual neighbour was lighting his, twenty feet from the ground, with the aid of an ingenious pulley arrangement.

What glimpses of fairyland we had that evening ! First there came the newly lighted streets, with their rush candles glimmering through paper shoji (shutters) and fantastic swinging lanterns ; the queer, heavily gabled go-downs and yashiki looming through the deepening dusk like the architecture run wild in the backgrounds of Albrecht Dürer or Gentile de Fabriano.

Then came the grim castle, with its Titanic walls and broad moats thrown into relief by the rising moon. How

quaint the gnarled fir trees that grew on the top of the walls looked! We had paused a minute just outside, to meet our host, at a house with an evergreen arch of the European pattern picked out with camellia blossoms, and festooned with mandarin oranges.

And now we wheeled suddenly across one of these moats, and found ourselves once more among the long low yashiki, like so many huge kraals built in mediæval wood and plaster, enterable only by the heavy timber gates, shaped like the torii of the Shinto temples. Now, alas! they are stripped of their glory. The king-making daimio of the Warwick pattern, with his army of feudal retainers, is a thing of the past, converted into a noble with an English or French title, or a nobody stripped of everything, according to the side he took in the Revolution. Some of the yashiki have sunk so low as to be turned into tenement houses for the poor, like the one opposite our hotel.

Just now we only cut off a corner of the castle, which fills up most of the heart of the city—in at one gate and out at the next, flying past the barracks that were once the Daimio of Nagasaki's yashiki, and across the great drill ground to the long winding street that leads past Arashiyama, with its breakneck steps, to Shiba, the garden of Tokyo.

By this time the dusk had deepened into dark, and the riksha boys had lighted the little paper lanterns they grip against one of the shafts. The whole broad drill ground was a kaleidoscope of dancing lights, thrown on little wheels that looked like spiders' webs as they spun round in the glare.

And as we neared Shiba, the rikshas made a regular procession of fairy lights, winding through the avenues of tall cryptomerias that stood out like needles in the crisp winter moonlight.

At last we drew up at the Ko-yo-kwan, and disbooted before walking up the glossy maple stairs on to the spotless white mats of the banqueting floor.

I have described before a Maple Club banquet, with its endless unheard-of dishes, from live fish downwards—offered to us, sitting like Turks on piles of cushions, by the sweetest little musumés, squatting on their hams, to the light of sorry candles on tall candlesticks set, like ourselves, on the floor. So I must not more than mention the music and dancing which our host had ordered to enliven the banquet. The finest female dancers in Japan danced before us in exquisitely rich and beautiful robes, with the maple for the theme of their decoration; while beautiful women played the biwa, and koto, and samisen, and sang the story the others were setting forth in dumb show. At last the banquet, with its endless dishes and endless relays of tea and saké, came to an end; and then the jiu roku musashi, and sugo roku, and other games with which the Japanese beguile an evening at the club, were played for our benefit, that we might miss nothing.

Mrs. Ayrton describes them much better than I could after a single view:—

"For bad weather, or for people too old for active sport, there are games such as the jiu roku musashi—a board divided into squares and diagonals, on which move sixteen pieces for one player, and one large piece for the other. The point of the game is for the sixteen pieces to hedge in the large piece so that it cannot move, or for the large to take all the sixteen. A capture can only be made when the large piece finds a piece immediately on each side of it and a blank point beyond.

"Sugo roku is entirely a game of chance, a sheet of pictures. Educational pictures are the present fashion, but the oldest form of sugo roku is dochiu sugo roku, and is the journey between Kyoto and Tokyo.

"Players write names on slips of paper or some other suitable substance, throw a die in turn, and place on the pictures the number corresponding to the throw. In the

next round, if the number you throw is written on the picture, you find directions as to which picture you should move forward or back to. But you may throw a blank and have to stay in your place. Winning consists in reaching a certain picture.

"Other games are:—Making verses (something like our own paper games); Simple lotteries (fuku biki) for various objects; Card playing (karuta)."

We had an equivalent for the fuku biki, by being presented, each of us, with one of the choice books published by Hakubunsha (of which our host was the President) for the European market. All were exquisitely bound in delicate sandal-wood-coloured silk. One had a book of flowers, another of birds, drawn and coloured with the fidelity which only fails the Japanese when they depict beasts and foreigners, and I myself received a charming book, similarly illustrated, on children's sports.

And then we booted, and were bowed out by our pretty musumé waitresses, who, as on the previous occasion, handed each of us as we stepped into our rikshas a little pile of wooden boxes in which every scrap we had left of the dishes placed before us was scrupulously packed.

When the Japanese orders a banquet, he carries away all he cannot eat on the spot to gormandise at his leisure.

Our host insisted on seeing us safe home to the hotel. The hour was late, but the procession of fairy lights passing us was not perceptibly smaller, and from every tea house came the tinkling twang of the toki-wona, the strolling female samisen player.

When he bade us sayonara at our threshold, he invited us to come and visit him on January 4th, so that we might see his motchi, and go out into the streets with him to watch the parade of firemen which takes place every 3rd or 4th of January, and see the kagura and character dances and other holiday-time street sights.

The motchi, according to Mrs. Ayrton, are :—

"A little New Year pile of two or more, usually three, round rice flour cakes. piled one on the top of the other and placed in a most conspicuous position on a lacquer stand. It is partly for ornament, in which capacity it serves till January 11th, when it is eaten.

"At the close of the old year there are plenty in the shops. It is also made by little parties of three men who go about the streets for hire, carrying a bottomless tub, with matting to replace the bottom, slung on a pole between two of the men. The third has the heavy wallet for the prolonged striking of the paste with heavy thuds. To prevent rebound, the sticky mass is placed on the soft matting in the bottom of the tub. This man also carries the board used as the pastry board for making up the well-beaten cake."

We called upon our late host in the morning, and had to clamber up the usual companion ladder without a hand rail, which takes the place of a staircase in the native houses. It was quite a large house, and we were shown into a delightfully sunny room without anything in it but the snowy mats on the floor ; a kakemono or two and a few vases of flowers in the tokonama and chigaidana (the recesses of the guest chamber) ; a very plain screen, some floor cushions and a hibachi (charcoal stove) to each. But near the window, in the sunniest spot, were three stately snow white motchi on a scarlet lacquer stand, with a vase of flowers in front of them, as if they were part of the ancestor worship which, combined with loyalty to the Mikado, forms the Shinto creed. These cakes do, I believe, have a solemn family significance.

We were offered pipes, such as our host kept filling and puffing through in two or three whiffs, and refilling, the pipless Japanese mandarin oranges, confectionery, candies, and the inevitable tea, which was handed in steaming relays about every five minutes.

A very brief inspection of the motchi sufficed. But Japanese ceremoniousness did not allow our leaving the house till we were afraid we should miss either the fire parade or lunch—I mean tiffin.

We had no difficulty in finding our firemen, the Ginza being their favourite rendezvous, and the great mattoi or paper standard conspicuous a mile off. It is "trooping" the new mattoi which inspires these going out days (de some no shi) of the fire brigades on the 3rd and 4th of January every year.

Mrs. Ayrton says there are fifty of these brigades in Tokyo, and that each has from fifty to seventy men. She says: "The men rally at an appointed place to carry off their new standard (mattoi), ladders, lanterns, etc. This procession pauses at intervals, when the men steady the ladder (in a perpendicular position) with their long fire hooks, while an agile member of the band mounts it and performs gymnastics at the top. His performance concluded, he dismounts and the march is continued, the men yelling at the highest pitch of their voices."

As the said gymnastics consist mainly of standing on one's head at the top of the ladder, and stretching out stiff at right angles with it, we were forced, after seeing it, to the conclusion that either all Japanese firemen were Japanese acrobats such as we had seen performing at Barnum's, or that all the acrobats were firemen. It must be added that even when they go to a fire they take this black and white paper mattoi and their paper lanterns with them. But they generally stand at a safe distance.

As we were returning to our hotel, in one of the narrow streets between the Ginza and the moat we came upon a little troop performing the ancient kagura dance, of which Mrs. Ayrton says:—

"They are often called in to amuse the spectators by the quaint animal-like movements of the draped figure, who

wears a huge grotesque scarlet (or green—a sort of cross between a lion's head and a dragon's) mask on his head. At times he makes this monster appear to lengthen and retreat his neck, by an unseen change in the position of the mask from the head to the gradually extended and draped hand of the actor, the beat of a drum and the whistle of a bamboo flute forming the accompaniment to the dumb show acting."

I managed to get a most successful kodak of the performance, which illustrated Mrs. Ayrton's description as closely as if I had employed an artist to draw an illustration for the purpose; and I was equally successful a few minutes afterwards in the broad, open, sunny square, just inside the castle gate where our friend of the tea house troupe last night was caricaturing Chinamen. As I levelled my kodak, the actor, who was secretly delighted, danced toward me with simulated threatening gestures, changing into a radiance of smiles for one halfpenny sterling.

I have given a good many quotations from Mrs. Ayrton's article, but it is impossible for a stranger, after one day's experience, to make both head and tail of a Japanese performance.

CHAPTER VIII.

JAPANESE FIREMEN.

TOKYO, *January 8th.*

THERE may be an American fire engine in Tokyo—I never saw one, and if anybody wants what the Yankee calls "a high toned contrast" he cannot do better than drop into the fire station at the back of the Grand Hotel, San Francisco, the day before he sails for Japan (at 12 o'clock, sharp), to see the men slide down the pole from the bedroom, and the horses harness themselves inside of a few seconds; and then, when he gets to Tokyo, go to the first good fire.

They have first-class fires in Japan. While we ourselves were in Tokyo there was a fire at Asakusa, one of the suburbs, which swept off fourteen hundred houses in one night.

The houses at Asakusa, it is true, since they are inhabited almost entirely by the poorer classes, do not amount to much. A ten pound note would buy a good many of them, ground and all. They are merely wooden frames, with sides made of paper shutters (shoji), and wooden outside shutters to put up at night or in very rainy weather. The roofs are covered with the heavy channelled tiles in use all over Japan. It is almost impossible to take these fires seriously. As nearly all the houses are one-storied, and so flimsy that you can kick your way through them, a person can hardly be burned unless he is asleep. But a two-storied house fire gives most fun, for it is here

that the bamboo ladder and the Swiss milking pail come into play.

Every Japanese fire brigade conducted upon national principles has one or more ladders made of green bamboo, with their rungs lashed on—and the lashings very likely of paper twine.

These are used for acrobatic displays at the New Year festival in the way described in the last chapter, and for fires. In the latter, if the fire is not too dangerous to be tackled, the ladder is propped up against the roof; one man mounting it stands on the roof, and one or two more stand at arm's-reach intervals on the ladder. Half a dozen others bring them buckets which look like Swiss milking pails, and hold about a gallon of water each; these are passed up and emptied by hand.

This, however, does not, as might have been supposed from a study of the Japanese, constitute the whole fire-subduing apparatus. There is a native fire-engine (a water kago), looking like a water trough fitted with a lid, and staves for carrying it like those used (in pictures) for the Ark of the Covenant. It would go inside the average Saratoga trunk, and is fitted with a bamboo pipe and nozzle through which water can be squirted, but without the power or the volume of a garden hydropult.

A man runs in front of this kago, ringing a bell or blowing a horn, because the population are not supposed to be able to take care of themselves in the matter of being run over. It is usually escorted by a number of firemen with fire-axes, which are bamboos about six feet long, with a little pick or hook for a head. The fierceness with which the Japanese can contest the flames may be gathered from the fact that they wear cotton dresses and carry paper lanterns. They also carry a huge paper standard to every fire, shaped like an orange, about a foot and a half in diameter, with paper fringe a foot long, stuck on the end of

A Japanese Fire-Station.

a six-foot pole. This is planted at a respectful distance from the fire, and the firemen generally stand by it till the fire has burnt itself into reasonableness. It is white, and has the crest of the guild painted upon it in black.

The fire station is like any other Japanese house of the poorer sort, except for its look-out, which is a tall pole, ascended by a bamboo ladder, with a sort of cask at the top for the watchman to stand in, and a big alarm bell for him to ring; or very often it will be only a tall ladder planted firmly at the bottom and rising perpendicularly into the air with a bell hung at the top.

Henry Savage Landor, the artist, grandson of Walter Savage Landor the poet, (who, since this chapter was first written, has returned from four years' wanderings in Canada and the United States, Japan, China, Corea, and Mongolia, and himself is just about to publish a book on his experiences among the Ainо of Yesso and the Kuriles), had a risky adventure with the Japanese firemen.

Mr. Landor is an ardent "realist"; he will expose himself to any danger or privation to secure subjects not previously handled by artists. He had himself shaved from head to foot before he took his famous 2800 mile journey among the vermin-covered Ainо, for he made up his mind from the first to live right amongst them and sketch their life from inner knowledge. And he had his head broken by the New York police for his ardour on behalf of the London *Graphic* at Centennial time.

He was staying at Ozaka, the Liverpool of Japan, at the Jiyutei Hotel, which pretends to be on the European plan, when he was roused by the landlord, who told him, in very broken English, that the neighbouring houses were on fire, and that no one ever knew where a Japanese fire would stop. Mr. Landor did not require this enticement, but leaped into his clothes to impressionise for his sketch book a real Japanese fire. He got there before the firemen, and busied

himself with sketching the frightened people pouring out of their houses, carrying all their worldly possessions on their backs. One of the houses must have belonged to an old samurai, or fallen daimio, for there was a woman hurrying along with the two fighting swords, once the insignia of gentle birth, and a tea-chest shaped box of armour, such as had gone out of use with the Revolution of '68, more than twenty years before. While, close by, a couple of coolies were carrying, strung on a pole, one of the beautiful black lacquer chests, ornamented with gilt brass, used by the daimio for clothes or armour.

The common people were for the most part carrying their possessions, tied up in the large blue or green cloths used by tradesmen for bearing their wares to their customers; and one couple were carrying a huge three-leaved screen, to which, perhaps, they attached a great value, though it also served as a stretcher for carrying the rest of the contents of their house.

Presently the firemen came along, with an excited chatter that could be heard a quarter of a mile off. In front came the paper standard, and behind, a bristling array of paper lanterns on poles, bamboo ladders, and fire axes. The houses by this time were burning so fiercely that the doughty firemen were afraid to tackle them; so Mr. Landor, sketch book in hand, seized a ladder, and propping it against the nearest two-storied house, mounted the roof to show them an example, and in a moment was sketching away vigorously to take down the *bizarre* spectacle.

In his Archimedean enthusiasm he did not notice that the Japanese firemen had become alarmed for the safety of their ladder and carried it off. He was brought back to considerations mundane by the tiles proving too hot to sit upon. He yelled to the Japanese to bring the ladder back, but none of them had the pluck; so, as the flames were beginning to break through the roof, he had to jump from

the top of a two storied house, and of course received a severe shaking, but fortunately broke no bones.

The firemen's great day out is on the fourth day of the New Year festival, when they go in procession through the principal streets of Tokyo, especially the Ginza—the main street.

Each guild goes about separately, with its paper banner in front, and its coolies in new dresses of dark blue cotton, the tunic with a marvellous red or white design on the back (the guild badge), and the tight-fitting hose I have so often described. At intervals they halt, rear one of their tall green bamboo ladders perpendicularly in the air, and, crowding round, help to hold it up or steady it with their fire axes. Then they ascend in turn, and acrobatise on the top. The performer will one minute be standing on his head on the top of one of the uprights of the perpendicular ladder, and the next be supporting himself stiff out at right angles to the ladder. The populace crowd round, laugh, chatter, and applaud. But as far as I could make out, no collection was taken up, which was a decided irregularity from a more civilised standpoint.

There has been one historical fire in Japan, which in point of mortality probably puts even the Great Fire of London into the shade. Though it seems incomprehensible to me how ever anyone could be burned in a low, flimsy affair like a Japanese house, over one hundred thousand persons perished in it.

It occurred a century or two ago, in that hotbed of fires, Asakusa; which, as being the quarter to which the gay women are confined, and much frequented by their rivals, the singing women (geishas), and any one concerned for the time being "in painting the city of Tokyo red," is particularly liable to accidental fires, above all in a land where houses and lanterns are made of paper.

One forgets the details of this fire in the results. The

victims were buried in a great pit (like the one Sir Walter Manny gave the Londoners for the victims of the black death), and over them was reared "The Mound of Destitution," at the side of which the E-ko-in Temple now stands. A temple was reared where pious priests might pray for their souls. All the priests of Japan, of the most prominent Buddhist sects, came together for seven days to offer so many thousand or million prayers. Then came a difficulty. When a Japanese dies (they are generally Shintoists in their lives, and Buddhists when they reach the point of death), his relations pay for him to be prayed for at decent intervals, for priests have to live, like everybody else. This was impossible in the present case, for nearly all the relatives had perished together; so they called the temple "The Temple of the Helpless," and twice every year organised a procession to it of the most famous images of the gods, which drew together a vast concourse of people, whose offerings provided the prayers for the dead.

Now Japanese religious festivals are always accompanied by much fairing and holiday making; and this proved such a popular festival that the wrestlers found they could be surer here of a huge audience for their championship matches than anywhere else. Accordingly they fixed them for the occasion of the annual pilgrimage. I am not sure if the pilgrimage is held any longer; if it is, it is completely overshadowed by the wrestling, and there is a second annual meeting of the wrestlers, without reference to any festival at all, at E-ko-in.

Religion has strange offspring. Japanese wrestling and the *fin de siècle* farces at the Gaiety, with their respective vulgarities, are both, it would seem, the outcome of religious celebrations. O Pilgrims of Pity! O Dancers to Dionysus!

NOTE.—*The Three Great Fires of Yedo.*—The other day I read in the *Japan Gazette* a translation from a native paper of a summary of the

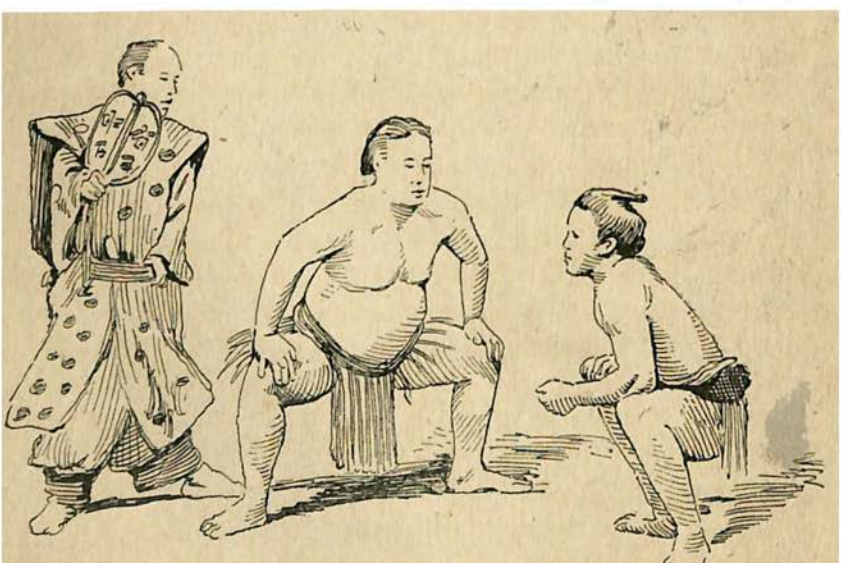
twenty principal conflagrations that have taken place in Tokyo (Yedo) since 1657. The list did "not include ordinary conflagrations, but only those which laid level an area of several miles." The three of these known as "The Three Great Fires of Yedo," those of 1657, 1772, and 1806, burnt, one for twenty hours, one for twenty-four hours, and one over a space seven or eight miles long, and about half a mile wide. The *Shogyo Shimpo* says that on each of these occasions more than half the city was destroyed, the record of one of them showing 1,270,097 houses as burnt. This last is a lie of truly Oriental magnificence; as the population of Tokyo is at the outside about a million and a quarter, there must have been on the average rather more than a house apiece to every man, woman, and infant in the city, even if every single house was burnt. Well might the *Japan Gazette* observe: "There is doubtless some exaggeration in this record."

CHAPTER IX.

JAPANESE WRESTLING.

TOKYO, *January 12th.*

THE Jappiest thing we have seen yet is the Japanese wrestling. It is Asiatic with a vengeance. To begin with, the wrestlers are as near stark naked as they can be without absolute indecency. All they wear is a strip



THE WRESTLERS AND THE UMPIRE.

of dark blue silk, three or four inches wide, with a cross string going between their legs not an eighth wider than is necessary.

The wrestling takes place in a sort of huge circus con-

structed of bamboo framework, covered with matting, to keep out the gaze of the people who will not pay to go in. There is no roof, but the whole amphitheatre is covered with a kind of network of rice straw matting, through which the occupants of the upper boxes thrust their chow boxes on the rare occasions when they were not using them. Chow goes on at all times at Japanese entertainments, which, as a rule, whether theatrical or otherwise, begin in the early morning and go on till eight or nine o'clock in the evening.

The whole amphitheatre is surrounded with these boxes, in tiers. They are only scaffolding, and cannot be reached except by ladders placed against the front of them. A few had a Red Indian's blanket thrown over the front, probably because the owner had brought it in his riksha and was afraid of its being stolen.

The price for one of these boxes is three yen (ten or twelve shillings), and the Japanese generally squeeze about twenty people into them, though they would only hold four or five Europeans. There was one just over our heads where we stood, waiting for a seat, which contained a splendid Jap in a London 'Arry's guinea covert coat and a white felt hat. He had a low-class geisha girl beside him, and a great deal more saké than he could control inside him; for he forgot Japanese good manners, and stared at the foreign ladies in an insolent, helpless, mouth-and-eye-watery way. Underneath the boxes ran a sort of gangway, and the rest of the floor was taken up with a seething mass of humanity, sitting on their hams.

We arrived about two o'clock, when everything was in full swing, and passed through a sort of temple-yard, containing a few priests' tombs and orange and tea stalls. There seemed no outward or visible way into the wrestling, though elevated on a platform sat some old men of the large, fat brand they use in Japanese wrestling, reminding

one of the troupe who stand on the little gallery outside boxing booths at country fairs in the old country—two or three boxers, the man with the hoarse voice, and the fat woman. While we were staring despondently at them we were overtaken by Taro, the riksha man, who considers that he can speak English on the strength of knowing "more ten sen." He had left his riksha with the other boy, and was, as usual, going to act as impromptu guide. We asked him to take a private box for us. He said, "No box; pay ten sen." So we paid for three, generously deciding to frank him to the entertainment for his linguistic exploits. The tickets we received were of wood, ten inches long, by an inch and a half wide, and half an inch thick; and then we dived through a door under the stage, about three feet high, and found ourselves confronted by plenty of unpleasant sights, but, to all appearances, absolutely no room. The boxes were not only all taken but crammed. As for the pit, it was a herring shoal of coolies, into which one could not even see. Taro was desperate; he flew to one pew opener after another to ask about a box, or even standing room, and finally beckoned us forward.

A passage was drilled through the shoal, and we were shot through it into the middle, and yelled at by the people behind us until we squatted on our hams (for which my figure is unsuitable). Horrible, dirty, smelling people were all around us; and the Japanese are reputed to be deplorably careless about the minor infectious diseases, measles, mumps, and other childish maladies which it is ridiculous for adults to have.

However, we could see the show, and a very poor show it seemed to be—two naked Japs, crouching like cats to watch each other; making a cat-like spring at each other; meeting in mid air, too alert to be caught by each other; coming down again; drinking a dram of water and putting it out again on a piece of paper, with which they proceeded

to wash the sweat away from their armpits ; walking round a little, and then doing the cat business again.

"Taro," I said, "I'm sick of this ; let's clear."

Miss Aroostook said, "Yes, do let's ; it's horrible. I wonder if any other European lady would be seen here. There only seem to be about two Japanese women here ; do go !"

But Taro did not want to go. He was enjoying himself immensely, and "too excited for anything," as the only Charles says. So he forsook us, and darted off to have another hunt for a box, thinking that we should not have courage to leave the building without him. And we actually did stand for a good half-hour in the gangway under the bibulous Japanese "chappie" in the guinea covert coat, with his saké and his geisha girl. Several times we were on the point of going out, but our nerves were screwed up to the sticking-point by the arrival of two Americans—the Professor of Literature and Rhetoric at the new University here, and his wife. They were anxious to see the wrestling, and offered to share the expense of a box if one was procurable. One wasn't, and we moved on till we found ourselves opposite a part of the pit which seemed less crushed than the rest.

There was ten sen extra charge, but people stood instead of squatting, so we wondered why they didn't have it all ten sen extra, and no seats.

The doorkeeper would not take our money ; but Miss Aroostook came to the rescue. Within the enclosure stood a huge wrestler, probably one of the defeated competitors in the earlier rounds. He was a good-humoured-looking sort of a giant, and melted beneath the smile of woman. English grace in very smart European garments smiled upon him, and the giant cleared a space and snubbed the doorkeeper.

We entered, and craned our necks. Presently an attendant brought a form, and invited us to stand on it ; but as soon as we were comfortably settled, and seeing things nicely, and

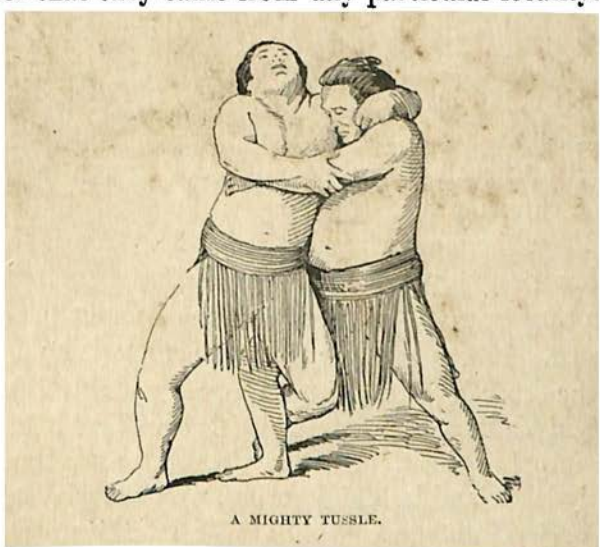
therefore presumably loath to leave, he demanded an extra forty sen (1*s.* 3*d.*) a head for the use of the form. We jumped down, but the giant promptly snubbed this imposition also, and the riksha man said that if we gave him ten sen extra for the trouble of bringing the form it would be quite sufficient. And now we really were in a position to see something of the wrestling.

Japanese wrestling is conducted in a 12 ft. ring, sanded, and on an elevated stage under a canopy, reminding one strikingly of the fountain canopies in the courts of temples, supported by four plain posts and with an overhanging roof but no walls. The posts are decked with parti-coloured cloths, and immediately below the roof hang blue tabs and a white silk festoon, ornamented with a gold sun and stars.

The umpire on this occasion wore a handsome grey silk costume, with the great shoulder flaps which represented full dress in feudal times, projecting about a foot over each shoulder, and ornamented on collar, breast, and cuffs with his crest. He carried a peculiar lacquered fan, shaped like a blunt edged double hatchet, and ornamented with a scarlet silk tassel suspended by a cord a yard long.

Holding this horizontally he gave out something in a loud voice, and two wrestlers ascended the platform—stark naked, as I have said, except for the double silk cross straps round their waist and between their legs, and with their hair combed in a peculiar fashion, very like the snood once worn by little girls in England, on the top of their heads. The ring had just been swept, and its heroes figured about in the sand with their bare feet, after slapping their thighs and cocking up first one and then the other of their mighty legs—this being, perhaps, a recognised form of salutation to the audience, perhaps a muscle stretcher. Then they carefully wiped themselves, and commenced the crouching down like cats, watching each other for the spring.

Let us pause to look at them. These wrestlers are gigantic, tall fellows, some of them six foot high and more; vast of shoulder and arm and thigh and calf; mountains of muscle, and some of them also mountains of fat. Whether shaved or natural, they have no hair on their bodies except under the armpits; and far from having faces of the brutal type usual among prize fighters, they have most of them good humoured, and some of them quite dignified, faces. They are not very like the ordinary Japs, but I could not discover that they came from any particular locality.



A MIGHTY TUSSLE.

The *modus operandi* is this: the opponents crouch down like wild beasts till they see an opportunity to spring, and both of course spring at the same time, one to attack and the other to meet the attack. It is a case of feint and parry. If the attack is parried they go to the side of the stage, take a sip of water to wash out their mouths and keep them fresh for a prolonged struggle when the grip is actually made. Some of the water from their mouths they drop on a little paper handkerchief, and wipe the sweaty parts of their body, such as under the arms. Then they return to

the combat, and this goes on till the grip is made, and then there is a mighty tussle until one is thrown on his back, or more on his back than the other.

One wrestle was terminated by the champion wrestler, an enormously fat and heavy man, being hurled clean off the ring by a slimmer but wirier antagonist. At the edge of the stage he was caught by an attendant, placed there for the purpose, who must now have an adequate conception of a thunderbolt. Another was terminated by a wrestler being stopped by the attendant in front of one of the pillars from being hurled backwards into it. This counted a fall, and certainly would have been a very dangerous one, that probably would have crushed the skull. A third was terminated by one of the wrestlers, a man who weighed a good part of three hundred pounds, being caught round the waist and thrown a foot or two up in the air.

Sometimes the men gripped at arms' length, and the bout would then be a very long one. In one instance there were two men thus gripped, one with his head under the other's breast bone. It was hard for his opponent to keep his feet; but, on the other hand, the strain on the neck muscles was terrific, and so was the strain on his wind, with his chin crushed into his chest. He had the better position if he could only last; and he did last, and win, though both fell, and his only advantage consisted in his falling less on his back than his adversary. In another instance both fell on their backs, but one on the top of the other.

The audience were enormously excited, and when a favourite won his admirers' hats were showered upon him like bouquets at the opera. These were carefully picked up, and kept till the owners should come to redeem them; for a man flings his hat to show that he intends to make a present.

They watched every little point, and waxed almost as enthusiastic over a successful parry and an artful

feint as over a fall. The place was crammed from floor to ceiling, and mostly with a not very respectable-looking crowd; but there was no brutality or rowdiness or roughness; and strangers, far from being unsafe, were treated with special kindness. One of the wrestlers presented the Professor with his programme, and he was immensely pleased with my kodak camera, which he called "shashin," and showed it to all his comrades who came near, whenever he was not drinking saké or eating some strange compound.

What people the Japs are to eat at entertainments! It was one perpetual chow, chow; a never-ending stream of hucksters, with steaming tea-pots, tea-cups, oranges, sweet-meats, villainous smelling mercato-vecchio-like pastry, hot saké and what not. The vendors climbed round the top tier of boxes along the coping, on which many of the occupants deposited their boots. For the Japanese cannot get over the trick of taking off his boots when he enters a place, and if he is wearing sandals, or clogs, of course he has to take them off to climb the ladder, which is the only way into the boxes.

At last the ladies thought they had seen enough of the human form divine, and we determined to go, but no Taro was forthcoming. That worthy had darted into the crowd, like a ferret after a rabbit, in his excitement to see the fun; and though the tall wrestler called for him, still there was no Taro. We waited half an hour for him (for which of course he charged us), and then started without him. But when we got outside his mate was true to him, and entreated us not to go till he had been to look for him; and just at that moment Taro came up, breathless. I forgave him for being such a sportsman.

We left about half-past three, but evidently the fun was not nearly over, for dashing down the hill in front, holding up the horses' heads in the way usual in Japan, came a Japanese swell with three geisha girls in his carriage; and

we met several other carriages evidently bound the same way, besides rikshas innumerable. And what rows and rows of them there were already standing. Outside the gate, also evidently going away, we met three coolies, in typical coolie dresses, reeling along as jovially as three real "chappies" in London could have done. It was a good-humoured crowd, and the police seemed to have nothing to do but to occupy the two very best boxes in the *al fresco* amphitheatre, specially hung with handsome black and white draperies in their honour.

And then we bounded off to Sir Edwin Arnold's, through the picturesque old gateway, and past the castle-palace of the Shogun, now inhabited by the Mikado, with its wide moat and lofty Titanic walls, its rich temple roofs, and its typical Japanese garden. It looks as if it had been cut out of a fairy-tale book. The moat was full of wild fowl, and an eagle swooped into it as we passed.

Fortunate Mikado! Your great subject, the ex-daimio of Nagasaki, has had to change his picturesque yashiki for a great modern house on the hill opposite the new American legation, which we shall pass by-and-by when we have passed that Japanese Eton, the School for the Sons of the Nobles, and have not yet reached the bamboo groves hissing and bending in to-day's gale round the Japanese home of Edwin Arnold.

CHAPTER X.

SEEING THE GIANT FEED.

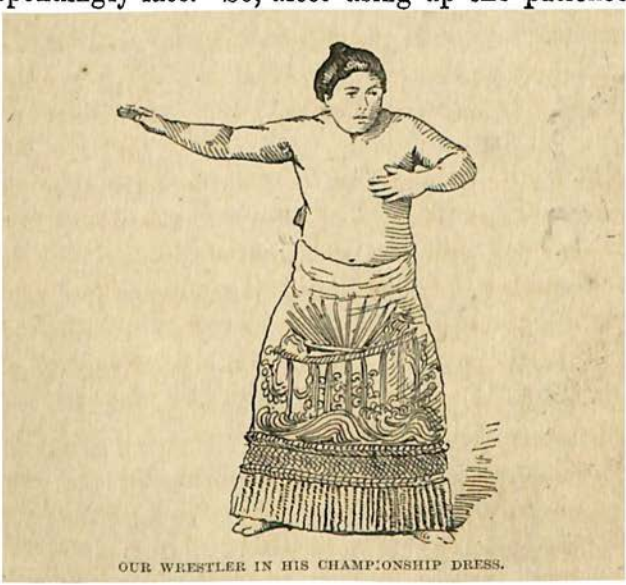
TOKYO, *January 19th.*

A FEW days after the wrestling we were at the popular festival, which combines the apprentices' holiday and worshipping the devil. They worship the devil to conciliate him; and probably give the apprentices their holiday for much the same reason. Japanese apprentices don't get their heads turned with holidays; they have only two in the year, January 16th and July 16th. I have not yet been in Japan in July, so don't know whether the community at large are obliged by the trades unions to worship the devil on the latter date also. Many masters will tell you that apprentices are the devil. I think they must be; for whenever I order anything to be made at a shop, and am disappointed day after day, I am always told that it is the fault of the apprentice.

But to return to the Shiba festival. Whom should we meet there driving about in a jinrikisha, with the whole of his personal effects and a bottle of beer, but our friend the big wrestler who had cleared a space for us at the wrestling matches. His name was Arakato, and he insisted upon getting out to shake hands with us. As he had taken such interest in the hashin (camera) at the wrestling, and it had not been sunny enough to take photographs then, I told him I would photograph him now; which I did, and invited him to tiffin the following day.

While he was being photographed the dishonest Jehu, who

was dragging two hundred pounds, added to the weight of the riksha and the luggage and the bottle of beer, decamped with the whole of his personal estate; and so we got rid of him pretty easily. But the next day he came to lunch about three-quarters of an hour before he was asked; and Henry Savage Landor, the artist, and Mr. Boner, the Japanese-speaking secretary to Her Britannic Majesty's Legation, whom we had asked to meet him, were of course correspondingly late. So, after using up the patience of all



OUR WRESTLER IN HIS CHAMPIONSHIP DRESS.

the English-speaking boys in the hotel, and finding things rather heavy, we determined to go down to lunch without them.

The giant, who was very genial, and most handsomely dressed in a dark blue silk kimono, insisted upon going last. What a handsome fellow he was, with his huge shoulders and massive head, his hair done in the orthodox wrestlers' fashion, and his vast good-humoured face bronzed by the sun to the true Giorgione tint! His shapely, exquisitely kept hands were the same tint; so were his feet, as beauti-

fully formed as his hands, and bare, except for light straw sandals. We had fortunately hardly sat down to lunch before Mr. Boner turned up, and introduced himself (since we were unable to introduce him) with the becoming civilities. He was soon followed by Landor.

We had a special menu card in Japanese prepared for our wrestler, but it did not convey any idea to him, because he had never tasted the things mentioned.

"He wishes to say," translated Mr. Boner, who sat next to him, "that this is the first time that he has been asked to such a banquet, and, not knowing any of the things, he thinks that, if you will not be angry, he will take them all."

He held the soup plate up to his mouth, and shovelled the soup into it, as the coolies shovel rice or macaroni from the little lacquer bowls at the street stalls, and polished off the fish in a couple of mouthfuls. He judged that his mouth could contain about half of it, so he cut it in half, and put in half at once. And in the interval he disposed of two glasses of hock and a glass of beer.

Then he conversed.

"He wishes to say," interpreted Mr. Boner, "that he thanks you extremely for the fine banquet you are giving him. He has never been to anything like it in his life."

This I have put on record, because it is probably the most favourable opinion ever expressed of a Tokyo Hotel luncheon. For, though it is one of the best of the hotels kept by natives, the catering is not a matter of universal congratulation. But it is very homelike, and we have a most obliging lot of servants.

Then he went through the bill-of-fare in the following swimming fashion :—

No. 3 : Poached eggs and anchovy toast—one mouthful.

No. 4 : Pigeon sauté and green peas—two mouthfuls, because there were bones. He, of course, ate bones and all.

No. 5 : Mutton chop and mashed potatoes—the chop, one mouthful. He held it by the bone, and bit off the whole of the meat at once, finishing up with lapping the mashed potatoes like the soup.

No. 6 : Cold roast beef. He cut his portion in two, and swallowed it in two mouthfuls.

No. 7 : A plateful of ham. He took this instantaneously, as they say in photographic circles.

No. 8 : "Teal Duck." This gave him rather more trouble. He was helped to a drumstick, and, taking it by the shank, bit off the bulk of the meat at one bite. But masticating the skeleton took him some time.

No. 9 : Salt tongue. The boy, seeing that he had a good appetite, brought him several slices. They were treated to the same instantaneous process.

And then came the *tour de force*—the curry. He roared with laughter, to express delight, when it arrived; and after his already rather healthy meal, helped himself to the whole, filling his plate mountain high with rice, and emptying the curry tureen over it. Then, holding his plate close to his mouth, he chopsticked it in with his fork, and, with tremendous gusto, called for more.

"He is beginning to enjoy himself very much," put in Mr. Boner. "He is getting very red in the face, which is a sign. He will probably now begin to divest himself of his clothing, piece by piece, to steel himself to fresh exertions."

This, added to the fact that he had already drunk a bottle of hock and nearly two quarts of beer, and that there were ladies at the table, made me feel a little cautious. So I told the boys, in English, to start giving him coffee; but he waved them off majestically. Evidently his arena triumphs were not the outcome of temperance, for he told Mr. Boner that he never took such things as tea or coffee, but that he really did prefer saké a good deal to what he had been drinking. Accordingly, saké was sent for; but the

Tokyo Hotel, being a Japanese hotel conducted on the European fashion, was not going to lose caste by keeping the Japanese native drink, so the poor giant had to put up with another bottle of beer to wash down a second dishful of curry and rice. Probably he would have taken a third had not the supply run out.

No. 11 was chocolate pudding. He did not put the whole of it into his mouth at once, but sipped it. Evidently he entertained suspicions, which were realised when he had tasted it; for he put on a sickly sort of a grin.

Would he have No. 12: cheese; No. 13: fruit; or No. 14: tea and coffee?

No! These were things he did not esteem.

Mr. Boner then, with imperturbable gravity, offered him the chutney jar, with a spoon. He tasted it, and his mouth expanded into a fresh grin of delight. He ate it all as an *entremet*, and wound up the feast by draining the finger bowl of hot water which the "boy" brought to wash his lordly fingers after his arduous repast.

There were always about three "boys" hanging round the hero, for to the Japanese lower orders wrestlers are of as much consequence as the base-ball player to the Bostonian.

"He thanks you for your magnificent banquet," interpreted Mr. Boner, "and hopes you are not angry at him consuming so much. He has never had anything of the kind before—I am missing out the honorifics and superlatives—shall I tell him you are so pleased with his company that you would like him to spend the rest of the day with you?"

"I will kill you if you do. I'll hire a Chinese high binder from Yokohama. Seriously; invent some excuse to get rid of him soon after lunch."

"All right, my pony is at the door, and I shall have to go myself in a few minutes, and then I'll tell him that at

this time it is customary for Europeans to take their leave. He will go directly ; the Japanese are very gentlemanly, down to the very lowest."

So we gave the big wrestler a big cigar, and took him upstairs to be photographed, with my little boy standing beside him to show off his monstrous size; and then he took his leave, after telling Landor that he would be sure to come and call upon him to have his portrait painted, and again expressing his delight with everything.

It appears that it was fortunate that he was not master of English, for he remarked to Mr. Boner of a gentleman who was sitting within a yard of him, that he was so thin that he felt sure that he must lead a very irregular life. He thought that I must lead a very good one—I had a very fine figure, because I was so burly. I had previously considered myself stout, and my figure one to be kept out of evidence. But seeing the Japanese wrestlers has resurrected my conceit, for the thinnest in the tournament leaves me nowhere, and they really think Europeans very badly made for not oftener being fat. One man's poison is truly another man's meat.

Just as the giant was going away he apologised once more (as he reasonably might have if it had been to the hotel proprietor, who, of course, only charged for him as an ordinary visitor). His excuse was that he had never before "introduced such good food into his system."

CHAPTER XI.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AT HOME IN JAPAN.

TOKYO, *January 26th.*

THE day after my arrival at Tokyo I went up to renew my acquaintance with the author of that perennial poem, "The Light of Asia." I found Sir Edwin as genial as ever, and as astonishingly full of vitality.

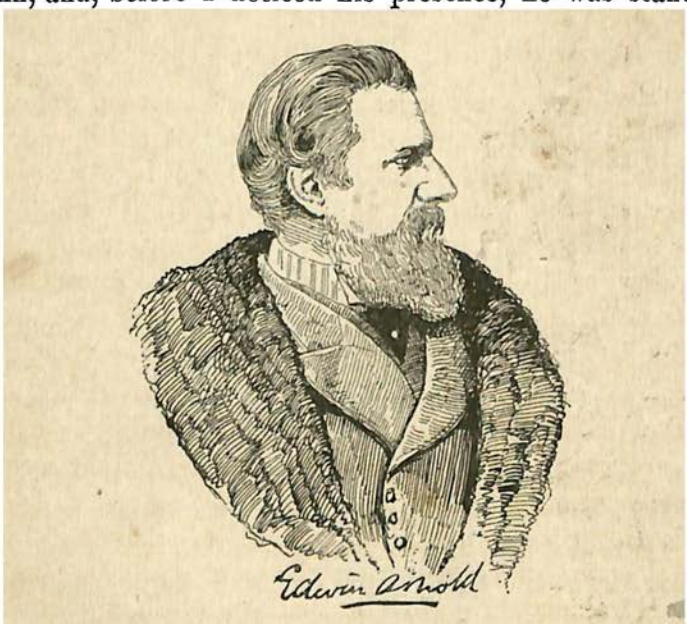
He has been fortunate enough to rent the charming little bungalow of General Palmer, that curious combination, servant of the Japanese Government and correspondent of an English newspaper—the *Times* itself. He had great difficulty in obtaining it—the Japanese do not like foreigners, however distinguished and friendly, settling in Tokyo, except in the quarter reserved for foreign settlement, and they will not give permission at all except to teachers and their own employés. Sir Edwin's Japanese landlord tried to get over this objection by saying that the poet was the guest of General Palmer. The Government replied that guests did not pay rent, meaning the converse. So Inspector Asso engaged Sir Edwin as tutor to his daughters at the nominal salary of six hundred yen—not quite £100—a year. And Sir Edwin volunteered to correct the English of the history which Inspector Asso is writing.

His duties as tutor consist in hearing these two charming Japanese girls play the koto charmingly, and conversing with them in English.

The Inspector puts on English attire when he comes to call upon his tenant (and employé), though he relapses

into his own picturesque dress for comfort in the privacy of his home. One night, however, being in a hurry, he appeared *à la Japonais*, and apologised profusely for what he, ignorant of the æsthetic pleasure he conferred, considered a breach of ceremony.

While in Japan Sir Edwin is nothing if not Japanese. He was out when we arrived, but Miss Arnold kept us to tiffin, and, before I noticed his presence, he was standing



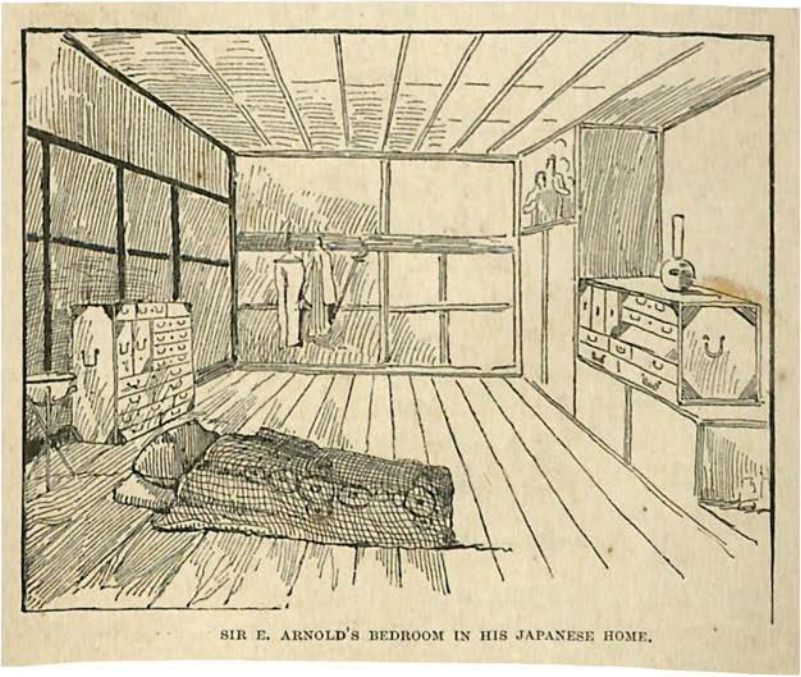
SIR E. ARNOLD IN JAPAN.

over me with out-thrust hand. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Sladen?" He had come in with stockinged feet, and through the wall.

The unanglicised Japanese always takes his boots off before he enters a house. To use Sir Edwin's graphic expression, "he does not make a street of his home," and the door is only *one* of his modes of entry, for the walls of his house are sliding panels of paper stretched on wooden frames, and to enter or go out he pushes back the most convenient panel.

In an up-country tea house, as they call Japanese inns, the servants, male and female, will push back a panel of your bedroom or bathroom at the most inopportune moments. The Japanese cannot see any indecency in the inevitable functions of life.

Sir Edwin sleeps in Japanese fashion on a thick quilt of the take-up-thy-bed-and-walk pattern, spread upon the floor at



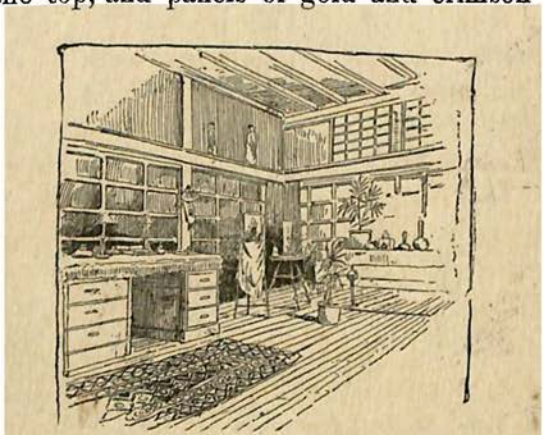
SIR E. ARNOLD'S BEDROOM IN HIS JAPANESE HOME.

night, and during the day rolled up into the sliding cupboard. Other furniture the room has none, except a cheap European camp washstand and two Japanese chests of drawers made of the characteristic white wood, with pretty black iron-work mountings. To assist the washstand in promoting the march of civilisation, a court sword and a "blazer" hang from clothes pegs. The walls of his little bedroom—a mere closet, like the Iron Duke's—are made of tissue paper panels with silver maple leaves powdered upon them,

and there is a clear glass strip at a height threatening to propriety.

Miss Arnold has a large handsome room, furnished in the European style, and giving the same evidence of its occupant's fine taste as the little touches that have transformed General Palmer's drawing-room.

This drawing-room is charming, surrounded on two sides by glass panels from floor to ceiling, and on the other two by an effective dado of brown plaister, a couple of feet high at the top, and panels of gold and crimson flowered



SIR E. ARNOLD'S JAPANESE DRAWING-ROOM.

paper below, the woodwork being fir, left in its native beauty, like the ceiling, which is supported in the centre by an unhewn cherry trunk. The Japanese give no more signal instance of their good taste than by the success with which they introduce natural woodwork.

It would not be Sir Edwin if there were no blossoming dwarf plum tree in a blue and white porcelain pot—the inevitable accompaniment of a Japanese house at this season of the year. And the revolving book-case in the corner is crowned with a model junk, kept in company by the New Year battledores and shuttlecocks sent by those Misses Asso, who have such an illustrious tutor, to

acknowledge the compliment of a box of San Francisco candies.

My old shipmate's (Sir Edwin's son's) residence in Australia is evidenced by a 'possum rug, and American civilization is represented by a stove. On one of the little occasional tables is a bunch of roses that have escaped the frost, for they have a garden and an artificial Fuji commanding a view of the real Fuji, towering, like a huge opal under the magic of sun and snow, forty-five miles away. Appropriately by the roses is Trübner's new edition of the "Light of Asia."

Balanced on the soft firwood framework of the dado, I notice some of the bright silk-padded figures of Japanese girls familiar in the drawing-rooms of Bedford Park.

"Those," said Miss Arnold, tracking the direction of my glances, "are our—seismometers, do you call them? I mean, they register the seriousness of an earthquake by the promptness with which they fall."

Miss Arnold is not like the Queen. Unlike that august lady she does not echo "The Private Secretary's" immortal announcement, "Do you know I don't like London!" Living in this, to say the least of it, unconventional and inconveniently airy country, she does not sigh, like Lasca's lover, "I want free life and I want fresh air." In fact, her father's aspirations rather appal her. Sir Edwin says he could live in Japan, in fact he thinks he will have to live in Japan for the rest of his life. The Land of the Lotus has twined its tendrils round his Buddhistic soul, and he feels as if he could stay and eat the lotus here till it is time for *nirvana*. It is rest, rest, rest, and he longs for rest. He has had his fighting, thirty years of it, and shot eight thousand arrows from his editorial quiver. This is natural. But it is also natural for a girl to be thirsting for the fray in London, where conquests are made. They have got thus far towards a settlement of the question

that they have the house on their hands till the end of March.

"See here, Mr. Sladen," says my host, drawing my attention to a rich, dark wood plaque, supporting a marvellously finished ivory cock, fashioned out of an odd chip that a European carver would have cut up or thrown away. "Like the unhewn cherry trunk which supports our ceiling, and the thousand and one bamboo curios, it illustrates the curious faculty the Japanese have for utilising every suggestion of the picturesque which Nature offers. They do not subdue her, but make an ally of her."

What a pleasant place this drawing-room is! If too sunny, there are gold silk curtains to draw round the two glass walls; and, for wintry weather, there runs round the outside a sun-gallery, such as one sees in the abbot's lodges of Cluniac abbeys.

"I am so thankful that we managed to get a furnished house," said Miss Arnold to me. "Papa's idea is to take an unfurnished house and to buy things just as one wants them. He feels hungry and goes out to buy eggs. When they come to table he remembers that they want cups and spoons, and rushes off to get them."

"Well, how did you manage to hear of it?"

"Oh! Captain B—— mentioned in the Japan *Mail* that we were anxious to get a house if we could find one to suit us, and General Palmer saw it that very day. He was anxious to leave it and we to have it. So he just walked out and we walked in. The first thing I did was nearly to kill myself by keeping the hibachi (charcoal hand stove) in my bedroom. When my father called me in the morning there was no answer, and he came in and found me speechless."

"How do you manage about housekeeping?"

"Oh! it's very simple. I tell our major-domo. Neither the cook, nor the cook's wife, nor my maid, nor my riksha man, nor the gardener, can speak a word of English."

"From our little Fuji," struck in Sir Edwin, "we can look over the whole of Tokyo, a city as large as London in extent of ground, for it consists so much of little one-floored cottages, and embraces so many noble parks. Should not this be a lesson to us in laying out great cities?" And he continued: "You could lose yourself in a hundred different parts of it if you went out slumming, and be perfectly safe in all of them. Think of that compared to Paris or Vienna, though it must be confessed that this is owing partly to the utter indifference of the Japanese. I had a drive the other day from one point in the city to another—eight miles. I went to a Japanese banquet given in my honour at the Maple Club in the park at Shiba. There were eight of the Ministers there. I like the Japanese food very much. I can eat everything—raw fish, sweets and fish together—anything. I like saké—I can drink any quantity of it without a headache. I'm not sure if I have a digestion; I have never had any evidence of it. I attribute part of my success in life to this, as my friend Gladstone does. I observe one precaution which Gladstone tells me he always takes. I eat very slowly and talk a good deal between. Gladstone thinks slow eating the mother of good digestion. He bites everything twenty-five times before he swallows it. Another thing is that in early life I carried out the Greek idea, and practised *gumnastiké* as well as *mousiké*. You know the senses in which the Greeks used these words of physical and intellectual training.

"My Japanese servants amuse me a little, but I am charmed with them. Yesterday being New Year's Day, my cook's baby, who is only three years old, toddled up and made a full Japanese bow, grinding its nose on the ground, and said: 'At the beginning of the year, on the first day, I wish you great prosperity.'

"Miss Arnold's maid is a sweet little thing; she has delightful manners, only she talks no English, and the

only word of Japanese my daughter knows is 'hibachi.' She loves warming her fingers over them like a Japanese, or the poor Italians with their scaldini."

He clapped hands in the Asiatic fashion, and the pretty dusky little creature appeared, attired in a graceful kimono.

"I like Tokyo," Sir Edwin continued. "Here at Imai-cho it is the true *rus in urbe*. We are in the country, though we are in one of the five greatest cities in the world. We are surrounded by bamboo groves and pleasure grounds. We have the purest rural atmosphere, though we are in a city of a million and a quarter inhabitants. We have our lotus pond, our roses, our camellias, our palm trees. Outside our gates there are Shinto temples and fortress walls, and in a month or two the whole district will be white with cherry blossoms. Here I listen to my pupils playing the koto and samisen, and revise my master's (Inspector Asso's) Japanese History. I am a tutor, you know, and the bishop himself would not be permitted to reside here unless he called himself a schoolmaster.

"My *ménage* consists of my major-domo and my cook, my cook's wife, his baby, my gardener and my riksha man, and my daughter's maid. The cook gives in his accounts every day with a so-ro-ba—what the dictionary calls an *abacus*—in a newly washed blue coolie dress with a big red dragon on his back. He is splendid at fish. His name is Nakashima. Then come Watanabi and Shuzo. Just now they are all in their glory in their new blue New Year's clothes, ornamented with storks. My gardener's name is Suzuhikanzo. I call him the Ace of Spades, because he reminds me of it with his little hoe. He makes my bath ready in a huge wooden tub on a grated floor. The Japanese parboil themselves every day. The little maid's name is Yoshidatori—a pretty, smiling little thing, the daughter of a samurai. She never comes in without a beautiful Japanese salute. She has her hair dressed twice

a week with marvellous pins, and has the front part of her hair, when it is stiffened up with the composition, made into a kind of 'Fuji' on her brow. She uses a makura—the funny little Japanese pillow with its two little drawers—and when she is dusting covers her head with one of the quaint blue cotton Japanese towels. She answers everything with a respectful 'kashko marimashta' (I have assented).

"She is very timid of earthquakes. During that bad one we had the day before yesterday, which lasted six minutes, she ran in to my daughter. She says 'the more you know of earthquakes the less you like being left alone with them.' At 8 A.M. Otorisan wakes me, drawing back the slides and pushing in early breakfast and a fire box. The cook's wife plays ball and target.

"We have had our gates decorated for the New Year with kadomatso—grass, paper, seaweed, a lobster, an orange, etc.—for luck and goodwill, and also with Japanese flags."

And then we went off to lunch—Sir Edwin and Miss Arnold, that brilliant grandson of a brilliant grandfather Henry Savage Landor, the artist, Mr. and Mrs. P——, and myself. The dining-room, which is also Sir Edwin's study, is a long, plain room, with a sun-gallery running down all one side of it, and a recess at the end containing a library table and ornamented with a kakemono (scroll with a picture painted on it). Lunch, with the exception of having saké served and Japanese biscuits on the table, was a very handsome European one. Sir Edwin does not inflict his enthusiasms on his friends.

I sat next to Miss Arnold, but I am afraid she found me very poor company, for I could not help listening to her father's brilliant conversation. Talking of Japanese history, he said that Hideyoshi was something more than a great hero—for to him, with his friends the Buddhist priests, we owe that custom of solemn tea drinking which has given to

Japan her architecture, and to the Western world that most inestimable boon, the use of tea. Sir Edwin himself drinks eighty or ninety cups a day in Japan. As his daughter could not work up to his own concert pitch of enthusiasm about this country, he thought of writing to her a ballad, in F sharp—"Ask me not to quit Japan." He had an argument with Mr. P——, made irresistibly droll by Landor, who knew nothing of the subject, but sees the ludicrous in everything, as to how far it was a Buddhist doctrine that men send themselves to heaven and hell, and used the expression "we Buddhists." Then he flew into the drawing-room for a minute, and returned with a Japanese book, from which he read us a little Japanese poem of five lines. Then he championed the extraordinary doctrine that children are no relation to their parents, but that the wandering soul finds its family among the souls which suit it best; generally, however, finding the souls of its parents suitable,—and passed on to the doctrine of Pangenesis.

"I feel," said Sir Edwin, suddenly changing the subject, and stretching himself with a sigh of relief, "like a bird escaped from its cage. I shall never go back. Not that I feel that I am growing old. I am three years off sixty yet, and my mother lived to be ninety-one, and climbed a five-bar gate not long before she died. She only died last year—God bless her—the same day as my sweet wife. My father never knew a day's illness until, to use that fine Japanese phrase, 'he condescended to die.' We Buddhists neither hope nor fear. Earthquake or banquet is the same to us. At death we say—'Pay the bill you must. Dear Brother, it was cloudy when you were with us, but now it is all sunshine.'"

Sir Edwin's pretty young girl pupils had been acting to him the whole range of Japanese salutes—ladies saluting their equals, their inferiors, and their superiors, and people whose relative rank to their own was doubtful, or a matter

to be disputed. He asked them if, honestly, women were treated well in Japan.

"Not sufficiently well, but not brutally—with indifference," was the reply.

"You are better than men," retorted Sir Edwin gallantly. "Why should you be treated worse?"

"For two reasons; from babyhood we are taught submission, and taught to conceal our feelings."

Sir Edwin then talked of the relative work of Shintoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism, and confessed how he was struck with the grave politeness of Japan, and how clumsy he found himself in trying to attain to it.

We had, among other dishes, copper pheasant, and Sir Edwin sent into the drawing-room for a vase of its tail feathers to show us how curiously they imitated the joints of the bamboo groves, in which the bird makes its habitation, bearing out the Darwinian theory of defenceless creatures assimilating their appearance to their surroundings.

Henry Landor, with old Walter Savage's spirit, took exception to Sir Edwin's theory that one should not wear boots in the house. He didn't see the use of a floor one could not use, and he said that he had concluded to wait for wings before he gave up boots. Then, with the ladies still at the table, Sir Edwin brought cigars, and feeling the soothing influence of the magic weed, remarked:

"Japan is to me a soft tonic. Fancy the delight of finding a place where they have never heard of the Irish question." This drew from Landor the suggestion that perhaps Gladstone might find a fresh tonic in Japan in cutting down houses instead of trees—perfectly feasible where they are made of wood and paper.

"They call this the heathenish East," said the great editor, "and yet they can do without doors or furniture, and do not make streets of their homes."

"The music of the Tom-tom is by no means to be

despised," retorted the heir of the genius of the Florentine Diogenes.

Sir Edwin parried it with a good-humoured smile, and, perhaps, a veiled sarcasm. "Japan is so infinitely reposeful for lovers of good manners. The Japanese peasant lives in an atmosphere of Buddhism without thinking about it, just as the American working man lives in an atmosphere of science, travelling in electric cars along streets lit with electric light, and using complicated machinery in his work, often without any knowledge of any of them beyond the mechanical part of his own work."

And getting on to the subject of Buddhism, Sir Edwin said that the most Buddhistic book in the world was the New Testament, as instances citing the texts, "Are not three sparrows sold for one farthing," etc., and, "The Kingdom of Heaven is near unto you, near unto your very souls."

Before we took our leave he allowed me to copy his very latest poem, which had not then been published. It was a translation of the little Japanese dodoitsu:—

"Kadomatsu wa
Meido no tabi no
Ichi re zuka
Medeto no ari
Medeto no nashi."

Sir Edwin Arnold's translation is as follows:—

"The gateway pines we place
Are milestones of life's road,
Marking the stages past,
And glad the way for some
And sad for some the way."

We felt quite loath to take leave of the poet, as happy, to use his own phrase, as a bird escaped from its cage, in his Japanese home, leading the lotus-life of Japan with no effort except that of learning how to lead it in the native way.

It was uniquely interesting, this spectacle of the man who acclimatised Buddhism in England revelling in that wondrous Eastern garden, in the land of the Rising Sun, where Buddhism has acclimatised itself so strikingly.

* * * * *

On the pictures in this chapter hangs a tale.

A few days after this luncheon party, Landor and I took my kodak round to Sir Edwin's, with a supply of flash lights, to take some pictures of his Japanese home. Sir Edwin was out, but Miss Arnold, who had another detective camera, was a fellow-conspirator. We were very anxious to include her maid Otorisan in the photograph of the drawing-room, but (like a good many more civilised people) she dreaded the evil eye of the kodak; and, not speaking English, she was not open to argument. But it occurred to me to enlist the services of that incipient socialist, Taro (eldest son), my riksha boy, to explain matters to her. After an explanation which sounded, as most Japanese explanations do, like a stand-up fight, he said quite quickly and under his breath, as if he were in extreme anxiety, "Dekimas—will do, I go too." Otorisan was agreeable if Taro would keep her company, and for Taro the kodak had no terrors; nine out of ten of his patrons (was he not head riksha boy to the Tokyo Hotel?) carried kodaks.

It was very funny to see them kneeling side by side in the corner of the room we had selected for immortality. Then we took our cameras into that guest chamber and study combined, previously, by good luck, dismissing Taro and Otorisan; for we had a catastrophe, which showed startlingly what a merciful escape I had at the Maple Club when the flash light exploded in my hand.

To prevent damage we had placed the flash lights on a thick kitchen plate. The fourth flash light we fired cut the rim off the plate, without breaking either, as clean as one can cut glass with a diamond.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, for we immediately photographed the plate in its turn. This was in the room in which the "Light of Asia's" rival, "The Light of the World," was being written.

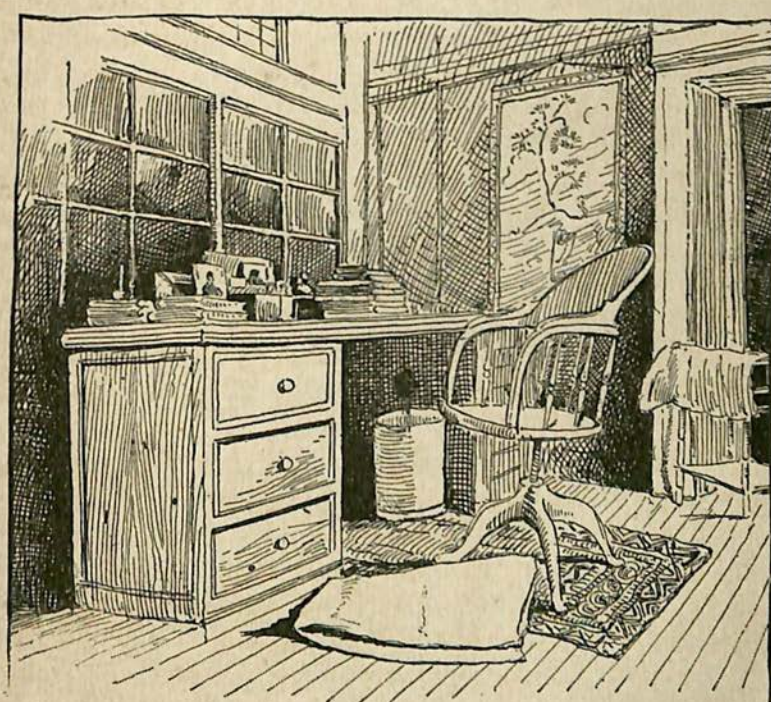
But for the knee-hole table, and the most appallingly Philistinic stove ever launched from the country which has so much to answer for in transgressions of decorative taste, the room which is the *magnum opus's* birthplace is the Jappiest in the house. It is a long, narrow room, more like the ordinary entrance hall than a room, except for the fact that down the whole of the western side run glass shoji (shutters), through which the low sunset of the cloudless Japanese winter day pours in a flood of mellow light. Its function in the Japanese house is guest chamber, and Sir Edwin uses it literally, for his hospitable board is hardly ever guestless.

The south end acts as dining-room, as the rather incongruous intrusion of an English dining table, and sideboard and chairs, testify. The north end is his study; and this end of the room is very Japanese, for behind his writing table are the two recesses, the tokonoma with its flower vase and kakemono (a long, narrow picture, mounted on rollers like a school map), and the chigai dana, with its queer shelves half at one level and half at another, like the steps of a stile. The tokonoma is so called from the fiction that if ever the Mikado came to stay in the house his bed (toko) would be spread there; a difficult feat in this particular instance, where the tokonoma was only two or three feet long and four or five inches wide.

On the floor in front of the tokonoma last night lay the *Daily Telegraph*, whose advertisement I remember to have seen on the fence of St. Martin's, Canterbury, the mother-church of England. Is nothing sacred?

Externally, the house is the ordinary Japanese dwelling of the better sort, with the exception of having the outer

shutters, which run all round the house to close it in at night, partly made of glass. Over the porch hangs a gong, and one of the antique wooden fire-engines, consisting of a kago, or box to hold water, with two staves for carrying it. Sir Edwin's house stands in a charming garden, which also contains the more pretentious dwelling of Inspector Asso,



THE GUEST CHAMBER, IN WHICH "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD" WAS WRITTEN.

the landlord, and has its blossoming plums and cherries and azalias, its fantastically trained or tortured fir trees, its artificial Fuji, its fish ponds for gold fishes with six tails apiece, its stone lanterns (ishidoro), and the monstrosities in rock work for which the Japanese pay such extravagant prices.

This afternoon Sir Edwin had one of his favourite kite parties, a pastime at which all the Europeans were at a

discount, I being perhaps the worst. These parties generally resolved themselves into an audience of Europeans watching the Misses Asso, who were very expert, and flew their paper eagles so high as to be indistinguishable from the real eagles which hover about Tokyo by the thousand. Sir Edwin used to wander about with a long bamboo, disengaging the Europeans' kites from the trees. The roof of his house was so low that Miss Aroostook thought nothing of freeing her kite, when it caught in the eaves, by climbing up the verandah.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PLUM TREES OF THE SLEEPING DRAGON.

TOKYO, *February 1st.*

ABOUT 10 A.M., on a glorious Japanese winter morning, this first of February, we started for Kameido, the tortoise well, for more than one reason the spot dearest to poetry in Japan. For here is seen at its best the plum blossom, which enters into the national life like the primrose in England; and here stands the famous temple of Sugawara-no-Michizane, the greatest scholar of his age, and now regarded as the patron of learning, more especially of caligraphy—an art the Japanese have ever highly prized, says Satow.

Sagely spoken! The writing of the Japanese is sometimes inconceivably beautiful. The handwriting of Mr. Mayeda, who kindly acts as our cicerone to-day, is as beautiful as the maiden-hair; each letter of exquisite grace and symmetry, and the whole a fern of matchless delicacy of poise and variety of form. Mr. Mayeda is the confidential English-speaking clerk of the Hakubunsha, my publishers. This is his rest, as he calls his holiday, and he would like, with true Japanese courtesy, to spend it in showing foreigners the beauties of his home.

So off we start in rikshas, bowling past grim black timber yashikis of the old daimio nobility (that of the Daimio of Sakai, with its beautiful gates guarded by the sentry, marks a barracks), and out of the castle of Tokyo. What a wonderful place this castle of Tokyo (the shiro) is, en-

closing many hundreds of acres in and round the palace of the discrowned Shoguns, and the yashikis (kraals) of his dispersed daimios!

The palace is protected by no less than three of the wide shallow moats and cyclopean ramparts, cyclopean in their thickness and in the enormous and irregular stones of which they are built. Round the second rampart there are countless watch towers, with the quaint, gabled, overhanging roofs, made familiar to us by kitchen plates and toy pagodas.

On the very top of the ramparts grow the gnarled and dwarfed fir trees which I suppose constitute the willow of the pattern, and in the moats are the lotus flowers, and clouds of wild fowl who figuratively, and I daresay literally, eat the lotus, and swarms of fish, only fished by the eagles, which are as common as crows in Japan.

One cannot look up to the sky without seeing specimens of the real and the paper kites, one swooping and the other soaring. It is a pity that the crows don't confine their attentions to the artificial ones. They are for ever worrying the real ones, just as fleas transfer their attentions to human beings when they might browse on dogs for weeks without a chance of any worse fate than an occasional switch back from a scratching paw.

But to get on to Kameido. I thought we never should get there; and when at last we did stop it was not the tortoise well, but the queer old temple of the Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha, the Go Hiaku Rakan, in much the same handsome preservation as the banqueting hall of King Edward III.'s great palace at Eltham, which is a sort of barn. However, the Go Hiaku Rakan is at any rate used as a temple, which is something, and contains besides Buddha (in a state of *nirvana*) and the Five Hundred Disciples, and the old woman "who was very wicked, and afterwards not so wicked," and Emma, the head of all the devils (was the mine called after him?), a very curious

image of the founder sitting on Buddha's right hand, decked in very gorgeous robes, in the same way as in a Florentine picture we see some Medici looking patronisingly on at the Annunciation to the Virgin Mary.

Binzuru, the servant of Buddha, was to the fore as usual. So much to the fore that he was flattening his nose against the front door, which happened to be shut. And the old woman "who was very wicked, and afterwards not so wicked," was naked down to the waist, while her lower limbs were encased in green "pants" ornamented with stars. The disciples were much of a muchness—very much. Five hundred of them, all with gilt faces, and as like each other as the Japanese, who can't make two things exactly alike, could make them.

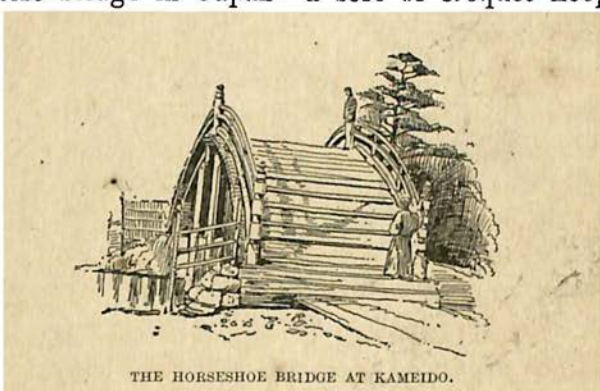
We stopped a minute outside to photograph Miss Aroostook against a magnificent bronze bell, as big as she was, and only hung on a sort of ten-foot-high towel horse; and then leapt on to our rikshas again to get to Kameido some time that day. Some time, for two or three minutes afterwards I was down again, photographing an old lady and her daughter, aged about fifty, who were going through the country playing on a tum-tum and a samisen to proclaim to the public that they were selling ame, a sort of sweetmeat cake made of barley meal. The elder woman took the cake—a doubtful advantage, as it was contained in a good-sized chest of drawers, hung round her neck in the approved millstone method.

Kameido at last! Beautiful Kameido, shrine of Japanese literature, personified in the great Sugawara-no-Michizane, worshipped under the more striking appellation of the "Perfectly free and heaven-filling heavenly divinity."

Soul of Michizane, how do you get on under that name? Surely it is worse than the starvation with which you ended your noble life in barbarous Kiushiu, a thousand years ago. Added to which, if you adhered to your own name, you

would have every chance of having it set up in type at Michigan, which is the next thing to Chicago, the shrine of literature in another country.

But, Michizane, what a glorious haunt you have here! One enters a carved gateway, and finds oneself on the shore of the little artificial lake, surrounded by tea houses of the pattern one sees in Japanese pictures, consisting of a roof and a table, which is also one's chair, and a string of Chinese lanterns. The lake is, of course, willow-patterned, up with little islands and hog-backed bridges, the last of which is the oddest bridge in Japan—a sort of croquet hoop with



THE HORSESHOE BRIDGE AT KAMEIDO.

very basso-relievo steps to climb it by. It is marvellously picturesque, this bridge; for, in addition to its bold horse-shoe curves, it stands right against a quaint heavy-browed gateway, and is flanked on the one side by the white, and on the other side by the purple wistaria for which Kameido is famous.

These Fuji, as the Japanese call them after their adored mountain, have racemes—grape bunches—of blossoms four feet long when they are out. They are out of being out just now; but I can imagine them all the same, as I imagine the tortoises and the triple-partition-tailed gold fishes which won't come to the top of the water, while it is too muddy to see to the bottom.

Kameido is so picturesque, without the appurtenances for which it is famous, that I am sure it must be irresistible with them. After all, this is not the shrine of our friend Michizane, but only the pleasure ground in connection with it. Where the pleasure ground leaves off and the temple begins is always rather a question in the Japanese "temenos"—ground cut off for sacred uses. That clever observer as well as clever photographer, Farsari, in his guide-book, says that Japanese temples, whether Shinto or Buddha, are practically playgrounds for children and parks for nursery maids. To put it conversely, perhaps, the German Bier-garten supplies the Fatherlanders with all the Japanese gets from his temple and his tea gardens combined. One thing is certain, that there is no unbecoming frivolity in the Englishman's religious observances. He takes his religion as he takes his pleasure—sadly; though his features do wear a beautiful smile of relief as he is uncaged from his favourite tabernacle in time for his Sunday's dinner, after two hours' wrestle with his sins, collected with those of the rest of the congregation, and duly slaughtered in the forty-five or fifty minutes' sermon by the Rev. Unworthy Servant.

But to get to Kameido; I mean that part of this straggling suburb which is the shrine of Michizane. Michizane's spirit rejoices in a large open square, in which stand his temple and the flying plum tree, and the marble cow and the tortoise well, and the plum blossom fountain, and the holy dancing stage and the sacred ponies, but not "the plum trees of the sleeping dragon."

I thought the plum-blossom fountain was meant for a lotus; it was a double blossom, and made a very decent sort of lotus, and in this Buddhistic land one is apt to find a lotus lying in wait for one, like the pin in the waistband. I always credit Buddha with anything as nearly related to a lotus as a pineapple or a cauliflower.

But to get to Kameido. His actual shrine was almost as

bare as most Shinto temples, which contain a looking-glass, some paper lanterns, and strips of white paper (gohei), which I suppose represent more valuable fabrics. But it contained some paintings (done on panels) of the old sacred dances, and had on its steps a villainous-looking descendant of those who made another temple a den of thieves by selling doves. This Japanese Shylock sold not doves but sparrows ; and the form of sacrifice is a pure one—releasing them at the foot of the (bird rest ?) torii, which is found in every Shinto temple. He had only a couple left, and I wished "the only Charles" to have a lesson in mercy, so I asked Mr. Mayeda to buy them for me. Mr. Mayeda objected. He knew that in Japan three sparrows are sold for one farthing, and this unconscionable old descendant of Shem wanted two sen, about three farthings, for one sparrow. My instinct for making a bargain is a strong one, but just at that moment, standing on the steps of the house of another god, the words of the Son of our God came into my head, and I felt melted into being merciful to the poor to the extent of three-halfpence. Then again the instinct asserted itself, and I found myself taking my three-halfpence out by photographing the sparrows as they put off corrupt things for incorrupt, bounding from that sordid cage up into the blue æther of a Japanese February morning.

Old Shylock puts on a leer of having diddled a white man, and feels between his toes for another sparrow ; but this sparrow is fast putting off corruption in a surer manner, and the opportunity of making two sen is lost, and the leer dies away into a look of—is it hatred ?

Let us leave this ogre, and refresh ourselves with the sight of the flying plum tree in its glistening white raiment of blossom, more fragrant than frankincense and spikenard. Here comes in a flower of poetry of which it is hard to convey the full fragrance, until one has lived in Japan and

seen what the plum tree means to the gentle inhabitants of Dai Nippon. At the passing of the year every Japanese household has at least one dwarf plum tree in a blue and white porcelain jar, generally displayed in the front room, which, in poorer houses and shops, is open to the street from early morning till the shutters are drawn against thieves at night. These trees are dwarfed by some mysterious process, and generally trained to knot themselves like the fir trees. First come the white plum trees, then come the pink—pink in all shades (the darkest being the most valuable), single and double. Then the great white narcissus lilies fill the whole house with fragrance; and they are very cheap. Even the utter foreigner, who can speak no Japanese, can buy a beautiful plum tree for little more than sixpence, and lilies, twenty stalks of them, for three-halfpence in mid winter.

Think of that half-crown-a-rose Piccadilly until your mouth waters; or perhaps it would be more reasonable to say your nose.

But to return to Michizane. The plum tree has a fragrance of home about it to all Nipponese; and he, the greatest of scholars, and the great noble who had stood next to the emperor himself in rank, was exiled from his lovely palace in Kyoto, the ancient capital, to the inhospitable island of Kiushiu, which is still a *terra incognita* to the ordinary traveller. He was in poverty, and shortly afterwards starved to death; but heaven smiled upon the father of that literary spirit which is the best feature of the Japanese of to-day, and sent his favourite plum tree flying through the air to him at Kiushiu.

Why heaven did not send rice to his starving body at the same time as it sent plum blossom for his starving soul remains a mystery; perhaps for the same reason that it did not send one cohort of sinewy, sunburnt Romans to awe back the cowardly myriads who were for murdering Jesus

of Nazareth. Michizane was starved to death as a malefactor, and almost immediately afterwards immortalised as a benefactor to the human race, under that striking title, "Tem-man-dai-ji-zai-ten-jin"—Perfectly free and heaven-filling heavenly divinity. After his long incarceration upon that inhospitable shore he was perfectly free now.

But to return to Kameido. Beyond the flying plum tree, now much too decrepit for flying except in a chariot of fire, is a white marble cow—the animal upon which it seems Michizane took his exercise in exile. It is a very "ornary" looking cow—what the Irishman might call a zebu with its hump beheaded. What I noticed most about it was that on one of the railings round it the artistic spirit of Japan had carved its exact counterpart in miniature.

This is the land of the unexpected in ornamentation. Time is nothing to the Japanese. He likes to whimsy over work he is doing, putting in some elaborate detail here and there which is not necessary, and for which he will not get paid, but which he takes reposeful pleasure in doing.

But to return to Kameido. Close to the marble cow is the stage upon which the sacred dances are executed; it consists of a floor, a back, and a roof, the floor raised two feet. Next this is the temple in which are kept the sacred ponies—wooden counterfeits, one white and one black, on which the god (it is not very specific what god) may ride "if he takes the fancy," as Mr. Mayeda phrases it, and is not too indignant at the fraud practised upon him.

"But where are 'the Plum trees of the Sleeping Dragon,'" I ask; "the gwa-rio-bai?"

"Oh, they are a few cho away." A cho is about half a furlong.

"Then must we go out the same way as we came?"

Mr. Mayeda says "Yes"; and after climbing over the croquet-hoop bridge, we pause to take in the picturesqueness

of the outer court—picturesque though its noble wistarias show only a bare trellis now. For they grow on the borders of a pond, to use Satow's words, called "shin-ji-nu-ike," or "the pond of the word heart," on account of its supposed resemblance to the Chinese character for heart.

Outside the enclosure altogether, where our rikshas are awaiting us, there is a woman selling little cardboard images of the Japanese Cupid, with wings like those of his cousin Eros, of Greece, but a skipping-page-boy sort of gait in his flight more like that of his cousin Puck of New York. His beauty is unfortunately spoiled by his having his mouth and nose combined, and this composite member too like the sealing-wax nozzle of a clay pipe. So I photograph him, but will not buy him, preferring to propitiate his vendor by buying the man whose body is a pumpkin.

And now, at last, we really are off to the garden of "the Plum trees of the Sleeping Dragon." It has seemed almost as unattainable as the Garden of the Hesperides; and we must pass some rice fields, looking like mirrors under the sunny sky, and a queer little hamlet, before we draw up at the gate of the garden. No dragon meets us to charge for admission. But by-and-by, when we are within, tea will be brought to us, and we shall give a few sen (halfpence) as a cha-dai whether we want it or not, and drink it. The properly constituted Japanese does not charge admission, and makes you a little present of tea which you do not want, and you make him a slightly larger present of sen which you do not want very much more. If he gives you four cups, and the Japanese with you gives him five sen on your behalf, he considers himself handsomely treated.

But the garden, please! At the doors we can buy "the plums of the sleeping dragon," pickled in neat little round baskets, like crystallised fruits in Christian countries. But here they are salted. Next there is a well of world-wide fame for its purity in this city of impure water. It is in

a sweet little palm-shaded fern gully—a humble copy of those never-to-be-forgotten fern gullies in the Domain at Melbourne, humbly copied in their turn from inimitable gullies at Fernshaw.

What are these under the shade of those noble forest trees? They look like rude tombstones made of rough slabs, three or four feet high, with only their grave faces smoothed. But their authors sleep not here. These stones are inscribed, not with lying virtues, but with poems which are probably bad but have been thought good. This is the entrance to the inner garden of the poets, where a kind of Japanese Academy once met. Inside, in the garden of gardens, where are most of the five hundred trees of the dragon, one sees fluttering on every branch, pieces of the almost imperishable Japanese paper, inscribed with poems which are not so good. Mr. Mayeda, as representative of the firm which was publishing a volume of poetry for me, insisted on my copying out one of my poems for presentation. I could only remember one, so I tried to make it appropriate by substituting "plum tree" for "wattle." I scribbled it out on a leaf of my note book, a very common one, but Mr. Mayeda presented it to the proprietor, for crucifixion, with as much ceremony as if it had been engrossed on vellum.

The original runs:—

"Why should not wattle do
For mistletoe?"
Asked one (they were but two)
Where wattles grow.

He was her lover, too,
Who urged her so:
"Why should not wattle do
For mistletoe?"

A rose-cheek rosier grew;
Rose-lips breathed low,
"Since it is here, and you,
I hardly know
Why wattle should not do."

Mr. Mayeda told me the Japanese for "plum tree"—ume; which for scansion balances wattle exactly.

At the threshold of this inner garden we pass two of the dearest, queerest little thatched tea houses, and then all of a sudden we find ourselves right in the garden. I must not call it of the Hesperides, for this is not west but east, very much east, and Aurorides doesn't sound so well. I shall call it the garden of Aurora; this is the land of dawn. Nay, I will call it after Aurora's Memnon, for it has suddenly become a garden of memories. For here in this strange Eastern land, my senses half intoxicated by the exquisite beauty and scent of these patriarchal plum trees, with their flowery white beards of blossom, I think of Bob, poor little waif, conceived in sunny Australia and born in our English winter, who gave up the battle which was too hard for his frail little body this very baby-day of February five years ago, sleeping now with his poor little face turned up to the sky which arches over my beloved Devonshire, where the rooks will as early as this be calling the spring to awake. Between the 25th day of November and the 1st day of February was the space of his pilgrimage; but even in this brief infancy he drew from the callous undertaker the remark that he must make the coffin broader than usual for his shoulders. Broad shoulders are for battles! But Bob's battle was a short one—born and dead within three months, in that Devon whose Drakes and Raleighs have made her name a trumpet-blast in the ears of every one who has English blood in his veins.

I had found "the Plum trees of the Sleeping Dragon." Perhaps the sleeping dragon was old age, for these are but old, old plum trees, bowed to the ground with years, and twisted and gnarled like the dragon which writhes through the whole art of China and Japan. Some were so old that they could blossom no more, and were swathed in sere clothes of soft lichen; but the rest were so smothered over with

white blossoms that one thought instinctively of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle's "Drunken Private in the Buffs," going to his death in China, while, filling his eye-sight from within,—

> "Long leagues of cherry blossom gleamed
> Like sheets of living snow"—

gleamed as they gleam in that garden of England, that famous county of Kent, where the famous old regiment was raised to fill the world with the fame of the Kentish Buffs. The story goes that their fame melted even the official heart of the commander-in-chief. An order went forth from the Horse-Guards changing the buff facings, which had been their proud distinguishing mark for a couple of centuries, to white, to assimilate them to some other regiment with which they were grouped. In their despair they appealed to the bluff, good-hearted Duke, who hinted that there was no order against their cleaning the white facings with their buff cleaning paste.

But to return for the last time to Kameido. While the others were drinking in the poetry and beauty of the scene (Mr. Mayeda is a poet himself), and my thoughts were lost in another 1st of February, a funny little Japanese boy, who looked about four years old, brought us four cups of tea; and some Japanese came in and sat about on the little tables covered with immaculate matting, under the roof of blossoms. All clapped hands for tea directly they entered, and pulling out their tiny nutshells of pipes, smoked two whiffs. My spirits went up again with the grotesqueness of the scene, and I unstrapped my kodak, and took in at a shot the beautiful cabbage tree palm in the background, the plum-blossoming thicket of the sleeping dragon, the quaint thatched tea houses with their steaming kettles and great bulbs of tea-pots, the infant who acted as servant, the queer little Japanese men squatting about in their queer little way with their little-boys' pipes and tea-cups, and the innumerable little matting-covered tables that were tables and chairs in one.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT NAGASAKI.

WRITTEN AT SEA, BETWEEN NAGASAKI AND SHANGHAI.

February 11th.

IN Nagasaki harbour, made classic by that incorrect, highly improper, and altogether delightful book. "Madame Chrysanthème"! Local opinion at Nagasaki assures me that the letterpress is even less correct than the illustrations, which any one who has been a week in Japan can see are French figures in Japanese fancy dress; incorrect, though it shows the life that nine out of ten gay young bachelors lead in Japan. And it is little more than the diary of a liaison. But in Japan the whole proceeding is fairly decent and ordinary.

I longed to see Nagasaki from the moment that I read "Madame Chrysanthème"—there is such a fascinating ingenuousness in the story—and I was not disappointed with the reality. There was a French man-of-war lying in the harbour. And in every narrow picturesque street, with stone slab paving laid in the middle like tramway lines, and overhanging houses nearly meeting across the thoroughfare, like those of the old fifteenth-century Mercery Lane which leads to the Cathedral Close at Canterbury, I was prepared to see the troops of little musumés, and the conspicuous figure of "the very tall friend."

After living two whole months in Japan I have seen nothing so queer as Nagasaki. Its very sampans are

different from other sampans, almost like gondolas in their grace and shape, with their long blue beaks terminating in a red strip, and their queer little kago-shaped cabins. Its junks are not proper junks, but hardly differ from English luggers, except in the four rattans run at intervals horizontally across their sails. The coaling is done, not by men, but by women, with huge wilted limpet-hats made of palm leaves, and bright blue and white towels twisted round their hair, as clean as new pins when the lighter-sampans bring them to their work (about a hundred to each boat). Their labour is made lighter by filling the coal in straw baskets, not so large as their hats, which are not hoisted but passed into the bunkers. There seemed to be about four hundred of them, besides men, for they filled four lighters, and made a clatter like a board-school doing a singing lesson, or a tree full of Green Parrakeets in Australia. And the cemetery, of which anon, is as large as the city of the dead; a rival of the Turkish cemetery at Scutari, the most desirable place in Islam for the faithful to be buried in.

Nagasaki harbour is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, and is almost as serpentine, though on a larger scale, as the queer little harbour at Boscastle, in Cornwall, the "Bos" of Tennyson's "Bude and Bos." The higher hills are bald and brown, the lower green and terraced like the shores of Lugano, with fine Eastern bungalows replacing the cream-coloured villas of the Italian lakes. On one's left, as one comes in, is the graving dock in which the *Triomphante* of Madame Chrysanthème's lover lay during most of her brief married life. And almost overshadowing it is the Hill of Venus, so called not from any passages in little Kiku's story, or that of any other worshipper in Japan, where her devotees embrace nearly the whole female population, but from a prosaic observation of the transit of her planet made by a party of American astronomers in 1874.

Almost as soon as the ship stops the foul-looking kites begin to perch in her rigging like swallows on a telegraph wire. And similarly festooned are two rather ungainly steamers of Holt & Co., with their French blue funnels, high and thin-looking as the old *Beaver's*, the first steamer that ploughed the Pacific fifty-six years ago. The German gun boat, lying just outside the dock, and an imposing French frigate out in the stream, have dressed their yards with bunting in honour of the day, a Japanese Customs holiday, which they will gravely salute with cannon when twelve o'clock comes. Foreigners in Dai Nippon burn powder and suspend business on any provocation, from the Emperor of Germany's birthday to the Chinese New Year, which indeed they observe with two or three holidays. They cannot attend to their own business without their *compradore*.

How lovely Nagasaki looks on a sunny morning, with its well-wooded waves of green hills, which lap the harbour, and its junks, and its sampans, and its bungalows. Of the native town one can see nothing as one steams in, for it lies at the back of one of the hills, and is by far the most picturesque we have seen yet; for its principal temple, O-Suwa, is not a temple but a village of temples, and its cemetery, as has already been said, quite a city of the dead.

Nagasaki is interesting from the very entrance of its harbour; for there rises abruptly the little island of Pappenberg, called by the natives Takaboko, from which, two or three centuries ago, forty-six thousand (according to one authority) native Christians were flung, after having been subjected to horrible torture, because they refused to trample on the cross. The entrance of the harbour is only a quarter of a mile wide.

The cemetery is, I think, the most beautiful I have ever seen. It occupies the whole back of the hill which shuts the native town from view, and is laid out in countless terraces,

some long, some little, each with its queer little row of votive tablets and images of Buddha in one or other of his impersonations; some of them licheny with age, some of them with fresh flowers (at this season of the year narcissus and plum blossom, chiefly) in porcelain vases, or bamboo joints, in front of them. Among them rise stately camphor woods, quaint cryptomerias, and little groves of bamboo, while the walls which divide them are full of ferns of many varieties, some of them prized inmates of hothouses in England. The whole is more impressive, with its harvest-field of masonry, tombstones, and votive images, than the villa of Hadrian at Tivoli, though of course put in the shade by the ruins of the Palatine. Only one saw no mourning; for to the Japanese death is a happy release from a life in which he works like an animal for next to nothing, and has next to nothing to eat, and has nothing but his fingers warm in winter.

There were signs of recent burials, too; we saw two kagos made of frail white wood deposited over recent graves, with various offerings underneath them, and the gold and silver paper lotus flowers used in funeral processions, and a queer little earthenware saucer (one broken) in each, containing some suspicious looking ashes. Were they part of the cremated body? For this is a Buddhist cemetery, and the Buddhist uses the crematory before the cemetery. As we were coming down we met a Japanese body on its way to the chariot of fire. It had only half a dozen or so of mourners, perhaps a dozen, and was being carried in an ordinary hack kago. I wondered if this would be purified in any way before it was used for living tenants again.

Some of the terraces looked like miniatures of the great Altan at Heidelberg, and others like miniatures of the cyclopean castle walls of Tokyo.

A most comical old lady had attached herself to our party in the steamer in which we had come over from America.

She had lived a number of years in what she called Porree —meaning Paris. She has a black fringe (her real hair is very grey), plastered down on her forehead within half an inch of her nose; and to keep up the illusion of Porree, she drapes a black lace Spanish mantilla over her head and round her shoulders. She always wears black, and a simper which is meant to imply that she is still young, and cannot help feeling a little giddy pleasure when she is spoken to. I was thirty-four last week, and am the only young man on board the ship, except the officers, and they can none of them get off duty but the doctor, who is a special friend of mine, and came with me for the day. In spite of her residence in Porree, she is an astonishingly ignorant and foolish old woman, as a sample of her conversation with the riksha man, who had constituted himself our guide, will prove.

She was leaning on his arm all over the hill of the dead, which she insisted on climbing; half, I shrewdly suspect, from her love of young men's company, half because she was not quite sure that even the peaceable and civilised Japanese might not kill her and eat her if she were left alone with no protection beyond one riksha man for half an hour.

"Do many people die here?" she inquired.

He assured her that they did, that it was quite a usual thing; adding, in rather pigeony English, "Japanese man, supposing him Buddhist, him catch fire six o'clock, after, small house top of mountain, puttee man in, makee fire—day time too muchee smell—Japanese man no likee smell before dinner."

"Do they burn them before, or after they are dead?" she inquired, with a profuse introduction of "Allee samee," which she thought would make things clearer to the Japanese intellect.

"No burn before dead."

"I suppose they wouldn't be allowed to, would they?"

"No burn in Nagasaki before dead," he replied, after some hesitation, with characteristic Japanese caution.

"Ah!" she said, "poor things"—the drift of which may seem a little complex.

The O-Suwa, the great Shinto temple of Nagasaki, known to foreigners as the Temple of the Bronze Horse, is also very striking, from its vast extent. It covers a whole hill-side, and recalled to our old-woman-of-the-sea "the Rigi-kulm at Heidelberg." She meant the Molkenthur. The bronze horse is itself not much, quite as much like a mule as a horse, and no bigger; it is said to have replaced a much finer one. But the temple is a superb one; very simple, as all Shinto temples are, but beautiful from the chaste design and mossy timber of its roof. For it leads from one shrine to another, up one stately flight of steps after another; each elevation, each turn, revealing something new and strange. It is like reading the "Earthly Paradise." And the effect is heightened by white-robed priests gliding past, to disappear into some holy of holies behind a curtain of white silk, or leaving their huge glossy black shoes, a sort of shapeless French sabots, outside the little chamber (with its raised matting floor and open front, like the humbler Japanese shops) which forms the priests' room here. One priest was taking whiffs from his tiny Japanese pipe; one warming his hands over a hibachi, though it wasn't in the least cold; one reading, not from books, but from a great bunch of white wooden slabs, about twenty-four inches long by two inches wide and half an inch thick; and one looking inquisitively at the impertinently inquisitive strangers who were examining them as if they were a rare kind of bird.

The climax of this great mountain of temples—called *a* temple—is a double temple, connected by a sloping gallery (with an opening about two feet wide running its whole length, just below the roof), for all the world like a little bit of the famous wooden bridge at Lucerne with the Dance of Death.

Shinto temples are extremely simple, their remarkable beauty consisting in the glossy thatch and mossy timber of their beetling roofs, and in their exquisite curves and proportions.

Mystery is kept up by curtains reaching not quite to the floor, on which no one may stand shod. "Take off thy shoes, for this is holy ground"—or, for this is clean white matting.

In the first courtyard, at the head of the first huge flight of steps, are two fine "daimio lanterns" of blue and white porcelain of the famous Arita ware (Arita is near Nagasaki), with a great white dragonish serpent winding round their plinths; and two plain old-fashioned iron lanterns, something like a Roundhead's helmet, besides the bronze horse.

Our delights and surprises were not by any means over when we quitted the temple, for at the back of it, after passing along a broad terrace bordered with tea houses, where one kept looking for Kiku and the other little musumés taking tea and sweets, we came to the Temple Grove—a veritable grove, through which the noonday sun, which just then shone out brightly, could only flicker—a grove of stately forest trees of camphor-wood, tall cryptomerias, and camellias fifty feet high in full bloom (mostly dark red single blossoms), carpeted with lovely tangles of fern and dwarf bamboo, and, I daresay, many a wild flower when the season comes on.

One of our riksha men, No. 133, who could speak excellent English, had constituted himself our guide. I give his number for the benefit of future visitors, as his stand is on the Bund, where the sampans land from the steamers. He is not more dishonest than the rest, as will be seen from his stating that half a day of 4 hours was 50 sen, when the tariff says half a day of 6 hours costs 25 sen, and a whole day of 12 hours costs only 45 sen.

No. 133 cut himself a hook from a bamboo clump, and

boldly gathered a fine bunch of camellias for the old lady, who stuck them into her waistband. No one seemed to think his action odd or unconstitutional. He likewise helped her to a good large cutting of plum tree (for the blossom).

From the top, through the vista of the trees, one gets delicious glimpses of the winding, silvery harbour, with its archipelago of ships and junks, and its bungalows and cemetery-covered hills. Far below is the *Triomphante's* dock. It was this very temple of O-Suwa that was such a rendezvous of Madame Chrysanthème's and the other musumés, and the French officers who husbanded them. I can imagi : how fairy-like it would look were it lit with great r l lanterns for a festival, and full of Japanese women in gala dress, with their hair done with unusual elegance—a forest of gay pins and flowers.

In Japan, where incontinence is so ordinary, these occasions recall the Arabian Nights alike in gorgeousness and incident.

Kiku's lover missed a very great deal in not giving more time to the shops in Nagasaki, for it has capital curio shops (containing a much more picturesque assortment than the cheaper curio shops at Tokyo and Yokohama), and shops for the sale of Arita and Imari porcelain, and tortoise-shell ware.

The tortoise-shell is dearer than it is at Naples ; at least the old lady told all the vendors of it so, while depreciating sundry magnificent pins intended for the glorification of her top-knot—first a torii, then a spread-out fan, and then an imperial crown. Perhaps she hoped to be taken for a princess travelling incognito. Arita ware is very large. She went to the principal shop, and saw vases 7 ft. high, and proportionately large. These were 350 yen (between £50 and £60) each, first price, but probably the proprietor would have taken half. He offered her a pair of 3 ft. high

for only 4 yen, about 12*s.* 6*d.*; even these were inconveniently large, as she remarked with more pertinence than usual. I don't know why in the mischief she priced them, unless she thought it would add to her importance, this apparent contemplation of purchasing something so large. They also make bamboo ware in Nagasaki on much the same scale.

We acquired a floral *tour de force* very cheap. An exquisite basket, with an arching handle about 16 in. high, cost us, lid and all, 5 sen, and 5 branches of lilies, and 2 of plum blossom, 3 sen—about 3*d.* all told. The glorious ferns we had pulled, and a spray of Japanese ivy round the handle, arranged by Miss Aroostook's deft fingers, produced a great Boulevard des Italiens nosegay basket, that would have cost 50 francs in Porree, so Madame said, with the gratifying result of its being presented to her. She had it carried in front of her in a riksha to the Belle Vue Hotel, where we lunched, and probably coaxed herself all the way with the idea that she was a prima donna.

The Belle Vue's only recommendation seemed to be a row of white porcelain flower-pots, without blossom, in front of the doorsteps. The other hotels were said to be worse. This was bad, dear, and slow. It took us an hour and ten minutes to get lunch. We could have had a better one in half the time by going off to the steamer and back again. Added to which it was being painted; and we all carried away our impressions of the place.

Nagasaki, your temples and cemeteries say, "Rest here awhile, Sir Painter and Sir Poet, to draw inspiration from these sylvan and carven beauties." Your hotels say, "Rest? —Where?"

I wonder shall I be able to keep away from Bon Matsuri. What is Bon Matsuri? A Campo Santo festival, which puts All Souls' Day at San Miniato in the shade, for all its associations with mediæval Florence. I have been fascinated

by the description of it in the excellent little guide-book by Mr. Farsari, whose photographs of Japan are known all over the world :—

"Every year, from the 15th to the 18th of August, the whole native population of Nagasaki celebrates the feast in honour of the dead—'Bon Matsuri.' On the first night the tombs of all who died in the past year are illuminated with bright coloured paper lanterns ; on the second and third night all graves without exception are so illuminated, and all the families of Nagasaki install themselves in the cemeteries, where they give themselves up, in honour of their ancestors, to plentiful libations. The burst of uproarious gaieties resounds from terrace to terrace, and rockets fired at intervals seem to lend to the giddy human noises the echoes of the celestial vault. The European residents repair to the ships in the bay, to see from the distance the fairy spectacle of the hills all resplendent with rose-coloured lights. But on the third night's vigil, suddenly, at about two o'clock in the morning, are seen long processions of bright lanterns descending from the heights and grouping themselves on the shores of the bay, while the mountains gradually return to obscurity and silence. It is fated that the dead embark and disappear before twilight. The living have plaited their thousands of little ships of straw, each provisioned with some fruit and a few pieces of money. The frail embarkations are charged with all the coloured lanterns which were used for the illuminations of the cemeteries. The small sails of matting are spread to the wind, and the morning breeze scatters them round the bay, where they are not long in taking fire. It is thus that the entire flotilla is consumed, tracing in all directions large trails of fire. The dead depart rapidly ; soon the last ship has foundered, the last light is extinguished, and the last soul has taken its departure from this earth."

Yesterday we passed Shimonosaki, over which recent

philanthropy has been talking Pecksniff. The scene of the historical engagement lies round a beautiful circular bay at the end of the Inland Sea, from which it can be entered by large vessels only by a very narrow and devious channel. A modern fort on a very high hill on one arm commands both the bay and the sea. This is not the fort which fired on the ships. That lies on the north side, just above the busy village, and is now abandoned, its glacis shaggy with thickets. Two or three large English steamers are lying here, being permitted to trade under certain regulations; and a never-ending fleet of junks is wending round the sides of the bay to avoid the tide, for the whole Inland Sea is filled and emptied through this narrow strait. Though our engines are working at fourteen and a half knots we can only crawl through, and the daylight is dying—and the channel, with the exception of one beacon, is only marked by buoys, and is very narrow. So if daylight fails us, down goes the anchor till it chooses to come back.

However, we did pass the last buoy with the last glimmer, and got to Nagasaki by daylight, as has been seen. To-night, at four, we are to get up steam for Shanghai, cross the open sea once more, and thirty-six hours later we should be gliding majestically up the fourth river in the world in magnitude, the great river of China, the Yang-tze-kiang, to that capital of European comfort in the East.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH ROYAL SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XIV.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

HONG KONG, *February 18th.*

THE Japanese woman begins at about four years of age, when she assumes the maternal function of carrying the next baby but one, swaddled on her back. She does not, however, cease to be a child, for she plays at ball-bouncing, battledore, skipping rope, and other noisy, shaky games, with the baby sleeping peacefully through it all, nodding its head like a pendulum. She begins dressing for society about the same time, in the most fantastic colours, and the richest fabrics that her parents can afford, with everything that a grown-up person would have, in miniature.

I have seen a little girl, destined for the profession of geisha, or singing girl, who might have been anything from seven to ten, with quantities of hair worked up with pomatum into an elaborate coiffure that looked like a great ebony butterfly, stuck with flowers, and coral and tortoise-shell hairpins, and high gilt combs. Her face was powdered, her lips carmined, her eyebrows shaved in the most approved mode. And she was dressed in flowered silk, with an obé of stiff and precious brocade. She was decked like this to be sold for a term of years. This dressing up was her mother's final attention.

The lower-class Japanese women always interested me most. They wear more Oriental-looking clothes. The higher-class women, who adhere to the native custom, dress in neutral colours,—usually parson's-wife greys, but sometimes

in exquisite fawns and doves. But this rather heightens the effect of their delicate complexions, delicate figures, slender necks, and thin, refined-looking faces.

The great ladies are generally foolish enough to dress like Europeans—Germans for preference. It is painful to think of the effect of an ill made and totally unfitting gown, of a pattern obsolete in Lippe-Detmold, on a little pear-shaped Japanese. But the Empress and one or two others look well in European dress. The Japanese have the charm of looking very young until they look very old. In connection with a woman's wearing of European dress, it must be remembered that, if she does, she is accorded by her husband the respect paid to Western women ; whereas in native costume she is little better than a kindly-treated slave.

But the women of the people ! What jolly little things they are, whether in their working dress of blue coolie cotton, with a pale blue towel folded round the head like a sun bonnet; or in holiday bravery, tripping through a fair at Shiba ; or jogging complacently in a jinrikisha, with a male relative, to Asakusa. There the musumes (unmarried girls) are very resplendent in scarlet and fine hairpins. Japanese women never wear hats three sizes too large for them.

The two prettiest little musumés I ever saw were at the Toshogu festival at Shiba, the June day on which the adherents of the fallen Shoguns and the disestablished Buddhist creed meet at Shiba, Ueno, and Nikko, to celebrate the festival which no longer appears in the calendars. They were peeping out of the covered gallery between the temple and the monastery, where the faithful were throwing offerings of a tenth part of a halfpenny, screwed up in curl papers, at the kakemonos (pictures) of their favourite saint. I was with an artist friend. He had a man's desire, and an artist's superadded, for a pretty woman, and I had a kodak.

So we determined, if we could, to get them to sit as models. He could talk a little Japanese. There are young men sons of the priests in Japan, as there were in Samaria, and one of them was with the little musumés when Miss Aroostook, who had accompanied us, was endeavouring to engage them in conversation. Half an hour afterwards we met them all in a quaint little tea house, painted with cherry blossom, in a row of booths put up for the fair from the scarlet sammon (great gate) to the hondo (main temple).

Our charmers were young—ten and fourteen; but the Japanese grow up quickly as they grow old slowly, and in the presence of the white-robed young priest, who alleged that he was their uncle (though I could have sworn that the girls were no relation to each other), they were not more timid than fawns accustomed to eat bread out of their keeper's hands. We of course bought them tea and cakes and candies, and the little gewgaws they sell round a Japanese temple at fair time, and I kodaked them, and the artist sketched them and stroked them. I was merciful enough not to kodak this part.

I never saw anything prettier than these little creatures, with their delicate beauty, and clear, damasked, olive complexions, in their fantastic, bright-coloured, Oriental dresses, playing about with the lightness and grace of foxes, and munching candies and laughing—a musical treble from a veritable rosebud of a mouth lined with pearly teeth.

Add that it was a fine June day, at sunset, in a semi-tropical country, and that we were in the most beautiful spot in Tokyo, surrounded by exquisite trees and temples, and you have the picture.

The Japanese lower class abounds in women pleasing to the European eye. They are often no darker than Italians, and they have the colouring Giorgione loved—rich blood damasking a clear, sun-brown cheek. They have the true rosebud mouth, small and full, with beautifully white teeth,

whose smallness is in keeping with the general *petite* effect. Sometimes, in married women, the teeth are barbarously blackened to please a jealous husband. Their eyes are not so slit and beady as those of the upper class, and their magnificent brown-black hair is notorious.

The dressing of it is a work of art. They will sit the best part of a day in front of their fryingpan-shaped, quick-silvered bronze mirrors, while the peripatetic hairdresser pomatums their hair to the consistency of potters' clay, and

A JAPANESE PILLOW.

then moulds it into fearful and wonderful shapes—a sort of cross between a butterfly and a hearse plume.

This, on gala days, is stuck all over with combs—gilt, scarlet, lacquer, ivory, or pearl—and hairpins of flowers, tortoise-shell, coral, Venetian glass, ivory, or mother-of-pearl. And then its fortunate possessor is set up for a week; for a Japanese pillow is a little block, about the size of the blocks you put your feet on for the brigade boy to black your boots outside the Metropolitan Railway stations, with a little hollow or cushion for the neck, and generally a drawer in the base for the hairpins.

When this elaborate edifice loses its waxen beauty she

washes all the pomatum out (hold your nose), and sends for Figaro again.

Even the lower classes have exquisite hands and feet. The Japanese do nothing roughly; they move as gingerly as a cat in a china shop. On their lean, glossy, well kept feet they wear, in dry weather, sandals of fine straw; in wet weather, high kiri-wood clogs. These clogs, combined with the petticoat that pinions their knees together, give the women a most ridiculous shuffling gait, something like a weak-minded girl's on roller skates for the first time. And this is never so conspicuous as in a railway station, for the Japanese always runs when entering or leaving a train.

There is another variety: the mission-educated, and presumably Christian girl. Her badge is a pigtail. The Christianised Japs never do their hair in the national way. The Misses Asso, Sir Edwin Arnold's pupils, wore pigtails—pronounced specimens—and they added to this profanation the wearing of hideous pseudo-European boots, silk gloves, and German sunshades. They were very ugly though, they had fresh cheeks, and as they seldom spoke more than a couple of sentences an hour, they must have had almost enough English for their requirements before his tuition began.

I saw Japanese women under many aspects,—the women of the people, who interested me,—and I must say that they were never without charm except when they were dirty. The Japanese woman is such an impersonation of cleanliness that she seems divorced from herself when you see her, all dust-begrimed, dragging a truck up the hill at Kojimachi; or covered with liquid malarious-looking black slush as she transplants the young rice plants root by root; or smothered in coal smut, as, in company with hundreds of her fellows, she passes baskets (which I verily believe were the basin-shaped hats they wore when they came to work) of coal

sufficient to coal a three-thousand-ton steamer in a day at Nagasaki. Then she seems a mere beast.

How different these from the little, blue-filleted, scarlet-kirtled maids who trooped down the hill while we had halted to mend the Duchess of Connaught's jinrikisha the day we went picnicking to the rapids of Arashiyama. These little maids, carrying their provisions in the tasselled kyoto picnic baskets, and their wardrobes and worldly possessions in cardboard boxes about the size of a biscuit tin, tied up in oiled paper, were going to pick the tea (it was May) in the famous gardens of Uji. The Duke was delighted with them; he said they were the nicest he had seen since he left Miyanoshita. He always swore by Miyanoshita, for its baths of natural hot water, and the bright little waitresses at the Fujiya Hotel—O-ke-san (the honourable Miss Hair), and the rest of those chubby, stumpy, apple-cheeked little houris, who would teach you Japanese or take you to your bath as glibly as they brought in the best country dinner you ever saw in Japan.

But the Japanese *grisette* never shows to such advantage as at a fair or a tea house. She loves little merrymakings, and gets herself up with such fascinating quaintness, in her very gayest kimono and obé and hairpins, under a circular parasol with all the colours of the rainbow and her favourite poem—Japanese poems have but thirty-one syllables—upon it. She buys toys and candies with fractions of halfpence; sips watery-looking tea from ridiculous little cups whose saucers never match them; gives you a pretty little simper; runs away as fast as her clogs will let her shuffle; allows herself to be caught; promptly enters into conversation; will go with you to a tea house, and acquiesce in everything the foreigner proposes as a huge joke. She thinks kissing the queerest custom ever invented, and learns to do it charmingly in a lesson or two—the Japanese themselves never kiss. And she seems to have absolutely no dread of the apparition of a

wrathful papa. But she loves best of all to be taken to a tea house at night. Some of Pierre Loti's most inimitable passages tell us how Madame Chrysanthème loved it.

And elsewhere he says: "After business the women dress themselves, ornament their hair with their most extravagant pins, and set out, holding at the end of flexible sticks great painted lanterns. The streets are filled to overflowing with their little persons, ladies or musumés, walking slowly in sandals and exchanging charming courtesies.

"With an immense murmur of fluttering fans, of rustling silks, and of laughing chatter at dusk, by the light of the moon or beneath the starry night, they ascend to the pagoda, where gigantic gods with horrible masks await them, half hidden behind bars of gold in the incredible magnificence of their sanctuaries. They throw pieces of money to the priests, they pray prostrated, and clapping their hands with sharp blows, click clack as though their fingers were of wood. But most of the time they are chattering, thinking of something else, attempting to escape by laughter from the fear of the supernatural."

One naturally connects Japanese women with playing the samisen (guitar), an accomplishment more common than piano playing with us. Any time after dark you hear the strolling eta (pariah class) samisen player, tinkling as she goes along, on the chance of being called into a tea house to earn a few sen. The Japanese are very fond of their music, and those who can afford it go to a tea house and hire the regular geisha girls, who sing to the accompaniment of the samisen, and are not famous for prudish behaviour. Many of them are very pretty, and they may be readily detected in the street by their gaudy dresses, whitened faces, and elaborate coiffures. One generally sees them riding in double rikshas, two together, or one and a chaperon.

The young European also thinks nothing so "chappie" as to take a friend to a famous tea house, order some beautiful

geishas, and stand them all a Japanese banquet, at which he smokes, and drinks foreign liquors.

The women smoke too—the funny little kiseru, or Japanese pipe, made of brass and containing half a hickory nutshell of tobacco. The Japanese women smoke perpetually. The pretty little musumé opposite you in the railway carriage will pull out of her long hanging sleeve, or from her sash, her pipe case and tobacco case, the moment she has kicked off her sandals and tucked her feet under her on the seat. The shopwoman while she is serving you will be tapping her pipe against the charcoal box (hibachi) to knock the ashes out. The coolie woman, when she rests for her tiffin from the hard labour which ought to be done by men, loads, whiffs through in a twinkling, and loads again the poor man's friend.

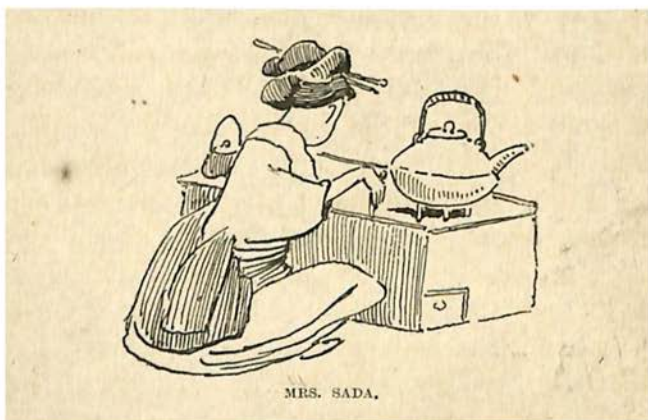
The tap tap of the kiseru against the hibachi, and the shuffle of the clogs on the paving flags, are as omnipresent in Japan as the rattle of the 'bus in Fleet Street.

The lower class women in the cities are apt to be worn-out drudges or flighty little butterflies. But even a short way out they gain in dignity of deportment, and labour without losing their attractions. I was having a long drive out of Yokohama one day, and about a couple of miles before we got home, Sada, my riksha boy—a very superior fellow, though, I suspect, long-winded as a socialist, and certainly a trifle short-winded as a runner—stopped outside a Japanese farm house, with a neatly railed garden and a cornfield in front of it, from which the harvest was being "carried" on men's backs.

"That my father's house," he said; and pointing to a little cabin by the garden gate, "That my house." I dismounted, and, going up to it, flattered his vanity immensely by taking off my boots. The whole thing would have gone into a pantechnicon van, and the bulk of it was taken up with his riksha house. But it was as neat as a new

pin, and in the midst of the one dwelling room sat his wife, with some dainty sewing on one side, and a large charcoal firebox—like the one shown in the picture—on the other. She was squatting on her heels when I entered, cooking rice and tea over a handful of embers ; but she rose to greet me,—such an exquisite creature,—erect, graceful, dignified, with a clear, sun-browned skin and dazzling teeth, her pretty hands and feet only browned, not spoiled by labour.

She showed me, with the ease and *chic* of a *grisette*, her simple cooking utensils, her household gods, her two Jappy



MRS. SADA.

little chests of drawers, and her sewing, and then she invited me into the garden (Sada acting as her interpreter), and picked me her best roses, and brought to me her beautiful children. Before I knew she was gone she was back with a little tray of tea, and, when I refused it, led me through the house of her father-in-law (an old Jap who looked as if he had been dug out, and a mummy of the first dynasty) to the well, with its mossy stone arch, its little red shrine, and its scarlet wild camellia tree.

When I reached Yokohama I got the ladies of our party to put up a great bundle of European garments for her, which, with her beautiful sewing, I have no doubt she

transformed into marvels that smote her rustic sisters' souls with awe.

Many Europeans marry Japanese women *pro tem.*, Japanese marriage laws being somewhat elastic in the matters of divorce; but British subjects must remember, if they do, that there is safety only in numbers. A Japano-maniac of my acquaintance, among his other tortuous ambitions, desired to marry a Japanese according to the Japanese rite, and to have his marriage recognised by English law. After taking the case through all the courts up to the House of Lords, British Justice sardonically decided that if the marriage were duly celebrated *à la Japonais*, and the happy husband only indulged in one wife at a time, he was duly married. This probably carries with it a recognition of the divorce laws, in which Japan discounts Chicago; for not so long ago a filial Japanese divorced a wife he fondly loved because she didn't get on with his parents.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT THE JAPANESE THEMSELVES THINK OF WOMEN.

HONG KONG, *February 25th.*

THE best book ever published in Japan is Chamberlain's "Things Japanese." It would be worth buying if it contained nothing but *The Daigaku Onna* (*Greater Learning for Women*). Every day I am more and more struck with the fact that Americans do not take the same view of *Things Japanese* as Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose acquaintance with them is so marvellous that he is Professor of Japanese Literature in their own University of Tokyo, says that "the treatment of their women might cause a pang to any generous European heart." American men are said to be the best husbands in the world, and the least appreciated; and yet in the face of this one hears every now and then of an American lady marrying a Japanese. One may safely say that the Japanese view of the wife's function differs from the American.

"A woman's lot is summed up in what are called 'the three obediences'—obedience, while yet unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience, when widowed, to a son. At present the greatest duchess or marchioness in the land is her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him, bows down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth on his walks abroad, waits upon him at meals, may be divorced at his good pleasure. Two grotesquely different influences are now at work to undermine this state of

slavery—one, European theories concerning the relation of the sexes; the other, European clothes. The same fellow who struts into a room before his wife when she is dressed *à la Japonaise*, lets her go in first when she is dressed *à l'Européenne*. Probably such acts of courtesy do not extend to the home, where there is no one by to see, for most Japanese men, even in the year of grace 1892, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. Still it is a first step that even on some occasions consideration for women should at least be simulated."

Such is the opinion deliberately expressed in his "Things Japanese," published in Japan by one who has lived among the Japanese for many years, and knows more of their language and literature than any foreigner living.

And it must be owned that what he says finds authority, or illustration, in *The Daigaku Onna* (*The Greater Learning for Women*), by the celebrated Japanese moralist, Kaibara, of which he gives a translation, and which he suggests might more appropriately be called "The Whole Duty of Woman."

This remarkable document has a preamble that might justly fill the American woman and girl child with horror.

"Seeing that it is a girl's destiny, on reaching womanhood, to go to a new home and live in submission to her father-in-law and mother-in-law (the American girl would rather board in one room with a bed that folded up into an out of date piano), it is even more incumbent on her than it is on a boy to receive with all reverence her parents' instructions.

"Should her parents, through excess of tenderness, allow her to grow up self-willed, she will infallibly show herself capricious in her husband's house, and thus alienate his affections; while if her father-in-law be a man of correct principles, the girl will find the yoke of these principles intolerable. She will hate and decry her father-in-law, and

the end of these domestic dissensions will be her dismissal from her husband's house, and the covering of herself with ignominy.

"More precious in woman is a virtuous heart than a face of beauty. The vicious woman's heart is ever excited. She glares wildly around her, she vents her anger on others, her words are harsh and her accents vulgar; when she speaks it is to set herself above others, to upbraid others, to envy others, to be puffed up with individual pride, to jeer at others, to outdo others—all things at variance with the 'way' in which a woman should walk.

"The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness."

The man who wrote this last paragraph was a Japanese Solomon. It reads like a lost chapter in the Book of Proverbs. In what follows, the foreigner from his own experience would imagine that some change must have taken place in Japanese notions of morality since *The Greater Learning for Women* was written, or that "white trash" doesn't count, or that Pierre Loti must be a Rider Haggard, and Sir Edwin Arnold the most favoured of the monsters who wear divided skirts and close their knees to catch nuts.

"From her earliest youth a girl should observe the line of demarcation separating women from men, and never even for an instant should she be allowed to see or hear the least impropriety." The last might be pretty easy. The Japanese, to give them credit, have no oaths or coarse words in their language. They have to fall back on Anglo-Saxon.

"The customs of antiquity did not allow men and women to sit in the same apartment, to keep their wearing apparel in the same place, to bathe in the same place, or to transmit to each other anything directly from hand to hand.

"A woman going abroad at night must in all cases carry a lighted lamp, and (not to speak of strangers) she must

observe a certain distance in her relations with her husband and with her brethren. In our days the women of the lower classes, ignoring all rules of this nature, behave themselves disorderly, they contaminate their reputation, bring reproach upon the heads of their parents and brethren, and spend their whole lives in an unprofitable manner." What a low lot foreigners must meet!

Marriage must seem a hazardous expériment to the Japanese lady. If her husband turns out to be an adventurer she mustn't utter a word of complaint, but put it down to the credit of Heaven; and if she is divorced "shame shall cover her till her latest hour,"—a little hard, considering the very elastic character of the Seven Reasons for Divorce, which include such natural little outbreaks on the female part as (1) disobedience to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, (4) jealousy, and (6) disturbing the harmony of kinsmen, and bringing trouble on her household by talking over much and prattling disrespectfully; as well as such more ordinary *casus belli* as (2) barrenness, (3) lewdness, (5) leprosy, and (7) stealing.

One would fancy that marriage must be rather a frightening prospect for a woman in Japan. She has to suckle every child till it is about three years old, and after marriage "her chief duty is to honour her father-in-law and mother-in-law—to honour them beyond her own father and mother."

The Greater Learning for Women observes, sententiously:—"While thou honourest thine own parents think not lightly of thy father-in-law! Never should a woman fail night and morning to pay her respects to her father-in-law and mother-in-law. Never should she be remiss in performing any tasks they may require of her. With all reverence must she carry out, and never rebel against, her father-in-law's commands. On every point must she inquire of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and abandon herself to their direction. Even if thy father-in-law and mother-

in-law be pleased to hate and vilify thee, be not angry with them, and murmur not! If thou carry piety towards them to its utmost limits, and minister to them in all sincerity, it cannot be but that they will end by becoming friendly to thee.

"The great, lifelong duty of a woman is obedience. In her dealings with her husband, both the expression of her countenance and the style of her address should be courteous, humble, and conciliatory, never peevish and in-

THE FATHER-IN-LAW.
(Drawn by a Japanese Artist.)

tractable, never rude and arrogant—that should be a woman's first and chiefest care.

"When the husband issues his instructions the wife must never disobey them. In doubtful cases she should inquire of her husband and obediently follow his commands. If ever her husband should inquire of her she should answer to the point—to answer in a careless fashion would be a mark of rudeness. Should her husband at any time be roused to anger she must obey him with fear and trembling, and not set herself up against him in anger and disputatiousness.

A woman should look upon her husband as if he were Heaven itself, and never weary of thinking how she may yield to her husband and thus escape celestial castigation.

"As brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law are the brothers and sisters of a woman's husband, they deserve all her reverence. . . . Again, she should cherish and be intimate with the wife of her husband's elder brother. Yea, with special warmth should she reverence her husband's elder brother."

This is the law of primogeniture with a vengeance, and what follows leaves the Divine right in the distance. Lay it to heart, daughters of the *Mayflower*, how Priscilla should comport herself when she has become Mrs. John Alden:—

"Let her never even dream of jealousy. If her husband be dissolute, she must expostulate with him, but neither nurse or vent her anger. If her jealousy be extreme it will render her countenance frightful and her accents repulsive, and can only result in completely alienating her husband from her, and making her intolerable in his eyes.

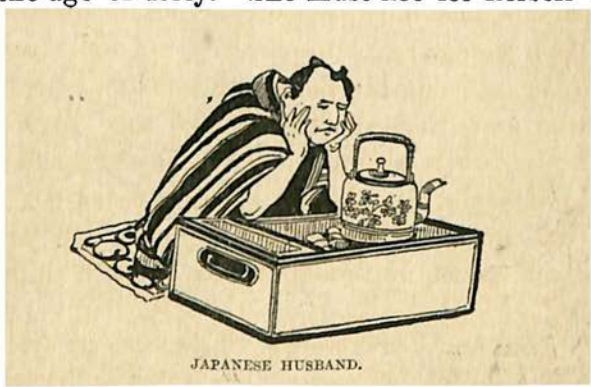
"Should her husband act ill and unreasonably, she must compose her countenance and soften her voice to remonstrate with him; and if he be angry, and listen not to the remonstrance, she must wait over a season, and then expostulate with him again when his heart is softened. Never set thyself up against thy husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice.

"A woman should be circumspect and sparing in her use of words, and never, even for a passing moment, should she slander others or be guilty of untruthfulness. Should she ever hear calumny, she should keep it to herself and repeat it to none; for it is the retailing of calumny that disturbs the harmony of kinsmen and ruins the peace of families.

"A woman must ever be on the alert, and keep a strict

watch over her own conduct. In the morning she must rise early, and at night go late to rest. Instead of sleeping in the middle of the day, she must be intent on the duties of her household, and must not weary of weaving, sewing, and spinning.

"Of tea and wine she must not drink over much, nor must she feed her eyes and ears with theatrical performances, ditties, and ballads. To temples (whether Shinto or Buddhist) and other like places, where there is a great concourse of people, she should go but sparingly till she has reached the age of forty. She must not let herself be led



JAPANESE HUSBAND.

astray by mediums and divineresses, and enter into an irreverent familiarity with the gods, neither should she be constantly occupied in praying. If only she satisfactorily perform her duties as a human being, she may let prayer alone without ceasing to enjoy the divine protection.

"In her capacity of wife she must keep her husband's household in proper order. If the wife be evil and profligate the house is ruined. In everything she must avoid extravagance, and both with regard to food and raiment must act according to her station in life, and never give way to luxury and pride.

"While young she must avoid the intimacy and familiarity of her husband's kinsmen, comrades and retainers,

ever strictly adhering to the rule of separation between the sexes, and on no account whatever should she enter into a correspondence with a young man. Her personal adornments and the colour and pattern of her garments should be unobtrusive. It suffices for her to be neat and cleanly in her person and in her wearing apparel. It is wrong in her by an excess of care to obtrude herself on other people's notice. Only that which is suitable should be practised."

As Yawcob Strauss would say, the heathen Japanese knows a thing or two, and gets there every time.

The Japanese wife "must not selfishly think first of her own parents, and only secondly of her husband's relations. . . . As a woman rears up posterity, not to her own parents, but to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she must value the latter more then the former, and tend them with filial piety. Her visits also to the paternal house should be rare after marriage. . . . Again, she must not be filled with pride at the recollection of the splendour of the paternal house, and must not make it the subject of her conversations."

The Greater Learning for Women is as full of wisdom as an egg is full of meat. The rules and regulations for her relations given above are not a whit more pithy than what a Westerner would call "the sizing up of the servant question."

"However many servants she may have in her employ it is a woman's duty not to shirk the trouble of attending to everything herself. She must sew her father-in-law's and mother-in-law's garments, and make ready their food. Ever attentive to the wants of her husband, she must fold his clothes and dust his rug, rear his children, wash what is dirty, be constantly in the midst of her household, and never go abroad but of necessity.

"Her treatment of her handmaidens will require circumspection. These low and aggravating girls have had no

proper education ; they are stupid, obstinate, and vulgar in their speech. When anything in the conduct of their mistress' husband or parents-in-law crosses their wishes, they fill her ears with their invectives, thinking thereby to do her service. But any woman who should listen to this gossip must beware of the heartburnings it is sure to breed. Easy it is by reproaches and disobedience to lose the love of those who, like a woman's marriage connections, were all originally strangers ; and it were surely folly, by believing the prattle of a servant girl, to diminish the affection of a precious father-in-law and mother-in-law.

SLICING THE DAIKU (GIGANTIC RADISH).

"If a servant girl be altogether too loquacious and bad she should be speedily dismissed, for it is by the gossip of such persons that occasion is given for the troubling the harmony of kinsmen and the disordering of a household.

"Again, in her dealings with these low people, a woman will find many things to disapprove of. But if she be for ever reproving and scolding, and spend her time in bustle and anger, her household will be in a continual state of disturbance. When there is a real wrongdoing, she should occasionally notice it and point out the path of amendment, while lesser faults should be quietly endured without anger. While in her heart she compassionates her subordinate's

weaknesses, she must outwardly admonish them with all strictness to walk in the paths of propriety, and never allow them to fall into idleness.

"If any is to be succoured, let her not be grudging of her money; but she must not foolishly shower down her gifts on such as merely please her individual caprice, but are unprofitable servants."

The Greater Learning for Women must have been written by a Japanese Lord Chesterfield. It is a very gospel of expediency, founded on very much his lordship's caustic view of human nature. What follows is the climax of Woman According to Man.

"The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are:—Indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies infest seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from these that arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them all, and the parent of the other four, is silliness.

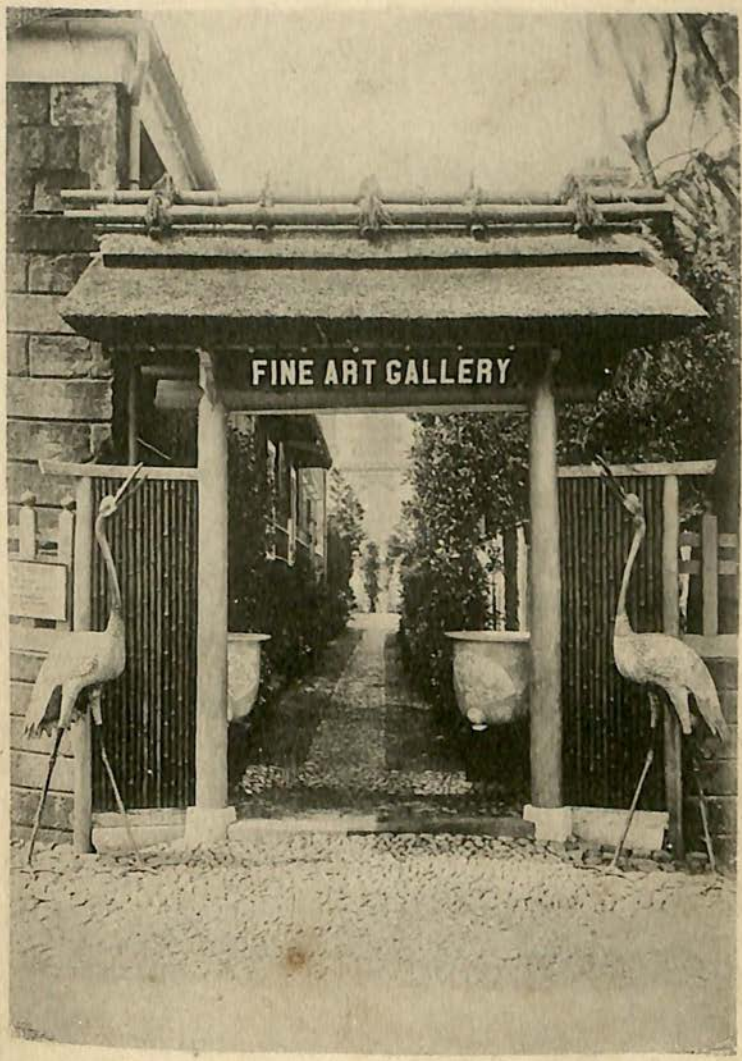
"Woman's nature is passive (*lit.* shade). This passiveness, being of the nature of the night, is dark. Hence, as viewed from the standard of man's nature, the foolishness of woman fails to understand the duties that lie before her very eyes, perceives not the actions that will bring down blame upon her own head, and comprehends not even the things that will bring down calamities on the heads of her husband and children. Neither when she blames and accuses and curses innocent persons, nor when in her jealousy of others she thinks to set up herself alone, does she see that she is her own enemy, estranging others and incurring their hatred. Lamentable errors!

"Again, in the education of her children her blind affection induces an erroneous system. Such is the stupidity of her character that it is incumbent on her, in every particular, to distrust herself and obey her husband."

The peroration is too long to quote entire, but it is a gem worthy of the occasion. It begins with remarking: "We are told that it was the custom of the ancients, on the birth of a female child, to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days. Even in this may be seen the likening of the man to heaven and the woman to earth."

"Parents, teach the foregoing maxims to your daughters from their tenderest years. Copy them out from time to time that they may read and never forget them. Better than the garments and divers vessels, which the fathers of the present day so lavishly bestow upon their daughters when giving them away in marriage, were it to teach them thoroughly these precepts, which would guard them as a precious jewel throughout their lives. How true is that ancient saying, 'A man knoweth how to spend a million pieces marrying his daughter, but knoweth not how to spend a hundred thousand bringing up his child.' Such as have daughters must lay this well to heart."

Really the English speaking world is under a deep obligation to Professor Chamberlain for Englishing in his "Things Japanese" this ancient and Oriental document, so modern and unoriental in its practicality and clear common sense. All I have done, of course, is to skim, with a grain of salt here and there, the cream of what he has translated so admirably.



A Yokohama Curio Shop.

CHAPTER XVI.

CURIO SHOPS AND CURIO STALLS.

KOBE, *March 11th.*

ALMOST the first thing one notices in Yokohama is the Japanese gateway guarded by two gigantic storks in bronze. This is the Fine Art Gallery, where one can find a greater range of prices than in any curio shop in Japan, from deliciously quaint little shilling china musumés ten inches high,—the Japanese girl to the life,—and artistic bronze-ended folding lanterns at eighteenpence apiece, to the priceless golden shrine of the merchant of Osaka, and the £2000 metal work screen, which took Shoami and his twelve pupils four years to forge.

Passing through the gateway, visitors of the round-the-world-in-eighty-days pattern, who see Japan while their steamer is waiting to work her cargo and coal, are delighted to find an exact copy of a Japanese two-storey house, which has the further attraction of containing some of the daintiest articles of moderate value. It has the ordinary wooden shutters and paper windows, and stairs like a ship's companion without a railing, that, with the mats and the roof and the corner posts, constitute a Japanese house.

But they generally pass pretty quickly to the main building, which lies at the back of the premises, fronting on Water Street; for here are to be found the bargains in cheapness, and here the almost unpurchasable *chefs-d'œuvre*

The *chef-d'œuvre* of the whole collection is indisputably the glorious gold lacquer shrine made for the great Daimio

—as they called the feudal princes of old Japan—of Kiushiu, who presented it to a merchant of Osaka, doubtless in consideration of moneys lent or to be lent. Mr. Sassoon, the great Shanghai millionaire, offered £2000 for it in vain.

It is made of the most inimitable gold lacquer in its various shades—*dark and polished like a mirror*, to *light and frosted*. It is a Buddhist shrine, complete down to the smallest detail, with the censer, and tall spiked candlesticks, and flower vases, standing in front of the Buddha on the orthodox shrine table, like the stool below that supports the box containing the sacred writings, made with the richest carving and inimitable grace.

But the *tour de force* of the carving is the frieze at the top of the shrine—a horseman riding through a wood—and the bases of the stool and the gong; scenes full of figures. On the opposite side to the gong is an exquisite specimen of the lacquered writing boxes on which the Japanese spend such fabulous sums, and from the top hang chased shrine lamps and filigree banners of gilt brass.

The whole effect is indescribable. One can only hint at it with such phrases as: Gold in all its hues! Imagination and carving running riot! Exhaustive completeness! A miracle of quiet richness and beauty which fills one with the same sense of utter content that one feels while basking in the winter sunshine!

Next in importance, after the golden shrine of the merchant of Osaka, come the famous metal-work screen of Shoami, and the gold-lacquer cabinet of almost equal value.

The cabinet is remarkable for two qualities, both of which specially commended themselves to me—its glorious gold lacquer, and its entire freedom from ivory, mother-of-pearl, and other foreign and meretricious materials in its construction, the defect of taste ruinous to so many of the expensive pieces which are not old like this, but prepared

specially for the Western market. Such pieces are made gaudy and striking by huge peacocks with mother-of-pearl tails, or ivory roosters, and often stand ten feet high ; most expensively made, but mistakes from the artistic point.

This cabinet is neither large nor elaborate, but relies for its effect solely on its airy and elegant simplicity, and on its exquisite lacquer, which, like the shrine's, captivates one by bringing out the multifold charms of gold—its range of colour, its richness, its softness, its comforting effect on the eye. As usual, the subjects of the decoration are birds and flowers and trees.

Almost touching this cabinet is the matchless metal cabinet-screen, made of gold, silver, and bronze, which occupied Shoami, the prince of Japanese metal workers, and twelve assistants, four years in constructing.

The body of the screen is, of course, bronze, but the precious metals have been lavished upon it. Take, for instance, the large vase standing on the top of the little cupboard. This is composed entirely of silver, and an offer of £400 to buy it separately was refused. It would have spoiled the set. The screen, and the chased and perforated censer which hangs down from it, the cupboard and the two vases which stand upon it, all contribute in characteristic Japanese fashion to an embodiment in art of the twelve signs of the Japanese zodiac.

Were that great silver pitcher sold, the Duodenary Cycle would lose its tiger ; were the ape to slip from the post he is climbing, or the cock to flutter down from the rail, there would be two more gaps. The horse dominates the landscape on the elegant little cupboard, and the bull the panel of the screen, and so on ; with the rat and the pig, and the deer and the serpent, the hare, the goat, and the dragon, each of which has his lair somewhere in this masterpiece of the work of Tubal-Cain. Solid and simple, after the manner of the gates of the Baptistery of Florence, called by Michael

Angelo the "Gates of Heaven," and following, at no great distance, their sublime beauty of workmanship.

In the same little sanctum is a writing suite worthy to stand beside this screen and cabinet—a writing case and paper case made of the same glorious gold lacquer, decorated inside with the richest and most delicate nashiji (powdering with gold dust), the pair of them so light that a man could carry a dozen suites of them all day long and hardly feel the weight, and the writing case containing a marvellously chased little flat water bottle of silver for moistening the tip of the bristle pen used by the Japanese.

I could linger all day in this sanctum, or before the merchant's shrine, but they are simply two chambers in this storehouse of art.

In an upper room, standing behind three ancient and valuable katana (the fighting swords worn by Japanese gentlemen along with the wakizashi, or suicide sword, in the good old feudal days when samurai, with a brace of swords, were as common as curio shops are now), I saw a gong that excited the lust of possession in me more than anything in the collection—a bronze bowl, the shape of an acorn cup, upheld by a most characteristic bronze devil (or more probably one of the mischievous spirits of the Robin Goodfellow type, called in Japan *Oni*). "Go into the doorway and look at your watch and listen," said the manager, raising a drumstick to strike the bowl. I obeyed, and at a single tattoo a great volume of mellow reverberation arose, and nearly two minutes had elapsed before the last faint wave of sound rippled away. Whether it was due to the plentiful admixture of silver in the light-coloured bronze of the bowl I cannot say; but the gong is now mine.

Close beside the gong, standing on his hind legs, was one of those extraordinary metal dragons, as flexible as leather; a fabrication with as many scales and joints as the

links in a suit of chain armour, and with teeth on its back and its tail as well as in its jaws. This particular specimen was worth a pretty penny, for it was made in the sixteenth century by one of the famous Miochin family, who were armourers and metal workers as far back as the twelfth century. A little further along was a tall Satsuma vase, modern, but beautiful for all that, with its diapering of dull gold ; and, above, a great cloisonné plaque (bath, I was going to say), that would have to be pretty well covered with gold dollars before it could be purchased.

What a labour it is to make this cloisonné ! From fifty to two hundred days is quite an ordinary time to spend upon a single piece, and every piece must pass through at least six pairs of hands : those of the *coppersmith*, who forges the copper foundation of the sphere, or bowl, or plaque of shippo (cloisonné), which will be worth a year's income when it is finished ; of the *designer*, who with marvellous fertility of imagination, and truth and delicacy of manipulation, arabesques the red copper with the intricacy of a spider's web ; of the *wire worker*, who clips little pieces of thin silver and brass ribbon, rather than wire, and lays them on to every film of the arabesque with a subtle cement that fire only makes more tense ; of the *filler* and the *mixer*, who make and pour in the various coatings of enamel in the various colours, fused half a dozen or a dozen times in the process; and lastly of the *polisher*, who polishes away day after day at the same piece, with a combination of patience and interest worthy of a governess teaching a baby prince.

Say good-bye to the cloisonné makers, with their little charcoal pot of a forge, and their anvil made of an iron bar let into the end of a log, and bring your thoughts back to glance along this room; now at a slab of fine black lacquer inlaid with ivory, now at the kakemono hanging from the wall (it was painted by one of the famous Kanos), now at the ivory scabbard of a sword.

But the choice ivories were in another room, where there was a duplicate of the superb folding screen just finished for the Mikado, with the matsuji—the queer gnarled fir tree of Japan—for its subject. I noticed particularly its tufts of foliage, the shape of the maiden-hair fern leaves, standing out in heavy gold embroidery—an imitation of indescribable fidelity and beauty.

Here, too, was an ivory cabinet, about three feet high, with tracery as spirited and slender as the stalks of grass and field flowers seen when you throw yourself prone among them and look into the pigmy forest. The subject was one of those allegorical ones which permeate the whole of Japanese art—"The Quails in the Millet." In old Japan art set its seal on every object made by man, from the highest to the humblest, and its seal was graven with the devices of allegory.

Close by was a little okimono, one of those miniature ivory figures, eight or ten inches high, worth from £20 to £100, with the strands of their hair and the patterns on their kimonos miracles of delicate graving, and in the expression of their faces, in every hang of their garments, every fold of their great sashes (called obés), every comb and flower and pin in their coif, the very counterparts of the gay little musumés (unmarried girls)—oh, so pretty!—one meets tripping through the temple fairs at Shiba or Asakusa in festival time.

Going downstairs I paused on the landing to look at the great bronze group, over a dozen feet high—a dragon, which has every scale executed with the delicacy of a miniature, supporting an urn. A piece worth thousands of dollars.

Once downstairs I found articles as cheap as 1*s.*, and yet beautiful and artistic enough to be admitted into a rigidly chosen stock.

I could not resist the temptation of purchasing, for the mere song of 6 yen (24*s.*), a chime of 5 bronze bowl-

shaped gongs, as sweet and mellow as a thrush's song ; for another yen (4*s.*) 4 queer little earthenware groups of monkeys—epitomes of monkey mischief and drollery.

For less than 1*s.* apiece I became the possessor of 4 little china musumés, as lifelike, in a bolder, sketchier way, as the little £50 okimono of chased ivory ; and for 4 yen (16*s.*) more, of a brass lantern with a base and roof like a pagoda—such a lantern as one sees swung in front of a favourite shrine.

As is the way of the world, the glib purchase of small bargains inspired me with a lust of acquisition, which led to my purchasing a larger one—an exquisite four-leaved screen of gold-coloured satin, with the cherry, the bamboo, the iris, and the wistaria, with which Japanese river banks glow in spring, embroidered in heavy gold on several panels, brought into one harmonious whole by a few deft strokes in each panel, below the trees, representing the river flowing past them, and made lifelike with a water bird here and there. And all this for about four guineas.

The screen led to Satsuma jars. I did not like any that came within my means, even in this mood of inspired extravagance. The manager knew my penchant for pottering round the old curiosity shops of the native town, so he said : "Don't take anything here. I can see there is nothing you exactly want. You know the native shops much better than I do : if you see anything that suits you exactly when you are going round, make the best bargain you can with the man without actually closing, and then give me his address, and I'll get you at least twenty-five per cent. further reduction."

How "large" we were for the next few days after that ! We went into one native store after another to look at their "important pieces," and finally came upon a noble pair of modern vases, about three feet high, with their centres filled by great hawks with outspread wings—delineated with

the extraordinary fidelity, force, and expression which a Japanese can put into a bird, though he can only caricature a beast—the throats and bases of the jars being occupied with the beaten gold diapering for which Satsuma is as famous as for its inimitable cream *pâte*—in this instance, of considerable beauty.

I knew that for such work to be in such a shop, at such a price—£16—there was assuredly a flaw somewhere, and I searched them over and over to find it, without success, and to this day I don't know where it is. But I know it is there, and it does not disturb my peace of mind at all, because the vases have a £50 effect.

They appeared to be an extravagantly good bargain at £16; but I knew that if the butcher asked the lamb for £16 he meant £12. So I offered him £8, and finally left the shop with him eager to take the £12, while I wished to think about it. I sent word to the Fine Art Gallery, and this is what I read on a card a day or two afterwards: "£9 for the pair." When my friend the manager went to his shop he found the Japanese getting ready to send me up the vases for the £8, and overjoyed to get £9. So much for the average tourist's capacity for a bargain.

"Well," I said to him, "you have been as good as your boast this time; but how can you make it a certainty every time?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "for it isn't very likely ever to get back to the class of Japs I deal with. The fact is that I understand the so-ro-ba (abacus), the counting machine on which the Japanese do all their calculations. They never do the simplest sum in their head, and they take it for granted that the European doesn't understand their system of counting. So, as soon as you begin to bargain with them, they begin to calculate the difference between your offer and what they gave for it; and if you

watch them closely you can tell every time what it cost them. To this I add the percentage of profit they expect to make in their dealings with each other, and in nine cases out of ten they come round to my price. Ready money is always at a premium with the Japs, and they are content with quick sales and small profits."

The kind of curio-shopping I enjoy most is fossicking about among the street curio sellers, who from sundown to nearly midnight throng the Ginza in Tokyo, or the Basha Michi in Yokohama. They crouch at the very bottom of the ladder among curio sellers. There are many rungs between them and a place like the Fine Art Gallery. As I wrote once in jest, for people who are not looking for objects induplicable in the South Kensington Museum, but nevertheless wish to spend a great deal of money without a great deal of trouble, there are whole streets of curio, silk, fan, and porcelain shops in the Honcho Dori—a continuation of the main street of the settlement—and the Benten Dori, which runs parallel with, and next to it. But the properly constituted curio hunter, who has less money than time on his hands, ferrets for curios as the frequenters of Holywell Street, Strand, ferret for second-hand books. Even the Benten Dori, which is distinctly humbler than the Honcho Dori, is tame and extravagant. For even here there is some pretence of style and arrangement.

Personally I mistrust a curio shop which contains no second-hand European boots; for it shows that the proprietor understands Europeans, and aims at business with Europeans only, at a corresponding increase of prices, and contempt for the little domestic curios, which show more than anything else how thoroughly art enters into the life of the Japanese. The lower class dandy in Japan values nothing so much as European boots, or boots which he considers to be a successful imitation of the European. Consequently, genuine

Japanese bric-a-brac shops, with a native as well as a European clientèle, are pretty sure to contain some of those downtrodden knick-knacks.

Even the most modest of them have never quite the charm of a street stall to me. There is something so primitive, so simple, so humble, so childlike, so cheerful about the street curio seller. His whole stock-in-trade he can carry in two funny little piles of flat square boxes, which he hitches to the ends of his shoulder bamboo. In Japan and China they carry everything slung from bamboos balanced on their shoulders. I saw four Chinamen trotting briskly along the main street of Shanghai with a grand piano slung thus, and two Japanese at Nikko lifting into its place, with a bamboo and sling, a stone which the English engineer in charge told me weighed four hundredweight, though they were no bigger than English boys of fifteen.

About sundown our friend makes his appearance suddenly from nowhere, unships his boxes, lifts everything out of them carefully (nearly everything is wrapped up or packed in a little box), builds them up into a sort of shelf, and then arranges his more important pieces on them, and the less important on the ground. When all is ready, he squats with his back against the wall at one end of the arrangement, and presents, generally, the appearance of an owl shrinking into its ruffled feathers until the friendly night arrives. At dark he lights a dirty, dim, flickering oil lamp.

What does his stock-in-trade consist of? I don't know what I haven't seen on these stalls. I have seen the place of honour occupied by a Bass's beer bottle, and sometimes by articles that I could hardly describe here at all. But generally the shelves will be occupied with such articles as a little cheap lacquer shrine, like a glove box, standing on end, with triptych doors coming off their hinges—very poor lacquer, in no kind of preservation; or a gaudy gilt Buddha with half the rays of his nimbus broken off; or the

spindly little red lacquer tables, about eight inches across and a couple of feet high, with bowed legs, like those the Chicago lady was going to order from Louis Quinze. These little tables are really exceedingly graceful; the Japanese use them for holding a single ornament, or flower pot, in the middle of a floor. A Japanese room, it must be remembered, usually contains hardly anything of what we should call furniture.

Then there will be the bronze or brass stork standing upon a tortoise, and holding in his mouth the spike which does duty for a candlestick in Japan and Corea. This is the emblem of immortality, and, flanked by a censer and a flower vase, stands in front of the Buddhist tombs of the Shoguns, familiar to so many travellers. The Buddhist shrine ornaments, which are also frequently found on these stalls, consist of a pair of candlesticks, a pair of flower vases, and a censer in the centre. Then one will see the hollow, muffin-shaped gongs which are suspended in the Buddhist temples for the faithful to "ring up" the deity when they are going to pray to him; and the little hand gongs, or staves with bunches of jingling brass rings, carried by the religious mendicants despatched from a temple in Kyoto over the length and breadth of Japan; or the spherical scarlet wooden gongs, with handles like cockscombs. Sometimes, too, there will be little torii—miniatures of the queer arches, or bird-rests, shaped like a double cross, which stand in front of every Shinto temple; and little stone cisterns like those used for lustrations.

Tired to death one gets, of course,—though sometimes they are very artistic,—of iron kettles, with brass handles and moulded ornamentation, and of swords. The katana, or fighting sword, and the chiisai-katana, or dagger, were worn by all the thousands and thousands of samurai, the military order—squires one might almost call them—till one day, a few years ago, the sweeping order went forth that they should be

worn no more. This mighty revolution was effected without a murmur, and the tabooed weapons relegated to curio shops or old-metal stores, and many of them taken to pieces for their hilt ornaments, which have been worked up into a variety of knick-knacks. Sword ornaments, it may be mentioned, consisted of kodzuka, the handle of the short dagger or kokatana carried in the side of the scabbard; the kogai, or skewer, used for leaving in the body of a dead foe to boast who slew him; the menuki, or small ornaments on each side of the hilt to give a better grasp; the kashira, or cap of metal on the end of the handle; the fuchi, or oval ring which holds the handle round the blade; the kojori, or metal end of the scabbard, etc., and, most important of all, the flat metal guard called tsuba, which is sometimes so highly ornamented as to be worth hundreds of dollars. A selection of these articles may be found on every stall, the tsuba being so much in request that they are imitated; as also are the kodzuka, for which a demand has sprung as handles for European table knives.

The various apparatus for smoking, and warming the hands, are almost as universal. Everywhere one sees the funny little brass mouthpieced and bowled pipes (kiseru), which smoke out in two or three whiffs, and are then tapped against the pretty little pipe stoves (tobacco-mono)—carved and polished hard wood caskets, with a tiny copper well to contain a few live charcoal embers, and a tall bamboo vase for the ashes, besides perhaps a drawer or two and a pipe holder. Perhaps the very commonest article in Japan is the tobacco case, made generally of leather in the shape of a European purse, with a bronze or silver clasp to close it and a chain to fasten it to the pipe case, and the netsuké or button slipped through the sash to carry it. Pipe cases are about the size of a razor case, and are made of all materials —bamboo, bone, ivory, leather, network, etc.; most commonly of the first named. Nearly every calling in life has its

special type of pipe case.* Ladies have exquisitely embroidered silk pipe and tobacco cases. It is funny to watch a gay little musumé in a railway carriage preparing for a smoke, by emptying out of her long, hanging kimono sleeve perhaps a violet silk tobacco case with pipe case to match, a paper pocket-handkerchief, and an embroidered scarlet cloth pocket-book containing a long narrow steel mirror and a comb. One can often pick up one of these pocket-books at a stall, such as the one I have hanging before me now, for from twenty to fifty sen.

Fans one does not very often see on stalls, and, speaking generally, they are dearer to buy in Japan than they are in England or America. I bought one once which proved to contain a dagger. Kakemonos, the queer, long, vertical pictures mounted on rollers, one can pick up at nearly every stall; generally very poor ones, though sometimes there are really pretty and quaint examples in small sizes a few inches wide—mostly books, written and illustrated by hand.

What collections of rubbish one raked over on some of these stalls—lacquer boxes that hardly held together; chipped inros; brass American watch chains; old silk tasselled knots of the queer shapes familiar in temples; dinted bronze tops and bottoms for the more substantial oil-paper lanterns, some of them most artistic; china and earthenware plates and vases, poor if they were whole, and very much cracked if they were good (I bought one once for three-halfpence, with an exquisite pattern, which had been cemented together out of at least a hundred fragments).

Then, again, there would be bronze vessels, cheap in make and inordinately dear in price; old squares of embroidered silk, sometimes exceedingly pretty, but nearly always

* A pipe case picked up in the house of the murdered Canadian missionary, Large, on the day following the murder, convinced the police that one of the murderers was a betto or groom.

dirty ; teapots and teacups, usually very so-so ; the quaint little saucers on which Japanese hold their teacups, made in all manner of elegant shapes, such as leaves, and either moulded out of metal or carved from wood or cocoanut shell ; little black slabs on which they rub the Chinese ink, sometimes grotesquely carved ; mended samisens (the Japanese banjo) ; queer leather purses suspended by a metal or ivory hook ; dainty silk card cases ; brass or bronze ink bottles of a Saracen shape, with a bulb for the ink and long cylinder for holding the pens, measure, knife, pickers, etc. ; bronze candlesticks, folding up into the shape of pomegranates ; bronze miniatures of pagodas, willow-pattern bridges, fountain canopies, bell towers, and the like, for erecting in toy gardens ; old so-ro-ba (counting machines) ; the queer Chinese scales, with the scale suspended at one end and the weight moving along the beam to the other, such as one may see the opium dealers using in San Francisco or Victoria, and, for all I know, in Ratcliff Highway ; the little dagger-bladed Japanese case knives ; second-hand gilt and tortoise-shell combs and hairpins, almost too gorgeous to conceive ; circular bells the shape of an air cushion, with a hole for the finger to go through, often exquisite in tone ; brass bowls, such as the coolies eat their rice out of ; most successful imitations of the beautifully ugly little earthenware crocks, from which is brought forth the tea used at the solemn tea-drinking ceremony ; flimsy little broad-headed thumb pins, such as are used in ornamenting cheap lacquer ; brass Chinese padlocks (nankinjo), usually out of order, but the dragon and crayfish ones very handsome ; imitations of the old oval-shaped gold and silver money of Japan ; poor pieces of porcelain, wrapped in antique silk bags, and put in old boxes to make them seem valuable ; little flat lip-colour boxes, made of ivory, hardly larger or thicker than a gentleman's visiting card ; seals, of glass or brass or bronze mostly, such as every Japanese

carries to use for officially giving his name to receipts and other documents, two of them, one to be stamped in red pigment and the other stamped in black, with sweet little round boxes of blue china or red lacquer usually, containing these pigments.

I have a curious little bronze, shaped like a Grecian urn, which comes in three, the top and the bottom containing the two seals, and the centre, which is divided into two cells back to back, containing the two pigments. I bought it for about a shilling, but would not sell it for two pounds. It was for this kind of thing, or the chance of picking up a quaintly carved little wood netsuké (button for thrusting through the sash), or the curious little silver and white-metal chatelaine knick-knacks, such as inros, compasses, scent bottles an inch or an inch and a half long, beads, buttons, clasps, and the like, that I frequented these stalls.

As soon as one picks up one of these little charms, though it may be most obviously nickel, the dealer either cries out, "*Gin! Gin!*" (Silver! Silver!), or else asks an extortionate price. I used to tell him that he had made a mistake, that it really was *kin* (gold), and then the Jap (they have the keenest sense of humour) would laugh, and give up the imposition. For about sixpence I once bought, without bargaining, an exquisite little silver inro—one of the queer little porte-medicines, consisting of five trays fitting hermetically into each other, and strung together by a cord passed through a perforation running all round the outside, suspending them to a netsuké. It was about an inch and a quarter long, by three-quarters of an inch wide. Every one has seen specimens of the netsukés made of ivory, bone, metal, or most commonly of naturally contorted wood, carved into the wildest freaks of Japanese fantasticism; monkeys and human beings (in Japan so like monkeys) furnishing the favourite subjects.

Bargaining one cannot help. Japanese dealers consider

the traveller (as a Swiss hotel keeper or a flea does) their natural prey, and will extort from him just exactly as much as he will disgorge. If they find that he knows the value of things, and does not mean to pay much over it, they will ask him only a moderate overcharge, trusting that if he wants the thing he will be tired or bluffed into paying this. The rule I made for myself was, if I wanted a thing badly and was asked a moderate overcharge to pay it cheerfully; but if I didn't particularly want a thing, I assessed it at its lowest value, and bought it at a bargain if the dealer came down to my price, and left it if he didn't. The Japanese are accustomed to purchasers who know the real value of a thing fixing the price; the idea of the vendor putting on a fixed, equitable price, is exotic in Japan.

But I love the small curio dealers in my heart of hearts, they are such cheerful, amusing, pleasant-mannered people. And they like me, I think, for I visit them regularly, and take an interest in everything they like to show me, and buy the Jappiest things because they are so Jappy. I should like to spend my whole income for the year in buying those odd little Japanesities which are objects of art to us, but are to them only the objects of everyday use, made beautiful and artistic by the same instinct which taught the monkish fathers of Gothic architecture how to transmute every necessary detail into a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

YOKOHAMA, *March 18th.*

THE other day I was in Mr. Landor's queer but enticing studio at Tokyo. It is a native house which he has furnished, and keeps in the native style. I had taken a friend in to see the poetic picture of Mrs. Brown-Potter, a charming creation, for which he refused a thousand dollars in Chicago, the actress being portrayed as Juliet, a fair impassioned girl just passing into womanhood, with the bright shafts of sunrise behind her golden-brown hair.

Then my eyes wandered opposite to a large canvas depicting a native funeral, full of movement—one could see the very stride of the coolies—and every detail was a careful study. The friend I had brought with me, a gentleman who had lived many years in Japan, wanted to know how Mr. Landor had contrived to master the details. The artist pulled out his sketch-book and showed us a handful of studies.

"These," he said, "I made at a funeral and cremation I was at in Nagoya."

"Indeed!" said my friend. "It is more than I have ever seen. I did not know that the old-fashioned Japanese ever allowed foreigners to be present at these ceremonies."

And, seeing how interested he was, I asked: "Won't you tell us your experiences?"

"Certainly. I was standing at a curio shop in Nagoya, offering twenty sen for a thing marked a dollar, and on the

point of getting it, when I saw a rather queer funeral pass the door. I dashed after it, sketch-book in hand, whipped out my pencil and followed them, sketching hard all the while. Two men in enormous hats, who seemed to be mourners, became very much interested, and made signs that I was welcome to join the procession; they were exceedingly polite, bowing to the ground, and I did my best to bend my stiff English back in return. When we reached the temple door they took off my boots and led me inside by the hand. The kago or palanquin hearse containing the corpse had been laid on the steps, and I was given the best place for seeing everything. They made me kneel in the orthodox way in which the Duke of Argyll's children were painted saying their prayers, with my hands lifted up and folded. The service, such as it was, only lasted a few minutes, and then they distributed candies (sweets) in tissue paper. After this they came out, and lots of sweets in these little paper bags were thrown to the crowd by the priest."

They then, Landor said,—and it sounds a little trying,—led him by the hand for four or five miles to the cremation place; not a scientific retort like that at Kyoto, but merely a small room about ten feet square, with a cowl or chimney like a lime kiln or the oasts used in Kent for drying hops.

The kago was brought inside, and laid on wood for burning; but the showiest part of it, the overhanging temple-like roof, had been taken off until it had a new tenant, leaving a square white deal box in which the corpse was sitting, which would not cost much. One can buy a handsome iron-bound box, twenty inches by twenty by fifteen, for sixpence or less in Japan.

This was covered up with wood, and then a kind of sexton, whose dress consisted in the main of a pair of red breeches, lit a torch of straw, which was touched by all

present before it was applied to the fire. The stench which ensued was very trying. The kago was a mere shell, as flimsy as cardboard, and was licked up by the flames like straw. The body stretched itself out with a bound: it was a young girl. Then came a stench, not a putrid one, but like a great fire of feathers.

Mr. Landor says it smelt like singeing a fowl magnified a thousand times, and that it made the nostrils burn, and the throat choke (wherein, I suppose, lies the virtue of burnt feathers for reviving a person dead faint or dead drunk). Lower and lower the spectators stooped to let the fumes rise over their heads, till their heads were nearly level with the floor. At last it became unbearable, and they had to beat a retreat, not leaving before the entire trunk had been burnt away, and the head and legs raked together—like a fire of rubbish—over fresh wood by the man in the red breeches, who remained just outside the crematorium, with his eye against a chink, to dart in whenever fresh attention was necessary.

The funeral party, it must be understood, had up to this been inside the crematorium itself, the body burning in the midst of them. When they went out they repaired to Mr. Red-Breeches's house, where the father and other *relations* of the deceased girl, except the brother, had been sitting all the while, eating sweets and drinking saké. They had not been in the crematorium. When Mr. Landor joined them they gave him saké, too, and looked at his sketches, and were very pleased with the *chic* picture of the two pretty girls in white who had been carrying flowers on each side of the kago to the crematorium, and who had made great friends with the young Englishman. He had to drink with each separately, first holding his cup for one of them to pour into, then pouring into a cup which one of them held. However, one does not have to drink the cup off, a sip is sufficient.

They had a sort of banquet of Japanese food, and they insisted upon filling his pockets with sweets to take away. Then they walked back. It was long after sunset, and dark had come on, so they lit their lanterns and took charge of their new friend and brought him to their home. Then they took off his boots once more, and led him into a sort of temple erected in one of the rooms. He just knew that it was a Buddhist temple, because the Shintoists do not cremate their dead; but he was unable to make any deeper inspection or a sketch, as he did not like to appear to be examining their things too closely. They led him in by the hand and made him kneel on the futon. Candles were lighted, and they held a sort of service and prayed, directing Mr. Landor to lift his hands and fold them as before. He entered into the spirit of the thing. He pretended to pray, too.

The whole affair only lasted a few minutes, and then they took him up into another room, with candles standing on the floor and a kind of feast laid out, with a quantity of sweets, fish, etc. They insisted upon his eating some more, and were in fits (polite ones) at his broken Japanese (which isn't very broken). He tried to make some jokes, and they were received with more saké-pouring. They were all now a good deal more than half-seas-over, and were beginning to pall a little, so he pulled out his Waterbury (which cost him two dollars and a half in Pennsylvania Avenue, and is large enough to have cost twenty), and found, as he wished, that it was dinner time at the hotel.

When he took his leave he asked the brother of the deceased to go and dine with him at the sort of European hotel they have at Nagoya. The brother, who, by the way, was the only one of the whole party who seemed to feel the loss in the least,—the rest had been munching sweets and drinking saké all day,—declined; but half a dozen others accepted without having been asked, four of them being priests.

The dinner afforded them the highest amusement; they thought each plate of soup was different, so one after tasting his plate would pass it on to the next (like the mad tea-party in "Alice in Wonderland"); and they were greatly amused by the way the sauce was served with the fish. One could manage his fork pretty well, but the rest were very indifferent hands at it; one, especially, wounded his throat so severely with his fork that Mr. Landor sketched him trying to swallow it. One impaled his whole portion of fish on a fork, and then drew it off with his fingers as one draws the cap off a camera, and inserted it in his mouth like the bung of a barrel.

At this stage about twenty others rushed in to share the good fortune, but Mr. Landor was saved from the inroad on his purse by the fortunate circumstance of the hotel larder being exhausted. The new guests were very noisy, and all of them drunk; but wishing to be hospitable, he ordered saké galore at rather less than twopence per bottle, and the six first-comers passed their dishes (all of which they had kept on the table) round to be shared by the twenty.

Mr. Landor was equal to the occasion, for, spying a loaf of bread which had escaped their onslaught, he gravely sent for paper, and cutting the bread and potatoes up into small sections, presented them to his guests to take away as sweetmeats. His popularity was at its height. And while the room was at its very fullest and noisiest, the old father of the deceased came in with a box of sweetmeats he had come to present with his card. Mr. Landor fetched his pen and ink, and dashed off a sketch to return the compliment. This raised such enthusiasm that, though they had only got to the stage of mutton cutlets, they forsook the dinner *en masse* and dragged him back to their house.

He submitted with a very good grace, because he was not quite sure how many might turn up if the dinner was brought to its legitimate conclusion. Of course there was

a great deal more saké; and this time there was a very pretty, noisy girl, who made quite an impression upon the artist. The merriment was kept up until 11.30, all sitting round, talking and laughing hard. They were profoundly interested to hear that he was going to paint a large canvas of it.

And the old father made Mr. Landor promise again and again to go back and see him. Mr. Landor left Nagoya that same night, or rather at 1 A.M. the next morning, for Yokohama; and in the train he met a Japanese friend with whom he had gone down to Kyoto, who introduced him to some pretty geisha girls (not always of the coyest reputation) going the same way. So the evening entertainment was not over yet, one of them being quite as frisky as the circumstances would admit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JAPANESE NOVELS.

TOKYO, *March 25th.*

I HAVE been reading seven volumes of so-called novels, just brought out by an enterprising Japanese firm in Tokyo, the Hakubunsha, to give foreigners an idea of Japanese romances, and the Japanese a notion of how foreigners would express the ideas conveyed in their books.

Japanese novels are not interesting as novels. In fact, we should hardly call them novels at all. They are more like boys' books of adventure. The most celebrated, the "Genji Monogatari," in its length and dulness and stiltedness resembles the French romances of the classic age. In its defence it must be remembered that it was written by a Court lady and in the days of King Alfred, nearly a thousand years ago.

No Japanese novel ever charmed me so much as "The Captive of Love," translated by an American, Mr. Edward Greey. Clever Japanese assure me that it is ill translated, and that the use of honorifics, which lends such a quaintness to it, is in most instances misplaced. But to the foreigner who has travelled in Japan it has the merit of resurrecting Japan before one with Witch-of-Endor-like power.

Three of these volumes I have just been reading are taken up with the life of Toyotomi Hideyoshi, the hero of Japan, whose work, carried on and completed by the great Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, unified Japan into such an empire as was in 1870 born in

Germany out of the chaos of feudal principalities. Two more are taken up with the life of Miyamoto Musashi. But those are rather historical exaggerations than novels, from the English point of view.

And the Japanese make a speciality of historical exaggeration. While we were in Japan the editor of a newspaper was actually sentenced to four years' imprisonment for venturing to write in a flippant way of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno, the first of the line, being the nephew of the Sun.

It is to "Wounded Pride and how it was Healed," and "Human Nature in a Variety of Aspects," with Mr. Greey's "Captive of Love," that I shall principally devote my remarks.

But first of all I must say something about the appearance of the seven volumes brought out by the Hakubunsha, which is the principal publishing firm in Japan, located in the Ginza or main street of Tokyo, the capital of the country.

With the exception of the picture on the front cover they are uniform in appearance—about eight inches long by five broad, bound in bluish-grey paper, stamped with a different design in each case; "Human Nature in a Variety of Aspects" bearing a picturesque tea house with Lake Biwa in the background and a blossoming cherry tree in the foreground; "Wounded Pride," a garden fence overgrown with the gourd plant; the "Life of Toyotomi Hideyoshi," with his crest and suit of armour; and the "Life of Miyamoto Musashi," with a blossoming plum tree (ume).

The books are bound in the Japanese way, with the edges of the leaves stitched into the back of the book, and the back of the leaves left uncut (the Japanese printing on one side of the page only).

They have not the beautiful margins of ordinary Japanese books, neither is the paper as beautiful, but stiffer, and imitating the European.

They are, of course, translated, and the publishers were wise enough or foolish enough to employ an English scholar of Japanese to do the translation. The translation certainly reads better, but it is a question if the books would not have been more entertaining "in English as she is spoke in Japan," for instance, by the poet who wrote an ode to women as "social glue."

"Human Nature in a Variety of Aspects" deals with the adventures of Goto Hanshiro, a warrior pilgrim, a sort of yeoman knight-errant of gigantic size, who went about wielding an iron bar that ought to have been the shaft of a steamer, striking terror into evildoers, but as good as a missionary to the good. His adventures are varied with those of Shindo Ichinojo, a samurai, who had never taken the trouble to make himself proficient in fencing or literature, the sole occupations of a Japanese gentleman of the old school. And so when he lost the favour of his lord, and became a ronin or masterless knight, he could dō nothing to earn his living.

Goto Hanshiro, adopted by a celebrated fencing master, who had rescued him while fighting an impossible number of robbers, became in his turn a famous fencing master, and occasionally "went on the road" as a warrior pilgrim. In one of these tours he rescued from robbery and murder the effeminate knight Shindo Ichinojo and his wife, and, learning that they were out at elbows, set them up in Tokyo (then called Yedo) as buyers of old paper. Some fun is made out of the knight's pompous way of carrying on his lowly calling, but the interest of the book is suddenly transferred to a friend named Bunemon, to whom he lends twenty-five ryo, wherewith Bunemon redeems a sword, which, having been pledged for a tenth of its value, the rascally pawnbroker's clerk had hoped would never be redeemed. Enraged at not being able to foreclose on it, he accuses Bunemon of stealing the money. All sorts of

complications ensue to prevent him proving his innocence, which are only unravelled by the sagacity of O-Oka Tadasuke, the Japanese Solomon, then bugyo (a kind of mayor) of Yedo.

Japanese novel writers, as evinced in this book, really show considerable ingenuity in always having a secret in hand, and the moral generally "sticks out." In some books, like "The Captive of Love," the consequences of a

ARREST OF THE PAWNBROKER'S CLERK.

man's actions, or even the actions of his parents, pursue him with the remorselessness of the Greek Ate.

There are numerous characteristic little Japanesities in this book, such as the incidents of Ichinojo being pelted by the boys because they thought he was bewitched by a fox; Ichinojo selling his daughter into prostitution to be able to lend the money to a friend in poverty (for which he is much commended); and the introduction of queer Japanese proverbs, such as "In the month of November employ no one who has not his wits about him." And the innkeeper

Chobei's advice to Ichinojo, whom he has made to adopt the business name of Chohachi, is worth quoting almost entire.

There is a line of poetry which says :—

"The small trader who
Day by day
Acts as a clock."

"If a hawker or purchaser of small things goes by the same place at the same time every day, gradually his punctuality serves to tell people what time of day it is; and thus his regularity tends to attract attention to himself first, and then to his trade. As he passes people say: 'There goes the paper buyer'; or, 'There goes the tea man. It is no doubt such and such o'clock—it is high time to be cooking the rice for dinner'; or, 'My husband will soon be home from his work'; or, 'Ofusa will soon be back from school'; and so there springs up a kind of intimacy between the residents and the punctual tradesman, which leads the former to prefer to carry on business with him rather than with any one whose visits have been less frequent or less regular. Thus it is that continual keeping at a thing brings its reward in the long run.

"Now there is little use in going, as you have been doing, through the grandest streets of the town. You should go to the back alleys, and pass the same houses at the same time every day, and as you pass speak a civil word to the inmates of the houses, such as: 'This is a very cold day'; or, 'There is no doing anything such rainy weather as this'; or, 'A busy time this, Mrs. Hikobei'; or, 'What a long spell of hot weather we are having.' Then just before you leave you should say: 'I suppose you have not any old scraps of paper to sell?'"

"Wounded Pride," though not very novelish, has a very interesting subject, the scene being laid in the court of the

great Shogun Iyemitsu, the grandson of the mighty Iyeyasu referred to above. Iyemitsu succeeded to the shogunate (military dictatorship) very young, and was in danger of having his whole career spoiled, from having his vanity fostered by every one's giving way to his prowess in everything.

At last he meets a man of sterner stuff, named Abe Tada-Aki, Bungo No Karu. Six other knights having allowed themselves to be beaten by the Shogun at singlestick, he challenges Tada-Aki, who begs to be excused because he does not wish to beat the Shogun, and he would not allow himself, a much better fencer, to be beaten by not trying. The Shogun insists, and is twice knocked down by Tada-Aki, which he will not forgive. He does not speak to Tada-Aki for nine months, though to actually punish him would be too palpably mere spite. His resentment is increased by the fact that the poem which he admires most of all the loyal effusions showered upon him at the Feast of Chrysanthemums (September 9th) turns out to be by Tada-Aki.

One is at a loss whether to admire the rhyme or the rhythm or the matter most in the English version :—

> "The longest life that is,
> For what shall it be courted,
> If not to be called his
> To whom we are devoted ?
> Just as the white flower blooms for naught,
> Save to glorify its Lord."

The continued resentment of his lord makes Tada-Aki so downcast that he determines to commit hara-kiri (disembowel himself), but his father-in-law arrives just in time to persuade him to put it off for three years out of consideration for his mother, "who, having given him birth, had a right to his body," to see if the Shogun would relent; —hara-kiri, it must be remembered, carrying with it serious consequences to the family.

The reconciliation is finally brought about by Okubo Hikozaemon, a blunt old courtier, in a very characteristic way. The Shogun has a magnificent blossoming cherry-tree in a magnificent porcelain pot, of which he is very fond. Hikozaemon asks him very earnestly to give it to him, and when he refuses smashes it to atoms. The Shogun, furious, orders him out of his presence. Hikozaemon refuses, and retorts: "Which do you esteem most, trees or men?" recounting his services to the Tokugawa house. The Shogun relents, and the old lord draws a moral and gradually introduces the subject of his fifteen months' anger with Tada-Aki. The Shogun promises to make it up on the first convenient opportunity, which occurs at a great flood at Yedo soon afterward.

Iyemitsu, wishing to see if his heroes are equal to those of his grandfather's day, calls for some knight to swim his horse across the foaming, racing flood of the Sumida-gawa, the river of Tokyo (Yedo). Since no one dares, he rides forward to essay it himself, when just at that moment Tada-Aki arrives, and followed by his old esquire, swims across the river and back again, before the Shogun and all the population of Yedo.

The Shogun was very much affected, and in his turn could hardly refrain from weeping. "I have nothing valuable here to offer you; your loyalty will be rewarded later on. In the meantime take this fan." The fan, presumably of paper, consisted of a round red ball, intended to represent the sun, with a black background; but a few days afterward Tada-Aki received, as a supplementary present, an addition of 10,000 koku (of rice) a year to his income. At the present day this would mean from £10,000 to £20,000 a year, according to the rice market, and would have meant much more wealth two hundred and fifty years ago.

The description of Tada-Aki's preparation for hari-kiri is perhaps the most notable passage in this book.

"In the meanwhile, Tada-Aki having given strict orders that no one was to approach the room that he occupied, the preparations necessary for the dire act which he had resolved to commit had to be made by himself. Deliberately did the knight rise from his seat, kindle a light, and set fire to two burners that stood in front of the pictures

PREPARING FOR HARA-KIRI—SUICIDE BY DISEMBOWELMENT.

of Amida. Then, after spreading two red rugs, intended to prevent the blood from injuring the mats, he put on a suit of white clothes, and over these his hempen dress of ceremony, after which, sitting down with his face toward the Shogun's castle, and placing his dirk by his side ready for use, he soliloquized thus :—

"'Though from the depth of my heart I am conscious of no disloyalty of any kind ; yet, owing to some occult cause, I have been destined to offend my lord. Well, it is said : "When the water is very clear no fish are found ; when the heart is upright friends are few." I have done my very best to serve my master, but since the beginning of the year,

without any real cause for it, he has looked upon me with aversion. To live when my life is no longer a source of pleasure to my lord would be a breach of loyalty, and so I will die. And thus from the land of shades shall my plea for forgiveness reach my master's ears. In reception of large emoluments and yet unable to serve the house which has bestowed them, such is the unhappy lot of Abe Tada-Aki.'

"He paused, and was about to commit the last dread act, when the sliding doors of the drawing-room were suddenly thrown back, and in rushed Hirata Dan-emon. Seeing in an instant what was contemplated, Dan-emon grasped his master's arm, and, wrenching the dirk from his hand, exclaimed: 'Are you mad that you thus attempt to commit suicide?'"

Infinitely more charming to read than the translations by the Englishman is the translation by the American, Edward Greey, of "The Captive of Love." His English is pathetic, and quaint with the introduction of the honorifics that make Japanese conversation like walking on stilts. There is a wail of "honourable father," "honourable mother," "honourable brother," and "hohourable sister" running through the book; and it is full of poetical Japanese expressions, such as "under the shadow of the tall grass," "changed her world" (death), "attaining the great western lotus terrace" (paradise).

The book brings out in strong colours the contemptuous treatment of wives, before their husbands accorded them the consideration of European women on the adoption of out-of-date German costumes. But it brings out more than anything else how ruthlessly the Japanese imagination works out the idea of the Greek "Ate"—"The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children."

Two samurai brothers and a huntsman have incurred the wrath of heaven. The offence against honour is put on a par with the offence against religion. They cannot escape

the curse, and their families suffer like themselves. The huntsman, by mumbling prayers like the priest, has lured the sacred deer of five colours into bowshot and slain it. Sir Itara Tarogo Takeyasu and Sir Itara Jiro-Jiro Takeakira, the two samurai, instead of committing hara-kiri like honourable gentlemen when their Lord, Nitta Yoshisada, with only fifty men, was defeated and slain by three thousand Ashikada retainers, fled.

Destiny follows all three to the bitter end. The elder samurai, who has entered the service of another lord as follower, marries Hachisuba, the mistress of Saikei, the worthless priest, son of the huntsman. He is poisoned by her accidentally letting a lizard drop into the cistern from which his teapot was filled in the dusk. Hachisuba has her head nearly cut off by his brother, Takeakira, who mistakes her for the priest Saikei, whose mistress she had been. He, having confessed the murder, has to commit hara-kiri.

The huntsman's wife died the very day that he got home with the dead deer of the five colours. Nine years after he died of a sort of hydrophobia. His son, though he became a priest, was foredoomed to a violent death. Every man into whose hands the skin of the deer passed came to a miserable end.

The priest soon begins his career of evil, and having obtained an ox by fraud, sells it to Takeakira for all the money he has saved. Takeakira is called away to visit his elder brother, and while he is away, the fraud having been discovered, the police arrest his family with a brutality characteristic of their profession, killing the mother with ill-treatment, and cording the wrists of the daughter as well as the son, then torturing both children to discover the whereabouts of the father.

After many adventures Saikei, the rogue of a priest, son of the huntsman, is killed by Taye, the daughter of Takeakira, on whom he has brought so many misfortunes.

Bakin, the Japanese who wrote this romance, wrote his story well. Very cleverly he depicts the priest's recurring struggles to reform, always defeated by his curse or fate. There is a supernatural element toward the close of the book, Saikei receiving help from the wife of the Thunder God (whose place on the clouds he takes during a temporary lameness of the Thunderer) in recompense for freeing the Thunder God from a tree in which he had got wedged. With her aid he temporarily staves off the vengeance of Taye and her brother. But in vain! he cannot escape his fate.

Some of Bakin's footnotes are very naïve, such as his serious dissertation on the various kinds of thunder-animals and thunder-birds, which cause thunder, though he quotes the book "Sain-rai-ki" (Record of Thunder) to show that it may have a different origin.

"The earth is full of sulphur and saltpetre, which rise in the form of mist, and, uniting in the sky, become a vapour that possesses the properties of gunpowder. When this nears the intense heat of the sun it explodes like natural gas, and the terrible sound is heard by all the world. The shock, striking animals and birds wandering in the clouds, hurls them to the ground. Therefore, thunder, lightning, and the creatures that tumble from the clouds during a storm are not one and the same thing."

He shall take leave of the reader with some of the delicious corollaries he adds to his footnotes :—

"Therefore, in these days, a younger brother can refer to the plant without fear of being despatched upon a long journey.—BAKIN."

"It is difficult to control a disposition to do wrong, but if you diligently strive to be good you will succeed; or if you persistently follow crooked courses you will end in being a very wicked person. You must curb your evil inclination as a rider does a colt. Do not fail to remember these things. It is my earnest wish.—BAKIN."

I believe that most readers of this book will feel as grateful as I do to Mr. Greey and Mr. Bakin.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OPENING OF THE JAPANESE EXHIBITION AT TOKYO (UENO).

TOKYO, *April 1st.*

THE funny little Japs have opened their funny little Exhibition to the public to-day (All Fools' Day) to the strain of "God Save the Queen," with variations which, for all I know, may make it pray Him to save the Mikado instead of the Queen. It presents the same curious mixture as the Japs themselves—a delightful display of native art and good taste, and a ridiculous display of European shoddy, typified in their dress by the combination of their pretty grey silk kimonos with the grey felt hats two sizes too big, and the charity-children's shoes.

There is some machinery; but an English expert says it amounts to nothing at all; and a good deal of grocery and raw materials. There is too much stuff of the Shiba Bazaar, Edgware Road, and Eighth Avenue order, and the kind of goods supplied by the gentleman's outfitters in the Ginza, such as dickies (shirt fronts), queer felt and straw hats, impossible garments, cheap soap and scent, and cutlery gimcracks, shoddy of the shoddy, especially prepared by Europeans for the Japanese market, or by the Japanese under the idea that they will pass for European.

This is terrible, but inevitable. On the other hand there is much to be said in favour of it. It is really a capital, though not very extensive, imitation of the annual Exhibitions that used to be held at South Kensington. It is nicely laid out; the convenience of the public is considered

in every possible way. It has much of great interest as throwing light upon Japanese customs and industries, and much of great beauty in objects of Japanese art.

It shows more conclusively than ever that the Japanese are (always barring their police and their law courts and their students) a civilised people; civilised not in the Oriental sense like the Chinese, but in the Western sense; in other words, that Japan joins Australasia in moving the western boundary of civilisation across the Pacific Ocean to the antipodes. Many Japanese of the lower orders have come in from the country for the Exhibition, and yet not once to-day have I noticed anything to distinguish the behaviour of the people wandering through the show at Ueno from that of the spectators at South Kensington or Earl's Court. The arrangement of the buildings, the organisation of the staff, and so on, are what might have been expected from Europeans of any but the most advanced nations.

This is, as people who take any interest in Japan know, the third National Exhibition in Dai Nippon, the first having been held during the civil war of 1877 and the second in 1881. It was announced then (1881) that these Exhibitions would be held every five years. Perhaps it is lucky that this one was not punctual, as it gives fussy people something to think about and talk about besides the elections for the first Parliament in Japan, which are to be held this summer, and are causing quite enough seething as it is.

The present buildings were begun in July 1888, and have already cost £35,000, not counting the buildings which have been added to eke out the space, and which are not yet finished. It is estimated that there will be over two hundred thousand exhibits, and that to visit every exhibit will entail a walk of over eleven miles, without visiting resting places or refreshment rooms.

The formal opening took place on March 26th. Generosity to foreigners is not a Japanese weakness, so there were only about a dozen of them present outside the high foreign officials. As is becoming in the representative of the rising sun, H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan does not mind leaving the floor (the orthodox Japanese don't have beds) betimes. He left the palace about 9.30, and was at the Exhibition by 10 A.M.

Just as the clock struck, the Imperial Household Band and the Imperial Body-guard Band struck up the National Anthem to salute the arrival of their Majesties. The populace maintained an absolute silence, and when the two brilliant scarlet and gold carriages containing the Emperor and Empress, and the six plain ones containing their suites, dashed up, the Imperial party were received by Prince Fushimi, President of the Exhibition, and Marquis Nabeshima, Grand Master of the Ceremonies. Escorted by the Prince and the Marquis, their Majesties passed through the marquee to an upper room in the Imperial Museum which had been prepared for their reception, where they gave audience to the President, Vice-president, and certain other chief officers of the Exhibition. During this proceeding the ladies of the Court and others took up their respective positions. At 10.24 A.M. the bands recommenced playing, this time a lively march, and the Emperor and Empress re-entered the ceremonial place. Prince Fushimi then advanced in front of the dais, and after the usual salutation proceeded to read a brief address. At its conclusion His Excellency Hanabusha handed the Prince Fushimi a casket containing a plan of the Exhibition, separate plans of the various sections, and a catalogue of exhibits, which the Prince presented to His Majesty.

The Emperor briefly responded, formally declaring the Exhibition open. His remarks only occupied the short period of about ten or twelve seconds. On behalf of the

local governors, Baron Takasaki, Governor of Tokyo City, read a congratulatory address, and this concluded the ceremony. Their Majesties, escorted by its President, then proceeded to view certain parts of the Exhibition, and the assemblage dispersed to do likewise. During the whole ceremony their Majesties remained standing.

As one went out, one had some chance of noticing the decorations which the earliness of the hour fixed for assembling had made one brush past on entering. There were no decorations and bustle to speak of until one came to the broad street that runs to the foot of Ueno. Here, right at the foot, was erected rather an effective evergreen arch at the (to us) modest cost of 250 yen (£40 or £50); a serious sum, however, to the Japanese shop-keepers, at whose expense it was put up. The inn at the side had some festoons of red lanterns, and there had been a few flags along the street. Once inside the arch the scene became gayer, with fresh white wood booths festooned with red lanterns and decked with banners. These lined most of the avenue up to the Exhibition gate.

The avenue, however, was far better decorated by its own habiliment—the cherry blossom which makes it glorious in March and April, and the fine torii at the head of the transept avenue of great stone daimio lanterns, which leads to the temple of the mighty warrior Iyeyasu, founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns. Close by stands the old black wooden gate, still riddled by the bullets of that sharp skirmish between the Tokugawas and the Imperialists, which was one of the closing tragedies of the civil war. To-day all traces of the fray are hidden in cherry blossom and bunting, as the Mikado rides past the erst stronghold of the Shogun to open an Exhibition that would hardly have been possible under the old *régime*.

The Exhibition front is a severely plain building, of the order of architecture usually consecrated to livery stables

in new watering places. But there are two Venetian masts in front, with gay streamers floating from them, and two little wooden kiosks for the sale of "Tickets for the Third National Exhibition," to break the severity of the outline. Other decorations, except a flag over the doorway and flags over the various booths, there are none.

I hurried out to do a risky thing. I was most anxious to get a picture of the Mikado in his carriage. I flew off directly I saw the escort mounting, secured my jinrikisha man, made him take up his stand just where the Emperor would pass, and squat on the shafts, while I prepared to leap on the seat just as the Emperor passed, and present kodak and fire. Which I did. How it was that I was not instantly cut down by the swords of the police for attempting the Imperial life with an infernal machine I don't know. It is another proof of the civilisation of the Japanese, or of the supernatural intelligence of the police immediately around me. It was a miracle and a mercy that I escaped. The risk I incurred when I blew myself up at the Maple Club was nothing to it.

The Imperial train struck me as in strikingly good taste. A single mounted policeman in advance to warn the stationary police to keep the avenue open, which was effected with the utmost orderliness; a smart English-looking groom; then a small troop of choice cavalry, reminding me of the Greek cavalry who were chosen for King George's body-guard on Independence Day, 1887 (though it is a far cry from Athens to Ueno); and then the two imperial carriages, with three men outside apiece. They were handsome scarlet and gold equipages, suggestive (as were also the gold-laced, three-cornered, Dr. Johnson hats and the liveries) of the sheriff's carriages in a Lord Mayor's Show. The Emperor is better looking than his photographs, and the Empress quite handsome. Then came the carriages—plain handsome carriages, six of them, with

only two servants apiece—containing the suite, and this was all. They drove faster than is thought suitable to the dignity of such an occasion in Europe, but were dignified for all that, and, as it seemed to me, in excellent taste.

After this came a rush reminding me of the Thames steamers behind the Oxford and Cambridge boats at the great race, or the flotilla of tugs which hooted after President Harrison's yacht at the Centennial Naval Review—a confused tangle of swell female Japs, who distanced Solomon in all his glory; of Japanese generals and functionaries rivalling Boulanger or Gladstone in full dress; of bettos, two-coolied jinrikishas and colliding pony carriages, completely thrown into the shade by the massive pomp of the American Legation chariot, with its amber-sashed myrmidons (Japanese, starred and striped on their backs in silk). One functionary was almost smothered in his leopard-skin rug, and another, a general in a brilliant hussar uniform, was a very fine-looking fellow.

I was most struck by a man in the crowd, a falconer, upon whose elaborately gloved wrist sat a majestic falcon, jessed but unhooded. Iyeyasu, who nearly three hundred years ago founded the lordly line of Tokugawas, unseated from their dictatorship by this very Mikado, was a mighty falconer, and Ueno is full of his memories; and here is the last falconer, an impassive spectator of . . . Verily, "*The old order changeth, giving place to new.*" I would give anything for the old order to have lasted another quarter of a century in Japan, that I might have beheld with my own eyes the reflection of the Middle Ages in Europe. Only two-and-twenty years ago Japan had her own Wars of the Roses—her Warwicks, her barons with armies of retainers, her mediæval castles and feudal pomp. They were bad old days we are always told, but desperately picturesque, and at all events good for art, from the canvases of Italy to the gold lacquer of Japan.

But to return to the Exhibition. This was on the 26th. It was not until to-day—All Fools' Day—that the general public were admitted. Probably no reflection was intended. One's own just reflection on entering was that, after all, it was not only because the Japanese are mean to foreigners that they would not let correspondents have special *entrée*, but because there was nothing unpacked.

But one soon got over one's fright, and had one's surfeit of dragons, storks, peacocks, fans and Fujiyamas, lotuses and lacquer pipe cases, paper flowers and porcelain; josses and toy gardens; baskets for chow and otherwise; kakemonos for the backs of lodging-house washhand-stands; hibachi, screens, trays, cabinets, and daimio lanterns. I can never look at a daimio lantern now without thinking of the man who ordered two dozen of them—pints. Oh the jars; three feet, six feet, nine feet high! My sister-in-law thinks that the least I can do now I am in Japan is to send her a couple for her hall. I can't think what on earth she wants them for—Australian halls are not so big as all that—except it is to pop the twins in when they come back from their poodle-dog constitutional. Once inside a pair of good thick jars they might cease to run the house for the time being.

Did I see nothing worth seeing? Impossible in an Exhibition of a people like the Japanese, who work in the true artistic way—too desultory to execute wholesale orders, but thinking no time or pains too great to devote to a piece of work with their heart in it. There are some exquisite things in the Exhibition. Take, for instance, the writing cases, eight or ten inches long, and not quite as wide—nearly square, nearly circular, or nearly diamond, but never quite the hard crude shape—gold lacquered, with some delicious little bit of old Japan in heavy relief of gold pigment on the lid, and the most delicate spotted lacquer within. They have all manner of cunning little divisions,

and the water pot, and perhaps the ink palette, too, of chased or oxidised silver,—the water pot perhaps a tiny jar with a whole scene on it in high relief, or the Imperial chrysanthemum, or a counterfeit watch.

In another room was a piece of gold silk, several feet square, with the ancient game of horse-archery woven into it,—the whole tournament,—and so deftly worked that one had to go behind it and see the thread ends the other side before one could feel certain that it was not painted.

I was agreeably surprised by some of the Japanese

PAINTING A KAKEMONO.

paintings. There was dramatic force in a man trying to rend a python's jaws, and you could see that the man was going to succeed; and there was a very pretty picture of two doves sitting in a blossoming plum tree by night, showing out against the moon.

A silk kakemono of an assassination, too, was very good. The daimio had evidently just given the signal, and was awaiting with grim stolidity. The victim was in absolute surprise, just awaking to his danger. One attendant's sword had descended through the air and was at the cleaving point, another's arrow was leaving the string. And some

of the white kakemonos with scarlet temples were glorious creations of the fancy, ætherealised Nikkos.

The silk screens, too, I noticed particularly. One of pale blue silk (to represent water, I suppose), with two life-like ducks upon it, life size; and the other, not good art, but an admirable representation in raised silk of one of the Japanese pugs—"Chin" dogs. These have as much chin and as little nose as their Willoughby cousins, the same rabbity tail, and a forehead even more suggestive of water on the brain. But the Chin dog has long hair like a King Charles, and is black and white. It looks as if some lunatic, who has gone to settle his account long since, not content with such a lady's-maid's-botheration as an English pug or a King Charles's spaniel, had set the grotesque ingenuity of the Japanese to work at blending the monstrosity of the two into a sort of canine monkey.

There was a fan in the room fully seven feet long, with spars of rich black lacquer covered to within a foot of the pivot with pale blue silk. The scene represented was the Sumida-gawa, the Thames of Tokyo, with one bank showing the cherry blossom avenue of Mukojima, enlivened with two or three gaily dressed geishas, a jinrikisha, and a couple of sampans hovering near; the other showing the broken outline of Asakusa, with its rich red pagoda and temples, and the towering majesty of Fujiyama. From the handle hung a magnificent red and gold tassel.

The centre garden of the Exhibition will be very pretty by-and-by, when the seeds which are at present lost in mud, marked with seed sticks two feet high and four inches wide, have borne flowers, and the pot trees are arranged. There is a picturesque pavilion-like marquee, flanked by two band kiosks and the Tokyo brauerei tea house. On one side of this is the shed with the silk screens, on the other side the department of woods, raw silk, raw tobacco, seeds, and so on.

One of the most interesting departments is that which represents the most universal of industries in Japan, fishing. It contains marvellous Japanese pictures of whale netting and harpooning, all manner of models of nets and fishing boats, queer Japanese flies, hooks literally as delicate as a hair (to me one of the most remarkable exhibits in the place), and endless specimens of the food—fishy or weedy—which the Japanese extract from the deep. You can see seaweed rolled like dowagers' curls, or matted together like the puffs that were the inspiration of spinsters' chignons; garfish with their noses knocked off, sliced yellow-tails, squashed flat-heads, fins of shark, dried cuttlefish, and pounded octopus—whole galleries of them. Then more garfish (this time strangled), salmon put through the mangle, strung sardines, whitefish in spirits, dried and crumbled prawns. It looked as if the sea had given up not its bones but its corpses for Japanese ghouls to batten on.

The Japanese garments on European models, such as tickle the palate of the native promenader of the Ginza, are most distressing. Their own garments are so becoming, and in such good taste and so sensible (barring the customs of shuffling about on clogs and pinioning the legs of their women), that one hates to see them tricked out in shoddy parodies of Europe. But there are endless exhibits of this kind of thing, especially in hats and boots; which latter are the very acme of vulgarity and coarseness, though there are in Yokohama Japanese bootmakers who can make admirable copies from a European model.

The silks are fascinating—that goes without saying—the Japanese have such exquisite judgment in colour and patterns when left to their own taste. It is when they wish to acquire European tastes that they fail so lamentably.

Porcelain and lacquer there is, of course, *ad nauseam*, some of it poor stuff familiar in the cheap bazaars of every capital in Christendom—the penny-three-farthing teapot and

the five cent pin tray—some of it a monument of conscientious and inspired art; while there are some silver panelled, gold lacquer cabinets, some bronze-panelled ivory-figured screens that would make European workmen despair. And, in pottery, some of the earthenware especially shows shape and touch that lifts it high in the domain of art. There is so much lacquer, faïence, and basket-ware that they would take a chapter each to describe.

I must not omit to mention excellent educational

A JAPANESE WOMAN REELING SILK.

apparatus—maps, models, scientific appliances, etc. But the whole thing is perhaps a little too like the Shiba bazaar, or a German fair in the Brompton Road.

That "the only Charles," who being a child (aged eight) speaks the truth (when he ought not to), and has had great experience of Exhibitions as we follow them round the world, was as a whole unfavourably impressed, may be gathered from the following:—

"Well, what do you think of the Exhibition, Charles?" I asked as we went into it.

"Throw it overboard."

And when I repeated the question as we came out: "Well, father, I don't think much of it, really; all I thought of it was the Japanese having the pride to play 'God Save the Queen.'"

I differed from Charles,—in some details.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MARTYRDOM OF A MISSIONARY.

MIYANOSHITA, *April 8th.*

THREE days ago the foreign residents of Japan were thunderstruck by the news of what may prove the historical, as well as most brutal and cold-blooded, murder of one of their number by Japanese assassins in Tokyo. According to the native authorities such a thing has not happened in Tokyo for twenty years.

This murder was made unusually vivid to us by our contact with the murdered man only a few hours before, at Miyanoshita, one of the favourite watering-places in Japan; exquisitely situated at the head of a gorge bounded at one end by the sea, and at the other almost under the shadow of the immortal beauty of Fujiyama. Here, at one of the best of native hotels, the Fujiya, we were all staying together on Good Friday, April 4th, enjoying the mountains and rivers, the glens and numerous cascades, the wild camellias round the temples, and the wild azaleas in the gorges, when it was suggested to Mr. Large that, as he had a considerable party and the troops would be returning from the manœuvres at Nagoya on the following day, they should go down that day. They did, with the result that before the time he had originally intended to start on the following day he was lying foully murdered in his own home.

Mr. Large was a Canadian, that is an Englishman, and he met his death as heroically as any of the thousands and ten thousands who have died round the old flag in alien

lands. He was a tall man, but not a strong man, a missionary, and therefore presumably a man of peace and unarmed. Yet he attacked two men armed with the deadly razor-like Japanese swords because there were women and a baby in the house, and continued his attack after he had received mortal wounds, until he was struck down dead. If there were more soldiers of Christ of this pattern, foreigners might be converted as well as Japanese.

His wife, too, proved herself a heroine of the Katherine Douglas pattern, for she threw herself between her husband and his murderers, and received cuts on the head, and had two fingers sliced off, and a third and the thumb fearfully gashed by seizing the swords to save him.*

He was a member of the Canadian Wesleyan Mission, which has a school for Japanese girls at Azabu, a beautiful suburb of Tokyo, noted for its blossoming trees, its irises, and its chrysanthemums; and also containing in its outskirts the graves of two other victims hacked to pieces by the swords of the Japanese, Heusken—interpreter to the American Legation, and Denkichi, Japanese linguist to the English Legation. The new American Legation is in Azabu, and so is the house temporarily occupied by Sir Edwin Arnold.

The mission school is an extensive, and, for Japan, lofty building; and Mr. Large was in the habit of sleeping upstairs, almost at the end of a narrow passage, flanked on one side by a staircase, the end room being a sort of dressing-room leading off his. He slept with the doors open, partly as a protection to the girls, partly as a precaution against earthquakes. "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder," runs the Litany. It would seem that in Japan, if nowhere else, it would be more Christian to guard against the hand of man

* I am thankful to say that this brave woman recovered completely—spared to bring the baby up worthily of its father.

than against the hand of God. People invite their fate who sleep unarmed, and with open doors, in a country where burglars invariably go about with drawn swords. The habit encourages Japanese burglars, who will not face revolvers, to attack the house, in addition to making their victim helpless.

The story is briefly this: Mr. and Mrs. Large, who had returned that day from Miyanoshita, were asleep in their bedroom upstairs, when Mrs. Large was aroused by the entry of the burglars.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Large.

"We have business," was the reply.

Mr. Large sprang at them, and at the door, as he was endeavouring to intercept their flight, received three terrific cuts on the head, from any of which he must have died shortly. Nothing daunted he persisted in the chase, and seizing one of the villains was hurling him over the banisters, when he was literally hacked to pieces by the other, in spite of the heroic efforts of his wife, who flung herself between them and seized the swords by the naked blades, receiving seven wounds in the head, and having two fingers sliced off besides the injuries to the others. Mr. Large then fell dead. Meanwhile Miss Lizzie Hart, one of the teachers, also a Canadian, had thrust her head out and at first withdrawn it in terror; but a moment afterwards, reflecting that her duty as a Briton was to do something to help, sprang out. But Mr. Large was dead and the murderers had fled. Mrs. Large, utterly oblivious of her own terrible injuries, was bathing her husband's face in the vain hope of preserving the vital spark.

What were the assassins' motives? The *primâ facie* evidence is in favour of plunder, for the school fees had just been paid in, about 800 yen (£130 to £160), and Mr. Large kept them in a safe in the house, the key of which Mrs. Large carried on her person. Without it the safe was a

sufficiently good one to be proof against the robbers, and she had taken it with her up to Miyanoshita. Therefore it was natural that they should wait until her return, and come the night the Larges had made a fatiguing journey, in the hope of their being in a dead sleep. Again, when the robbers had entered the house and bound the watchman's hands and feet, after telling him that they would kill him if he raised the alarm, they unbound his feet and made him show them the way to the safe, and afterwards to the bedroom where the Larges were sleeping, to get the key of the safe. The watchman was an accomplice, as will be shown. One, at all events, of the robbers was a practised swordsman, and therefore of the better class. This tallies with the idea of plunder. Japan is full of bubble companies, some lasting only until the shareholders' money is exhausted; others, more fortunate, until they have consumed a subsidy as well. There is, therefore, widespread ruin among the investing classes, who are in desperation for money.*

Of course Mr. Large may have owed his death to an outburst of hatred against foreigners. But this means paying some thousand pounds' indemnity, and a stumbling-block to treaty revision ; not very likely, therefore, among a people so much governed as the Japanese. Or it may have been instigated by the Buddhist priests, who are extraordinarily bitter against the North American missionaries, whether from the United States or Canada. Or it may have been personal hatred for the dismissal of a pupil or a servant. A little while back an American schoolmaster dismissed a Japanese boy from his school, and received a manifesto from forty others, written in their blood, threaten-

* Since the Azabu murder, a policeman has been murdered as he was escorting a bank messenger with 12,000 yen from one bank to another. He was a fine fellow—the Japanese die like men—and with three bullets through his vitals managed to hold on to his man till help came. The prisoner proved to be a man of position who needed money.

ing him with death unless he reinstated the boy. The Larges have received several such threatening letters. One theory is that one of the murderers was a cook they had discharged.

That the murderers had an accomplice is evident. Unless particularly well informed of the movements of the Larges, they would not have known of their coming back a day before they had previously arranged to. The watchman had been considered extraordinarily stupid. Stupid Japanese are dangerous; their literature, from the story of the forty-seven ronins downwards, is crowded with stories of how a man obtained his revenge by counterfeiting extra stupidity or apathy. The watchman's stupidity clearly was "a blind." His hands were bound behind him only as "a blind"; otherwise they would have taken the precaution of gagging him as well. The Japanese do not fear death, and had he not been an accomplice he would never have conducted them so glibly to the safe and to his master's bedroom, and then with feet free, mouth ungagged, and no one watching him, have abstained from a single effort to give the alarm.

Lastly, the question arises why had Mr. Large, unarmed, the incredible heroism to recklessly attack two men armed with the deadly razor-bladed swords of the Japanese. He was not at all a reckless man; but there were a number of women and his baby in the house, and he fought—deliberately threw away his own life to gain time for them to escape or raise the alarm, like the French dragoons in the war of 1870, who charged to certain annihilation to create a diversion while their infantry escaped.

Will anybody deny this young Canadian soldier of Christ his place in the noble army of martyrs and heroes?

CHAPTER XXI.

TO KOBE, FOR THE MIKADO'S NAVAL REVIEW.

KOBE, *April 22nd.*

SINCE I wrote the last chapter the Mikado has reviewed his navy. He is kept so very mysterious that it is difficult to sift reports about him ; but the *on dit* is that the very sight of a ship is almost enough to make him seasick, as might be expected in one whose ancestors for generations have hardly been allowed to breathe the outside air.

I don't know what the Mikado thought about it all—he doesn't much communicate his thoughts to the public—but to foreigners it gave a great opinion of Japanese " go," and it certainly was a rather imposing display, miniature as it may seem beside the great naval displays of England to greet the Queen's Jubilee, and the German Emperor's visit. For, besides the graceful old U.S. frigate *Omaha* and a couple of Russian warships (one of them the tremendous *Admiral Nakimoff*, an English-built leviathan improved from the model of the *Impérieuse*), there were no less than seventeen Japanese men-of-war, moored in a couple of lines, for the Japanese flagship, carrying the Mikado, and her consort to pass through. The starboard line contained eight modern ships, and the port line nine more or less obsolete ; nineteen sail all told.

From earliest dawn Kobe was in a great state of excitement. They began saluting at 8 A.M., with so little apparent object that irreverent foreigners said it was their heathen way of praying for fine weather. If it was they

succeeded emphatically, for a more glorious day could not have been desired ; calm, clear, and warm—deuced warm.

About nine the Mikado, who certainly does "leave the floor" very early, arrived, and drove through a triumphal arch ; really a very good one—quadruple, made of evergreens trimmed with thousands of mandarin oranges, and fluttering with huge Japanese ensigns. The principal device by day was the kiku (chrysanthemum), the Imperial crest, also done in oranges, over each archway ; and by night, in electric light, the words "Long Live" in good Anglo-Saxon; another evidence of the coming Volapuk!

No sooner had the Emperor and a long line of dignitaries contributed their part of the show than a fresh one was supplied by a pickpocket, caught red-handed. The Japanese have no mercy for pickpockets. My very first night in Tokyo, as I have mentioned in a previous chapter, a man tried to pick the pocket of my covert coat. He got nothing out of it, and there was nothing in it but a lead pencil and the stub of a note-book, nor was I aware that he had been testing my pocket. But suddenly I saw the crowd mildly lynching a man, and some one pointed to my pocket. The second time this happened, on New Year's Day at the Asakusa fair, it did not contain even this much, for I was using the note-book.

To-day I heard cries of rage from the crowd, and saw a policeman flourishing a rope. I knew that an arrest was imminent : the Japanese do not handcuff their prisoners, but pinion their hands together with ropes. There was a struggle on the ground, and then the prisoner leapt up wildly, with his bound hands over his head, trying to shield it from the blows of twenty umbrellas—the Jap always carries a European "Sairey Gamp," unless he is very poor. He was thrown down again, and battered, without regard for his eyes, with umbrellas. And then a tremendous struggle began, right in the middle of which were a tall

young Englishman and a tall young American beating back the crowd. I knew the American, and, rushing as near as I could, called out to him by name to know if he wanted my help—*in partibus infidelium* it is the sacred duty of the Englishman and the American to stand by one another. He called out "No," but I stood by to step in if he were harder pressed. Then, presently, the police charged the mob, and carried the prisoner off in triumph, and my friend came out.

"I suppose those beggars were trying to rescue the man who had picked your pocket," I said; "but you managed to hold on to him."

"On the contrary," he replied, "it was I who was trying to rescue him. They kept throwing him down and trying to jump on him, and we interfered to save the poor beggar."

Bravo England and America!

But to return to the Mikado and his naval review. He went down to the Hyogo wharf and embarked on a launch, with a Japanese naval ensign almost as big as itself, and without any open deck at all.

The Japanese naval ensign, recently adopted, has huge rays added to the sun of the ordinary Japanese flag, and is blazoned in crimson instead of scarlet.

A string of other launches conveyed the rest of the cavalcade. I, meanwhile, had driven post haste down to the Kobe hatoba, and pushed off in a sampan to the fine cutter yacht of an Australian friend, Mr. Nicholas. This yacht, built by an exceedingly clever local builder (Mr. Sim, the president of the Kobe Athletic Club), has an auxiliary screw, and at once got up steam to go and meet the Mikado—there wasn't enough wind to blow out a match.

By flew the launches merrily, and ran alongside of the stately *Takachiho-Kan*, of 3650 tons, the flagship, English built, with nearly every latest improvement, and capable of steaming, it is said, about twenty knots an hour.

She was covered with bunting, carrying at her fore peak the Imperial flag, a huge gold chrysanthemum on a crimson ground, and at her main the naval ensign, besides the festoons from nose to stern. The hatchway, too, was gorgeously draped, and the entire ship's company mustered at attention.

There was no indecent hurry about the Mikado's boarding her—it took some quarter of an hour, and placing a chair for him on the hurricane deck was done with the same deliberateness. But at last he was safely on board, and the small craft cleared away from the port side, and then the flag-ship swung slowly round and steamed ahead, first to the strains of the rather solemn Japanese National Anthem, and afterwards to the less dignified strains of "Oh, bother the flowers of Spring," —particularly appropriate for a sea trip by the Mikado on a fine spring morning. Then she steamed rapidly, followed by her consort, down the shore side and up between the lines of the fleet, which had fired their salutes almost as soon as the Emperor left the shore, but which now manned their yards in his honour.

The great Russian *Admiral Nackimoff*, of 8000 tons, and her consort, and the U.S.S. *Omaha*, with her towering spars, did the same. The Russian flagship looked magnificent. She was literally packed with men, and rose up out of the sea as imposingly as the castle of Nagoya. When the Mikado had passed up and down his faithful fleet he steamed off for Kure, a masked arsenal in the Inland Sea, with a very narrow entrance channel.

Besides the *Takachiho-Kan* the Japanese have her sister ship, the *Naniwa-Kan*, and several other fine modern men-of-war, and they have a despatch boat of phenomenal speed. Altogether they made a very respectable show. They kept such good lines that I inquired if they had any European officers. None, I was told, though an English naval instructor happened to be a guest on board one of the older ships.

After the *Takachiho-Kan*, 3650 tons, and the *Naniwa-Kan*, 3650 tons, the most recent ships taking part in the review were the *Fuso-Kan*, ironclad, 2154 tons, the *Hiyei-Kan*, 2154 tons, the *Kaimon-Kan*, 1400 tons, the *Katsuragi-Kan*, 700 tons, the *Kongo-Kan*, 1431 tons, the *Musashi-Kan*, 1476 tons, the *Nisshin-Kan*, 709 tons, the *Tsukuba-Kan*, 808 tons, the *Yamato-Kan*, 1467 tons. The Mikado went down to Kure literally before the wind, for a fine breeze sprang up abaft him the moment after he had gone. We spread the big white wings of the *Snowflake*, blew out her fires, let Miss Aroostook take the helm (as usual), and stood away for the Kiushiu coast.

The excitement of the day being over, after an hour or two's sail I wanted to get ashore; so next time we got near Kobe we looked about for a sampan. Presently we hailed one, and making him hoist his sail I scudded away to Kobe in a very few minutes. It was a great relief to me, for we had only arrived there the night before, by the Nippon Yussen Kwaisha boat *Kobe Maru*, and Kobe looked so delightfully green, nestling at the foot of its hills.

I jumped into a riksha just as the day was turning from the heat of afternoon to the cool of sundown, and drove off to the river banks. The river, for a wonder, had some water in it—a pretty, gravelly torrent, with jolly little Jap children paddling about in it. I gave a sigh of relief as I drove under the tall firs which border it; the wild roses were just bursting into leaf and the banks ablaze with violets and the Japanese clover, o-hana—*the* flower, as the riksha boy called it. There was quite a chorus of singing birds, and a colony of the ubiquitous British sparrow had settled in a clump of bamboo; a stone dislodged them in hundreds. I drove on, and went so far on the bank furthest from the town that at last I began to get anxious on the subject of bridges. I questioned the riksha boy. He said, "Yes; very near."

Shortly afterwards he pulled up near a plank a foot and

a half wide. I did not see exactly what was going to happen, but he motioned me to get out, and taking his riksha on his head scrambled down the steep bank, over the plank, and up the other bank almost as quickly as I did.

As we drove home along the other bank a regular picnic was beginning ; families and families of Japs were spreading their red blankets and preparing the inevitable cha (tea). Many of them were lighting their lanterns, as the dusk was just falling. Sweet and cake stalls were congregating, and the brilliant dresses of the children lent the final touch. We turned back into the town, and found the "Kobe Asakusa" brilliantly illuminated and with a fair going on. The Mikado's arch, a little further on, looked regularly splendid with electric light.

After dinner we made up a party and went to the fair : the flower part of it was rather pretty, because they had tree peonies. We had some amusement at archery with the tiny Japanese parlour bows, at about thirty shots a halfpenny, the arrows being handed to us by the prettiest of gaily dressed musumés. The rest of the fair I will not describe ; it was the usual business of theatrical, dioramic, juggling, and acrobatic shows; stalls with cheap combs, hairpins, soap, pipe cases, and other fol-de-rol dear to the Japanese holiday maker.

We were glad to hurry away to a pretty tea garden on the side of a hill, Chinese fashion, full of queer little ponds with tiny toy bridges, of stone daimio lanterns, summer houses closable with paper slides, Chinese lanterns, camellias, azaleas, bamboos, and twisted firs. We engaged a summer house, and instantly a gaily dressed little musumé brought the tall Japanese floor candlesticks, and set them on the spotless pale yellow inch-thick mats which take the place of carpets in Japanese homes. She was going to pull the shoji (paper slides), but we bade her leave them open, not only for the prettiness of the garden, but because right

opposite us a large Japanese party was going on, which had arrived at such a state of hilariousness that they had thrust their shutters wide open.

About half the party were geishas, of course most brilliantly attired, surrounded with the scores of little saucers of a Japanese banquet; the samisens were tumming gaily, and the squeaky little Japanese voices singing. The men were all smoking and drinking saké, and gradually dis-

MUSUMÉS.

robing themselves of the European costume, which prevented their feeling quite at ease. One old Jap was stumping up and down, scolding furiously; but we could not make out whether he was angry with us for looking (in which case he could easily have shut his slides), or with the attendance, or with his non-success in the affections of the ladies.

We ordered "Yokohama bieru saké," which, being interpreted, is the lager beer of the country, and had musumés thrown in. We wound up by braving the wrath of the choleric old Jap, and making a close inspection of his orgy

as we went out. We had no compunction in doing this, because the Japanese watch us like lunatics. If we go into a shop or a temple they crowd round us in scores; and when Miss Aroostook and a sentimental cavalier ensconce themselves in contemplative parts of gardens, will actually climb trees or peep under their umbrellas to espy them. Fair is fair: they want to see us and we want to see them.

The next day was a busy one. In the morning we drove to the beautiful Ikuta temple dedicated to the Empress Jingo—who, by-the-bye, would make a very good patron saint for Jingoism, as she was the conqueress of Corea and mother of the God of War, Hachiman, who shares the dedication. It is one of the most beautiful Shinto temples I have seen, with its mellow brown walls and exquisitely thatched roofs, remarkable alike for their elegance and the fineness of the texture of their thatch. And a fine specimen of a pure Shinto roof is about as beautiful a thing as can be imagined, with its thick, close thatch, glorious curves, and massive black beams glittering in the sun with gilt barrel ornaments. There are two such roofs at Ikuta. All round are dotted queer little shrines to subsidiary deities, and at the back stretches an avenue of the quaint red torii.

Round every Shinto temple trees are planted for renewing the temple in the future. But when they become very fine, people grow attached to them and regard them as sacred, hanging a fringe of thatch or rope round them to denote the presence of a deity. There are many such trees at Ikuta—splendid cryptomerias, and camphor woods, and camellias as large as forest trees, just now blazing with scarlet flowers. At the entrance of the temple a sacred pony is kept, and fed by the pious on beans, the sale of which furnishes a livelihood to some poor soul in the temple. This pony has weird blue eyes flashing fire, and is very mad—perhaps it is considered sacred on that account. I do not know what the Japanese idea is on this subject, but in some

half-civilised countries this is the case. They have a plantation of Corean bamboos here which they call the Empress Jingo's fishing-rod.

Thence we went to a temple called, as far as I remember, Tofukuji, like the last an exceedingly ancient one ; in fact it claims to have been the original Buddhist temple in Japan. The monastery has some very pretty details, but what interested us most was the casting of a new Daibutsu, almost as big as the one at Kamakura, which was being made entirely out of bronze mirrors offered by the faithful. There were hundreds of them in the priest's room, each with its label. The way in which they cast the image was very amusing : they moulded a little clay on the part already made, then, out of a small iron cauldron hung over a small sort of hibachi, scooped up a spoonful of molten metal and poured it into the mould. At this rate a forty-feet image may be expected to take some time. Just inside the gateway there is an inscription claiming for the temple the introduction of Buddhism into Japan.

Hence we drove to Shin-ko-ji, which has rather an extensive Chinese garden, and a beautiful little Daibutsu (if one might be allowed to use such an Irishism) with a very fine face and the look of infinite compassion characteristic of the best Buddhas. It has an aureole. What took me out there was the tomb just opposite, that of the famous Kiyomori, one of the great national heroes of Japan; erected as far back as 1286, the base like the tower of a Japanese castle. The monument itself is a pagoda-shaped pillar of thirteen large stones ; they looked as if they must have been shaken down from time to time by earthquakes and put up again. But the Japanese assure you otherwise, and point out with great pride that it is six hundred years old.

Six hundred years old is a great shibboleth in Japan now. They used to say that everything was two or three thousand

years old, but finding out that foreigners considered nearly anything of such antiquity fabulous, they always say a thing is six hundred years old when they wish to draw the long bow. It has a little grove of pine trees.

In the afternoon we visited the waterfall and the Moon Temple. The waterfall is a succession of cascades, rather a pretty one, though not considerable. The most striking thing about it is the number of tea houses. At every single point where one could possibly pause to look a minute, there is one of these aggravating tea sheds, with a bevy of fifth-rate musumés jabbering "Good morning," "Come in," and so on, and, before you know where you are, planting a tray of the lugubrious Japanese tea and some of their chalky or greasy sweetmeats in front of you. They are an awful nuisance; one simply can't enjoy the landscape at one's own discretion.

The road to the Moon Temple was not quite so bad, because it was farther off and so much longer. At its foot stood a primitive native rice mill, with stamps worked by water power; for which we were thankful—in some places one sees naked men jumping on the treadles. Then we passed a sweet little glen, full of tall wild camellias, with a rushing rivulet at the bottom, through the gateway of a Buddhist temple recently burnt. And then came the climb. The mountain was 2400 feet high, and Kobe being a seaport, naturally one had to start at sea level. The climb was a very beautiful one from its sea views and wild flowers. There was a blaze of azaleas, from the tiny white one to the large purplish one; and the violets, gentians, and a little blue flower, quite as bright, but more the shape of a forget-me-not, lit up the whole pathway. The violets were especially lovely, though scentless; great, dark, velvety blossoms, with their purple shading off into all manner of rich light tints at the edges. What a prize for an English gardener! The gentians were scarce, but the other little blue flower, which

had very often a red blossom on the same stalk, was ubiquitous, as was the stately *osmunda regalis*—our royal fern. Unfortunately, just as we were getting to the finest part of the walk where the groves of the temple begin, it came on to pelt, spoiling our enjoyment of the forest of wild camellias.

Miss Aroostook, in a delicate China-silk "suit" she had had made for the Hong Kong races, skirt, vest, and jacket lapelled with rich white silk, a most suitable costume for the semi-tropical heat in which we had started, after a couple of minutes looked like a rat which had recently escaped drowning. And Captain S——'s black and white shepherd's plaid (which had been the envy of the entire settlement) draggled till he looked like an umbrella shut while it is dripping. I had flannels on, and could afford to laugh at them as they trailed up the innumerable steps at the top of the hill. Japs are very great on steps; they know the value of elevations in architectural gardening, and stone and labour are almost as cheap as dirt here, so they scatter them broadcast.

The outworks of this temple are rather castle-like; and it has some glorious cherry trees with double blossoms as big as roses, and as fragrant as heliotrope.

The first question we asked after our long hot climb was in what part of the temple they sold Yokohama beer. A climb of a minute or two brought us face to face with the large red triangle of "Lord Bass" hanging among various sacred emblems of the Buddhist creed. For about two shillings we were supplied with a quart bottle of the genuine article, four umbrellas, and permission to help ourselves to the cherry blossom *ad lib.*

The Moon Temple has nothing whatever to do with the moon. It is dedicated to Maya Bun (perhaps the first foreigner who heard this thought it sounded like moon), the mother of Buddha; and on fine days she gets an

exquisite view from this *pied-à-terre*. But we saw nothing of anything except the worshippers, and we saw too much of them, because they arrived at the top almost naked, having been stripping at the bottom for heat, and near the top to save their fine clothes. The temple possesses little of interest in itself. We were very glad to get back to our splendid rooms at the Hyogo Hotel, the great airy sitting-room with its broad verandah within a stone's throw of the harbour, just now full of the imposing array of men-of-war and nearly twenty huge ocean steamers, besides a fleet of American oil clippers. To-morrow we shall go over the embankment to hunt for small curios in the busy streets of the native town; go through the vast saké go-downs on the road to Ozaka, where they brew the most famous saké in Japan; go and see some of the native baths with their natural hot springs, pretty Chinese gardens, and display of the human form divine—gods and goddesses; and in the evening climb up to what Miss Aroostook calls the "crema-tery," where, as our favourite riksha man says: "Japanese man makee catch fire," this ceremony, according to the same authority, not taking place until the evening. But the European residents say that the appliances here are very rude.

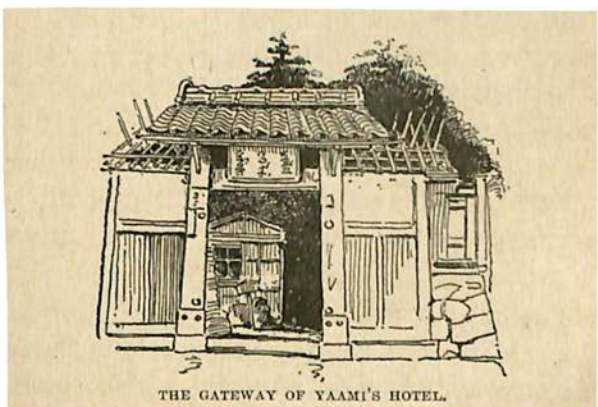
And the next day, and the next day, and the next day we shall be skimming down the Inland Sea in the beautiful auxiliary screw cutter yacht *Snowflake*, visiting queer old daimio castles on the coast of inhospitable Kiushiu, and temples and villages whose characteristics have not been obliterated by the too frequent feet of western travellers.

CHAPTER XXII.

KYOTO DURING THE ENGLISH ROYAL VISIT.

KYOTO, *May 1st.*

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their party are here, staying at the same hotel as we are—Yaami's ; so this chapter will necessarily be a good deal taken up with them. Which is awkward in one way, for even if I had nothing to say about them I feel as if I



THE GATEWAY OF YAAMI'S HOTEL.

could fill a whole volume with Kyoto, it is such an epitome of old Japan.

In the first place there are the ancient Imperial palace and gardens, and mausoleum, and the feudal castle, with its gloriously painted wall screens and ceilings, the home in Kyoto to which the mighty Shogun (military dictator) Iyeyasu rode down the broad flagged Tokaido (the great highroad between the eastern and western capitals) from his

own capital in the north-east—Tokyo—whenever he went to his puppet Emperor. Tokyo and Kyoto mean eastern and western capital; but they are comparatively modern names. Tokyo in those days was Yeddo, and Kyoto, Saikio. Iye-yasu, on those occasions, went down with a long train of nobles and a whole army of feudal retainers, all in the utmost splendour.

And besides these royal dwellings, Kyoto is full of magnificent temples, most of them standing in stately groves of immemorial cryptomerias, or gardens of the quaint pattern introduced from China and so sympathetically acclimatised in Japan, with their imitation mountains and lakes, and waterfalls and caves, their fantastic rockwork, their toy bridges, their firs and maples cut into the oddest shapes—a galley in full sail, a tortoise, or what not—and last, but not least, a little hermitage, plain of the plain, the Cha-no-ma, for the ceremony of the solemn tea drinking.

What temples Kyoto has! Nishi Hongwanji, a city in itself, with a perpetual fair going on in its purlieus and precincts, which alone would be worth visiting even if it had not its enormous Hon-do and Amida-do, its ancient ging-ko tree to extinguish fires, its vast monastery with a priceless gallery of kakemonos. It has also a famous Chinese garden; but the two best of these gardens in Kyoto belong to the temples of the Gold and Silver Pavilions, Kinkakuji and Ginkakuji, which have likewise magnificent collections of pictures and kakemonos.

Then there are the Chionin Temple, with its enormous bell eighteen feet high and seventy-five tons in weight, which makes the air vibrate a hundred or two hundred yards away when it rings; the Gion Temple, with its archery and monkeys and shows; Kiyomidzudera, built on piles out from the mountain side; Sanjusanjendo, with its iris bed and its thirty-three thousand images of Kwannon; and the temple of Inari, the Rice Goddess, with grounds and

A Japanese Monastery.

torii stretching over a whole mountain still haunted by foxes, the guardians of the deity, represented in rude stone images in all her shrines. These are only a few of Kyoto's hundred temples. They must suffice as samples: Kyoto has more than her temples.

A riksha drive in one direction enables the tourist in a single day to see the beauties of Lake Biwâ, the two-thousand-year-old fir tree, and the lovely lakeside monasteries of Miidera and Ishiyamadera.

In another day another drive will take him to shoot the famous rapids of Arashiyama and back, and a two or three days' trip in a riksha will take him to Nara, with its treasury full of the treasures collected by the Mikados during a thousand years, its great Daibutsu (a bronze image of Buddha sixty-three feet high), its glorious scarlet azaleas, wild and running wildfire, its exquisite deer park, and the most perfect of all Shinto temples, the Kasuga No Miya.

Besides, on the way thither he will pass Biodoin, a wooden temple older than the Norman Conquest, built in the form of a phœnix (conventionalised) on the banks of the rushing Ujigawa, half way between Kyoto and Nara, near the famous tea plantations of Uji, which produce the costliest tea in the world.

So much for the tourist in search of the picturesque. But Kyoto has much more to offer yet: here are the most famous porcelain and silk shops of Japan. Out on the Tokaido, as you drive to Lake Biwâ, you can see the potteries, at which the costly creamy Kyoto porcelain is made, in full whir; and the silk factories you can visit on the banks of the river. Here every May is the cherry dance, the miyako odori, performed by the most celebrated dancers from all parts of Japan; and every August the okuribi, the ring of bonfires in the shape of letters and emblems, lighted on the hills all round the city for the

Bon Matsuri, the Feast of the Dead. All the year round the Theatre Street is full of performances of wrestling, no dances, horrible tragedies, jugglery, wax works, peep-shows, etc. And here is the most picturesque hotel in Japan,—Yaami's,—standing on Maruyama, a hill overlooking the whole of this quaint Oriental city.

It is in this hotel that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are staying. We had been here about a week when they arrived. Of course the English people in the place were all expectation. The party was characteristically quiet; it consisted only of the Duke and Duchess, his Aide-de-camp (Colonel W. E. Cavaye) and Mrs. Cavaye, Sir John McNeill, V.C., the doctor, and the servants, two of whom were noticeable—the German valet, a man with the physique and face an artist would choose for a Viking, and the quaint Hindoo, Damodar, the most picturesque thing in Kyoto when he wore his white native dress and crimson turban. They just rattled up in rikshas like anybody else, except that they went to the extravagance of two riksha boys apiece; there were no Imperial carriages sent to meet them. Arrived at the hotel they were met by mine host, Yaami San, who did no more kowtowing than he would over an ordinary wealthy guest (perhaps because he couldn't well exaggerate on that), and conducted to the wing of the hotel which had been set apart for their use. It had in all twelve rooms, six on the ground floor and six on the upper floor, one or two of which had been converted into sitting-rooms *pro tem.*, notably No. 1 on the ground floor, which made a good deal of difference to us, because we had the end suite of rooms on the first floor in the main block, and couldn't help seeing most of what went on in the royal sitting-room without looking. It was warm weather, and Prince and Scribbler had to keep the windows wide open. One thing we could do, and that we did—refrain from using our verandah on the side which overlooked the

royal rooms. The First Secretary of the British Legation, Master of Napier, and the Assistant Japanese Secretary joined the Duke here, the former bringing the Hon. Mrs. Napier with him; and later on friends, Colonel Lindsay, R.E., and Mrs. Lindsay, joined the party. They were on their way home from India, and had forty-two trunks. I fancy that most of the Japanese thought Colonel Lindsay was the Duke.

Yaami San, imagining that the Duke would like to keep himself as private as the Mikado, had estreated the smoking-room and converted it into a royal dining-room; but His Royal Highness makes a point of always going to *table-d'hôte* except when he wants meals at irregular hours. He frequently rolls breakfast and lunch into one.

The Duchess spends much of her time in buying curios and embroideries, both from the curio shops and the curio hawkers who hang round Japanese hotels. She enjoys chaffering with them as much as the most ordinary daughter of Eve.

The Duke, after he has shaved himself in full view (though he doesn't know it) of half the hotel, enjoys lounging about in one or other of the sunny verandahs, which, of course, are instantly vacated for the royal party whenever they step out into them by all the English people, in spite of his good-natured expostulations; and the quaint gardens of the hotel are a perpetual source of delight to him. There is one in a little courtyard abutting on the passage leading from his wing to the dining-room which is a perfect picture, with its life-size bronze storks in various attitudes of strutting about, its beautiful bronze fountain, its quaint stone votive lanterns, its iris beds ablaze with white and purple *fleurs-de-lis*, and its azaleas, masses of red, white, and yellow blossoms. They are just now in their full perfection, and you can judge of the care bestowed on them by the fact that, if it comes on to rain heavily at any

hour of the day or night, a coolie darts out and spreads a huge sort of coachman's umbrella (of paper) over each.

In front of the royal apartments the grounds are left *au naturel*—a sort of little gorge, with a mountain torrent trickling or foaming down it, according to the weather; for this is the rainy season, and the season is practising what it preaches. In front of our block, which is *en echelon* to the Duke's, the garden is chiefly lawn, with a sweet little scarlet shrine to Inari, the rice goddess, at one end of it, guarded by the customary foxes (in stone). But the *tour de force* of all these beautiful gardens is opposite the temple-roofed hotel porch. This garden is at a dozen different elevations, connected by the picturesque little flights of stone steps which play such an important part in Japanese landscape gardening. It has its tiny lake for gold fish, its waterfall, fully six feet high and a foot broad, and its river even broader and at least three inches deep, all of them crossed by funny little stone bridges. It has also, of course, its miniature mountain and rocks, its tortured maple and fir trees, and such thickets of azalea in full flower, haunted by black butterflies as big as humming-birds, which I am always trying to photograph, as they hover, almost vertically, like a hawk.

The royal party have the very simplest habits. Claret and seltzer for the ladies, and whisky and seltzer for the gentlemen, in very moderate libations, wash down the ordinary *table-d'hôte* dinner for them. The servants make no particular fuss over them; even when they are told that the Duke is "an English Mikado" they are not much impressed. The lower class Japanese cannot take in the idea of a prince who is not Japanese. It seems too preposterous to them.

The authorities are not making any particular fuss over them either. So far nothing has been said about showing them over the Imperial Palace, which is closed to the ordinary public just now because the Emperor has only

lately left it (almost simultaneously with the arrival of the Duke—*verb. sap.*). Though, to be sure, they have sent a Marquess of the Imperial Household to take him over the Imperial Treasuries at Nara, twenty or thirty miles away, which are hardly ever shown to foreigners. The Duke seemed rather interested, and good-naturedly proposed that, being a writer, I should accompany the party; but the Duchess refused to go, not unnaturally hardly thinking the drive worth the candle. So, to my great disappointment, the affair fell through; for it is one of the finest ancient collections in the world, the undisturbed accumulation of more than a thousand years.

The miyako-odori, the famous cherry dances, to which I shall devote a separate chapter, are in full swing just now. The royal party have been twice to them and are vastly delighted. They certainly are a very pretty spectacle, and the most famous dancers from all parts of Japan have been brought together to take part in them.

This is a regular fairing-time in Kyoto; not only the cherry dances, but horse archery, archery galleries, riding in in the ring, wrestling matches, monkey performances, and a species of Aunt Sally, in which the place of that much battered female is taken by the Seven Gods of Wealth, are in full swing.

In the archery galleries you get about twenty shots for a sen (less than a halfpenny). The "only Charles" has accordingly conceived a passion for archery, and wheedles all the gentlemen in the hotel into taking him down to the shooting galleries. Last night he set upon the Duke himself in his pursuit.

"There's splendid shooting here," said the child.

"Indeed!" said the Duke. "Where?"

"In the archery gallery. Do you go in for it much?"

The Duke confessed that so far he had not paid much attention to it.

"You can get nearly a hundred shots a penny," continued the astute Charles, trying to tempt His Royal Highness by the inexpensiveness of his amusement.

"Where is it?" asked H.R.H., entering into the spirit of the thing.

It turned out to be half a mile away, in the middle of the Gion Temple. The Duke said, with reluctance, that he couldn't go so far.

"I suppose you'll have to be with the Duke this evening?" asked the rather crestfallen Charles, who knew he was talking to one of the royal party, but had not the least idea what an illustrious member of it he had selected.

"I am afraid I shall," said the Duke; "but you come along with me, little man, and I'll take you to him."

And off they went to the royal apartments, where the Duchess (who has children of her own the width of the world away) kissed him, and gave him sweetmeats, and played with him for an hour or two.

We missed him, and when he came back of course asked where he had been.

"With the Princess," he said; "and, do you know, she is a real princess—very pretty."

Charles's (*ætat* eight) previous experience of princesses had been in fairy tale books, where they are always very pretty, unless there is the express reason for their being very hideous that they are young step-mothers.

Which isn't invariably the case in real life.

Yaami's has a most delightful situation on the hill of Maruyama, an advance guard or spur jutting out of the ring of mountains which girdles Kyoto, as the little green hill with the Englishmen's grave juts out into the Bosphorus at Constantinople. Behind it rises a forest-clad mountain, and it is surrounded by native tea houses and pleasure resorts, except on one side, where the mighty Chionin

Temple with its mighty eighty-ton bell sends forth the sounds of picturesque worship.

The house itself, which is built in the European fashion, though environed by the Jappiest of gardens, is plain enough from the European point of view, though doubtless the good citizens of Kyoto think it a marvel of magnificence. But the rooms are of a good size, well-windowed, and airy—in the winter I should say confoundedly airy; for Kyoto, being in the mountains, has a severe winter.

The view from the windows is simply magnificent; the whole of the great imperial city is spread in a panorama before us, with its vast temples, such as the Hongwanji (Nishi and Higashi), standing up black against the sky like the great north head of Sydney Harbour.

And Yaami San has a capital idea of running an hotel. He is intelligent and obliging, and tries to make his servants do everything in a way to satisfy European requirements.

The furniture, it is true, is simple. It is all right for us old campaigners, but it must be a change for the Duke and Duchess to share one basin in a little wooden washstand that could be rattled up for a couple of shillings (and dear at that), with a tin slop-pail watching them, and, at the outside, one cane chair apiece. However, the beds are clean and comfortable, and there is plenty of variety of food, and the proprietor speaks such good English, and sells the Duke whisky which can be bought in the town for 45 sen (1*s.* 10½*d.*) a bottle, at the rate of a couple of yen (8*s.* 4*d.*), with conspicuous affability.

The servants are certainly not up to the mark of Yokohama, Tokyo, or even Miyanoshita. The little maids of the last are more picturesque and pleasing, and the boys at the Club Hotel and the Tokyo Hotel are smarter both in appearance and waiting. Our bedroom-boy here looks like one of the servants with the gigantic masks of studied idiocy in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

But this face of his masks an education, as I have just learned. I wanted a little book to mount my kodaks in, and in a humble curio shop I saw one for which I was asked fifty sen, and, of course, paid only twenty. It had blanks on one side and queer little slap-dash Japanese sketches on the other, duly authenticated with seals both red and black, and executed (on satin) with considerable *verve*, as I thought.

"They'll set off the kodaks nicely," I said to myself, and I was in our sitting-room just about to insert the kodaks, when the prize idiot came in to perform some humble office.

"Chioto," he ejaculated, with quite animation.

"What?" I said, interested by the sudden transformation.

"Chioto," he repeated, "No. 1 Japanese artist."

"Oh, stuff! I only paid twenty sen for it."

"Curio man not know classical character," retorted the he-chambermaid. "Chioto, much learning, use classical character."

You must know that there is an everyday alphabet of only seventy letters now in use amongst the Japanese for newspapers, bills, and other items in the common round; and the common Japanese only understand this.

I said no more, but sent for Yaami San, and requested him to tell me whom the book was by.

Now Yaami San is a most intelligent Jap, who, as I have told you, can speak excellent English, but he said at once that the writing was in the classical character, which he did not understand. "But there is one boy in the house who does," he added; "your bedroom boy."

So there really is something in the prize idiot's huge turnip of a head. His appearance does him an injustice. He is probably one of the Soshi, epigrammatically described as *people who have plenty of education but very little to eat.*

We have enjoyed ourselves immensely at Kyoto. I never knew such a place for curio shops. One can buy the real

old Japanese picture books here at from fivepence to two shillings each, and any quantity of quaint little bits of pottery and embroidery.

It rains in torrents nearly every day, but that doesn't matter much, because we have provided ourselves with rain umbrellas at about ninepence apiece.

We have already made delightful picnicking expeditions to Lake Biwâ, and to-morrow I'm going with the royal party down the rapids of the Katsuragawa, and, after they have gone, we are going to make a two days' trip to Nara, to see the big Buddha and the Kasuga temple.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOWN THE RAPIDS WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

KYOTO, *May* 1*st*.

THE Duke was good-natured enough to let me go with his party for the famous rapids of the Katsuragawa, near Kyoto: the other members of the party besides himself and the Duchess were Sir John McNeill, K.C.B., V.C., Colonel Cavaye, Military Secretary to the Duke, and Mrs. Cavaye, Colonel Lindsay, R.E., and the Duke's doctor. They were accompanied by the Assistant Japanese Secretary of the British Legation to interpret for them, and a guide. The day was overcast but no rain fell. At 11.30 we jumped into our rikshas, and with two swift coolies apiece were soon flying through Kyoto *en route* for Yamomoto.

Kyoto, like most large Japanese towns, seems interminable; but at last we did get out among the rice fields and tea plantations and strange little villages.

At this season of the year there is a good deal of barley growing on the rice lands. There was nothing noticeable except a gang of prisoners in their queer pink dresses and big cockle hats, apparently constructing a road in the bed of the river.

Presently we arrived at the native inn a little way up a hill, where the rikshas all came to a dead halt, with the remark "riksha boys rest." So far the principal amusement had been watching Sir John signalling "stop" to the rikshas behind, when the boys in front started their "Ow,

A Wistaria Bower Tea-House.

ow, ow, ow" (get out of the way); and so far we had met hardly anything except the patient ox, led by a ring through the nose, and drawing this or the other load with its back end trailing in the dust. But now we began to meet companies of neat women with light blue coolie handkerchiefs on their heads, dark blue dresses and scarlet underskirts, each carrying a small parcel of worldly belongings done up in a stay-box wrapped in oiled paper. The Duke was very much struck with their picturesque appearance, so Colonel Cavaye went off to inquire of the Japanese guide what they were, and found that they were the tea pickers coming down from the north to the famous gardens of Uji, between Kyoto and Nara.

Then the climbing began—the Duke very far ahead; he is a capital walker—up a delicious winding wooded gorge, with cherry, camellia, fir, maple and bamboo prominent (where else except in Japan would you get bamboo in such company?), and lit up with azaleas, pink, purple, and scarlet, and here and there a trail of wistaria. Then the gorge grew grander, deeper-cleft below, higher, higher, walled with hills above. A mountain stream roared at the bottom, and at intervals the hills at the top would part to let a cut of the sky show through a ravine, and a sweet little cascade fall into our gorge. Here the azaleas grew beautifully—lively scarlet, shaded scarlet, rose-pink, shaded pink, white and purple; and there were great beds of the beautiful little wild iris of Japan, white with veinings of purple; and great clusters of wistaria hanging from tree to tree. How fond the Japanese are of wistaria! Several times along the road have we come upon a tea house consisting of a mere frame, with purple or white wistaria, which they have named after their beloved Fuji, trained over it.

The road began to show considerable engineering skill, a fine viaduct of earth having been constructed and the road carried through a tunnel a hundred yards long. After the

tunnel it descended rapidly down a deep bend along a more open valley, and soon we had to get out and walk over some rough ground; then we drove rapidly through some meadows and low bamboo groves looking for all the world like Kentish hop gardens, to find ourselves stopped by a river which we had to cross on spars, the rikshas being carried over it.

The Duchess had had considerable trouble with her riksha, she requiring a specially long-bodied one because she had a sore foot, which for long drives had to be carried straight out. A new riksha had been provided in her honour this morning, but even this was not sufficiently elongated, and so her foot board had to be lashed to one of the shafts. The riksha boy proving clumsy, Prince Frederick Charles's daughter showed that she knew how to use her fingers and was not afraid of soiling her gloves, by stopping her riksha, and getting down and tying it up quite ship-shape in a very few seconds. She stood the long fatiguing drive without a murmur; and in spite of the beauty of the scene it was fatiguing, for we had driven the whole way as we had dashed off from the hotel, single-file, Japanese roads being so narrow, especially when they are threading paddy-fields.

Arrived at the river Katsuragawa, here called the Kodzugawa, we had tiffin in a plain old shed built either for this purpose or a police box. A captain of the police had caused us a good deal of amusement. He had evidently been instructed to await the royal party, and had on his full fig of fine black cloth full-dress uniform, top boots, spurs, and sword. But he had left his riksha a little too far forward, and had to run for it over a stretch of newly laid road metal. We did not feel at liberty to smile, for he was doing a civility, but it was a sore temptation.

The royal party did their picnics in the most natural, delightful fashion, merely taking an ordinary picnic basket

with its box of sandwiches, box of butter, and boxes of mustard, pepper, and salt; a loaf of bread; a piece of cheese; a bag of biscuits; a box of plain sponge cakes; mineral water for the ladies, and whisky to make it digestible for the men. They waited on themselves, and the Duke helped to wipe the knives and forks and pack the drinking cups into each other. Off ceremony like this he seemed the finest gentleman conceivable, with his strikingly handsome and soldierly presence, exquisite manners and courtesy, thrown into strong relief by the absolute simplicity and heartiness of his behaviour, and his mirthful nature.

After tiffin, made delightful by the Duke's fun and geniality, we embarked in four boats, two being sent ahead with rikshas and the party divided between the other two. The boats are about forty feet long, and seven on the beam, with square sterns and long, sharp, sloping noses, something like Siwashes' dug-outs. They have two narrow thwarts, and flat bottoms made of thin elastic boards, which bend with every motion of the water. When the river is at its ordinary level they are guided by a man in the bows with a bamboo pole, and one in the stern with a yulo (Japanese oar). But to-day the stream was so fierce that we had in addition two rowers to each boat on the starboard, and a pole-man on the port side.

There was a rapid almost directly after the start, which was just slipping over a shelf of water, like tobogganing. The fierce waves of the rapids—miniature Niagara rapids—made the pliable bottom of the boat heave up and down. The seams began to open and let water in. "Sit down in the middle!," shouted the guide to Colonel Cavaye and myself. The Colonel demurred,—he did not exactly see sitting on the wet floor; but the guide proved only to mean that we should bring our chairs to the middle of the boat to distribute the weight more evenly. After this we got on (literally) swimmingly. What a splendid sight it was!

The river now broad, still, deep green ; now fierce, narrow cataracts through huge rocks that every instant threatened destruction ! The banks steep mountains green with forest from summit to edge, except where a vast grey scar protruded from the hillside !

The first rapid was all very well; pretty exciting for the ladies who had never been on a rapid before, but not much to startle a man of ordinary nerve. But the second was far more sensational, for great boulders, weighing many hundreds of tons, rose right in the path of the boat ; it seemed more by miracle than deft steering that we eluded them. The surge, too, below, was far heavier, and made the bottom of the boat ripple like the back of a swimming snake.

"Prince George of Wales," said the guide, probably anxious to inform us that he had handled two royal parties, "thought this splendid ; he liked it better than anything in Japan." H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, who was in the front boat, took a more common sense view. It was of course impossible for the daughter of the Red Prince to feel frightened, but she asked very pertinently what was the good of doing it. What smacks the boat got from the surf ! Colonel Lindsay got a thorough wetting from "a sea" we shipped, but he was enjoying himself too much to care. However, we soon had more than sufficient relief from the excitement, for just after shooting the second rapid we were hauled out of the waterway to make room for boats coming up stream. Going down stream is a simple matter. In an hour, or two hours, according to the stream, you shoot down, merely guided by a pole in the bow and a yulo at the stern. To return takes a good slice of a day, the boats being laboriously towed up by a posse of coolies, some stumbling along a mere goat path on the bank, others along the rocks and breakwaters in the side of the river. These breakwaters are very curious. The one we were examining was

sixty-four feet long, made of cane netting filled with big stones, in shape like a gigantic bolster. The guide at first said it was put down entire, but a rigid cross-examination from Colonel Lindsay, who as a Royal Engineer and constructor of the vast Southern Mahratta Railroad in India was an expert, showed that the cane is woven bit by bit as the last instalment is filled in with stones.

The Duke, with his unfailing courtesy, was about the least bored of all at the interminable delay caused by a string of returned empties following each other at intervals of a hundred yards or so. It seemed dreadfully hard upon the poor coolies, who, as they strained forward almost prone in hauling, not unfrequently stumbled over some rolling stone, and fell. One of our coolies had jumped overboard, and climbed a rock about forty yards ahead, from which he kept signalling more boats below; and the most aggravating part of the whole thing was that, while we lay sided, boat after boat laden with hay or other agricultural produce, and perhaps a couple of dozen people, ran fearlessly down on the opposite side of the river.

We asked the why and the wherefore, and were told that the police had been impressing our coolies to take extra care on account of "Cæsar and his fortunes." At last we were off again, and the Duke was delighted; like all courageous men he loves the spice of danger, and we had to shoot between huge boulders with just room to pass, leap a fall several feet high, and plunge into a cataract which made the boat's bottom bend like a lath. I could not help quoting poor Lindsay Gordon's lines:—

"No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Can possibly find its way."

The scene was magnificent. The dark wild water and white foam! the bluff boulders in mid stream! the race

of rocks below, the steep green mountains above! It was tremendous. It looked as if no open boat could live in the surf, and as if there was not room for a canoe to pass the rocks. Time after time we rushed right on a wicked-looking "horned" rock, just swerving in time. One of our party began to hum "Be wise in time," but hadn't even finished the first bar when the surf washed over him. He looked a little rueful until the Colonel rallied him with: "Drink as much as you like, but don't fill your pockets; it isn't considered good manners."

A minute afterwards the two boats were gliding down a deep smooth pool as calm as the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, which has reflected the loves of so many nursemaids sitting on its banks. The boats had been so close to each other that we had heard the funny snort-like noise made by the boat in front, when half a dozen voices at once urged on the guide that he ought to tell the coolies to keep the boats at a safer distance. He defended himself with a Japanese proverb: "Too many sailors sail up a mountain,"—equivalent to "Too many cooks spoil the broth." He said that the bottoms were made pliable on purpose (thin planks forty feet long), so as to give instead of break if they struck on a sunken rock.

The third and fourth rapids were small; but now a fresh element of beauty was added to the scenery, for high above all rose "Arasi yama," with its Temple of Fudo (the fire god) in the patch of grove upon its shaven head, from which a thin wreath of sacrificial smoke was curling up.

At the fifth rapid the seams in the bottom of the boat began to open anew and the water to bubble in, giving us a wet ship for the rest of the voyage, though she did not make any water to speak of. Again and again we just shaved rocks, but the worst was to come. At the sixth rapid there were huge rocks like the jaws of a beast of prey—veritable Symplegades, with only a few inches over the

width of our boat between them, and a big fall at the end. Then came a rush past another huge rock for all the world like a Japanese screen, then another splendid fall, then sharp round a high pillar of rock almost at right angles, and the biggest fall and the nearest shave of all, and all in a crazy flat-bottomed boat made of bending planks forty feet long, and steered by a yulo, a couple of bamboos, and two stumpy oars.

In the middle of this we struck a rock, and then we learnt the value of these yielding planks, for we received no leak, no worse a shaking than we had from the tremendous surf below. Shooting the rapids in these boats is the loveliest sensation I ever had in my life; it beats tobogganing, switchbacks, and the Hong Kong railway put together. But I can quite imagine the majority of the frailer sex echoing the Duchess's inquiry of *cui bono*.

Japs of all sizes were whipping the surf with light bamboo rods (each a whole bamboo of youthful proportions), but they didn't seem to be catching anything; and on second thoughts I don't remember ever seeing any fisherman catching anything when I was passing, on sea or shore. I put this down to unostentatiousness. Even the men were rather glad to get into a quiet pool every now and then to do a little baling—it must be remembered that there was an unusually high spate on. Only two days before, the boat with Miss Aroostook on board (she evidently expects to die by hanging) ran thirteen miles in fifty minutes instead of the usual two hours. The guide, it appeared, had sailed up a mountain the fourth time that he descended these rapids, and so had the Assistant Japanese Secretary of the Legation, but they had managed to scramble out on the rocks, though the boats were knocked to pieces. And the guide had performed the descent in perfect safety twenty-six times since.

The scenery just here was superlatively lovely. On the

right bank of the river a tiny cascade of water was hopping over a huge ivy-covered rock, exactly like the wall of a lofty feudal keep, and the mountains round presented the splendid contrast of the pale green maples against the darker foliage of pines, the whole shown up to perfection by a bold bare bluff of red sand. It was just like an Oxford bumping race at the gut above Iffley—these two boats dashing in and out between the race of rocks, the Duke's boat only just keeping away from the nose of the other. So narrow was the passage that both boats had to ship their oars. It was the longest and narrowest race of all, and the fiercest surf. How it thumped, thumped, at the bottom of the boat! How we rasped past the rocks! Over and over again it seemed as if we should strike them full bows on, but we just escaped, and it was a magnificent finale.

Then we knew that it was all smooth sailing, for a cheerful chirruping "Ohayo" drew our attention to a barge full of musumés and adoring swains approaching us from below with but two boatmen. It was obvious that they had not done any steeplechasing. We had entered a broad still reach, as placid as the Thames above a lock, surrounded by lovely clumps of fir, maple, cherry, and bamboo. At the landing place there was a long row of the inevitable tea sheds overhanging the water, so dear to the Japanese. As we drove home along the pleasant river banks the children all made friendly advances to Sir John—his jolly, florid face, with courage and good comradeship written in every line, seemed to have a magic for them.

And now the little blue hills of Kyoto began to hem us in all round in a little green world of barley, and tea bushes, and bamboo clumps, changing in a few minutes to a village with a great Buddhist temple, and the usual village shop of coolies' food, coolies' sandals, and funny little bottles filled with red and white fluid. Then the

gigantic new Hondo of Higashi Hongwanji loomed up across the rich plains. We were in the midst of brilliant pink Japanese clover, and even the sun, which had been hiding all day, shone out from under a cloud on the queer little gooseberry-bush plants of the last tea plantation. And now at last we were in the outskirts of Kyoto, dashing along past the tall rose bushes—one blaze of crimson roses—which climb on the tops of the garden walls, and up through the gaping crowds, gaping, not, as might have been supposed, at the English Mikado, but at the spectacle of ten English people of any degree in double-coolie rikshas.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow," from the rikshamen, and we have passed the quaint clock-tower, and the quaint, tall, overhanging tea houses, and the cracking wooden bridge over the broad river bed with a torrent straying across it. More and more crowds! For it was five o'clock, the hour at which the Japanese traders begin to swarm out of their houses; and now we were at the great gate of the Gion Temple, and in a flash we were climbing the long slope to the hill of Maruyama and Yaami's Hotel. The coolies put their best spurt on to cut a dash as the royal party neared home. And half way up the hill a whole swarm of their mates charged down to us, and seizing our rikshas fairly carried us up.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DANJURO AND THE JAPANESE THEATRE.

NIKKO, *May 15th.*

BEFORE ever we left Vancouver the Americans on board began to talk of the great Danjuro and the glories of the Japanese theatre, so we supposed that we should have to live up to them some day. We had had experiences various of more "ornary" Japanese theatres, and yesterday we "did" Danjuro. Danjuro's theatre, by the way, is not a very good one to go to, because it is semi-Europeanised; but not to the extent of being a fire trap, since like most Japanese houses it is built with sliding panels instead of walls, so there are as many exits as there are panels. In case of a fire I would rather be at Danjuro's than in the gallery of the Haymarket.

It is well to disabuse one's self of the idea that the Japanese theatre is cheap, for Europeans at any rate. If you pay a low entrance fee you have to pay again every time there is a fresh scene. But if you have a dislike to contact with children suffering from eczema, and the atmosphere of saké, tea, sesame-oil-savouries, and decayed radish of preposterous size, which pervades the Japanese eating house, you have to take a box. For the poor Japanese go to the theatre fairly early in the morning, and don't come away till fairly late in the evening, and either take their meals with them or buy them from the tea house, which is as big a nuisance to any Japanese theatre as the

refreshment room at Swindon is to the Great Western Railway Company.

Danjuro's theatre has the best boxes in Japan. We took one; it was literally a box, with no seats of any kind, floored with the straw-coloured Japanese matting. We paid 4 yen (12*s.* to 16*s.*) for it, though it would barely contain four persons, and we were immediately afterwards asked to take off our boots or pay another 40 sen (about 1*s.* 6*d.*) for a carpet to go over the matting. Then chairs were brought, and we were asked to pay 40 sen each for them; but my friend Mr. Mayeda, the English-speaking clerk of my publishers, the Hakubunsha, who had come to tell us what everything meant, would not allow this, and compounded at 40 sen for the whole four. Then they brought cushions and wanted 40 sen each for them, but were told to take them away, and we settled down to what we hoped to be quiet enjoyment of the play; highly amused because Mr. Mayeda had taken sealed receipts for every disbursement of no matter how few sen. But the event proved his wisdom, for later on they came and demanded to see the receipts.

I forgot to say that as we entered our umbrellas had been captured, and their detention paid for in advance. The Japanese leave their shoes as well at the entrance; it was stacked with them like the bones in the Barberini chapel.

The arrangements of a Japanese theatre are simple enough, though rather peculiar. The centre is occupied by a pit divided into a number of little partitions about a yard square, reminding one of the gauffre cakes they sell under the Charing Cross Railway Station, or a cabinet for birds' eggs. To get into the inner ones you have to hop over the partitions, a foot or two high; there are no passages. In each partition nests a Japanese family, with half the culinary apparatus in its possession. Fronting and on each side of this pit is the stage. The main action, of course, takes

place on the front or principal stage, though the side stages are used both for action and for entry and exit. These facilities for entry from the back of the spectators are first-rate for surprises. While the audience is intent on the tragic event that thrills the stage, a ghost or demon glides in from behind, unobserved perhaps until it reaches the front.

Round the side stages are the private boxes of the ground tier. In a wicker cage on the left of the front stage, kept pretty well out of sight, are the orchestra. It is a pity that they can't be kept out of hearing also, for of all the cater-wauling . . . A Chinese orchestra is no worse, and that says more than words could express.

On the right hand side of the front stage sits, or rather kneels, the clapper. In the angle of the front and the right side stage kneels the prompter, in full view of the audience, and dressed in black, for all the world like a Drury Lane pantomime imp in mourning. All parts of the theatre are made of spotlessly clean deal, without paint or varnish —Sir Edwin's famous "undressed fir wood"; but the Japanesity of this is balanced by the use of electric light (to which, however, the Japanese are growing very partial). I am speaking, of course, of Danjuro's theatre, which has a good many details not usual in common theatres. It has, moreover, upper tiers of private boxes, of which we occupied one. And we were very nearly out of ours before we had been in it five minutes, for the box was so confined that I was rather leaning my weight on the front, when suddenly the whole balustrade of the grand tier of the theatre gave an ominous crack and "give," and its officials rushed in to intreat the new Gulliver.

The divisions between the private boxes were only of plank about a foot high, but fortunately for me the box next to where I was sitting was occupied by friends—Captain and Mrs. A—— S—— and Colonel B——. It was

fortunate for them, too, for not having an interpreter with them they were handsomely pillaged when they paid their various fees, and then made to pay them all over again because they had taken no receipts. It was fortunate for the officials, too, for unless Mr. Mayeda had been there to explain that Japanese law gave them the right to re-charge so long as no receipt could be shown, the Colonel, who was very irascible, would have wrung the necks of two or three of them. Mr. Mayeda told them that they were rascals, dragging the name of Japan in the dirt, to play such a trick on foreigners, and rigidly supervised their giving the right receipts this time.

The Japanese theatre resembles the ancient Greek and the pre-Shakesperian in having no female actors, and the scenery is very pre-Shakesperian. We entered between the acts, in time to witness the "stampede" or "general post" which takes place on a temporary fall of the curtain. The music banged away, and chow (food) and smoke-boxes were carried round the theatre in a never-ending procession, and the children began to climb over the partitions of the birds'-egg-boxes and get mixed. Everything seemed on the move. One particularly adventurous mite, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, climbed on the left side stage, and trotted fearlessly up to the drop scene on the front stage, where it lay down on its stomach and inserted its head under the curtain to watch the scene shifting. All that was seen of Asia Minor was a flat little body and two soles.

We were interested to see the drop scene rise and disclose some very meagre scenery, which had to represent the city of Ozaka—the street named the Shin-machi, with a tea house (inn) on the right, and one of those huge lanterns which mark in Ozaka where the naughty singing girl (the naughtiest in Japan) lives. This formed the background for a Japanese ballet, which is posture and fan-play rather

than any real dancing. There was some good tumbling, none too proper, and a most awful clatter and twanging of Japanese drums and samisens.

We liked the drop scene with its beautiful painting of plum blossoms a good deal better than the ballet, the only real fun about which was seeing the imp who acts as prompter put a veil on and do the tidying on the stage. And we were positively delighted when a new drop scene (a very handsome one, with red and green and yellow stripes, and a smart red crane, and a most gorgeous Fujiyama, not to mention the gold embroidery), snuffed out the ballet. The Japanese certainly have the art of combining the most gorgeous and varied colours, and therewith producing effects still in good taste.

At the end of this scene a fresh rate of five sen was levied on the people who were not doing the grand in private boxes prepaid for the whole performance. And then there set in with renewed vigour the hawking of European sweets and boxes of odious chow, and the warming of fingers over hibachis (charcoal braziers), and the tapping out the ashes from the tiny brass kiserus (tobacco pipes), which only hold enough for two whiffs before a fresh tapping of ashes and refilling, not to mention much saké and even a syphon on the part of the males, and references to the looking glass carried in the sleeve, and the box of lip rouge, on the part of the females.

Also another child invaded the drop scene, but this time from the side ; which made the curtain belly out, and give us, in our far forward box, an insight into Japanese stage-carpentering, which is of the very flimsiest. My attention was divided between this and a sweet little geisha (singing girl) with a brilliant red sash, who was officiating with a teapot. What a model she would have made for Gilbert and Sullivan's "Three little maids from school"! The girl next to her was painting her lips with the rouge they carry

in the queer little ivory boxes hardly thicker than a sheet of paper, and the next, like many another in the theatre, was actually adjusting her hair before a looking glass the size and shape of a postal order.

The floor of the pit rises gradually from the front. The effect of the unpainted deal grows upon one. It is deliciously clean-looking.

The next scene reminded me forcibly of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was supposed to represent a Temple Garden, which was denoted by a lot of red and white flags, one of the strange votive lanterns, a huge bell, and some cherry blossom; but a truly Shakesperian feature about it was a tiny gate in the middle of the stage, without a thing on either side of it, looking like a lost child. Its presence was supposed to denote a tremendous wall at each side of it, through which it was the sole access, the walls of course existing only in the imagination. Pyramus and Thisbe, and the Man in the Moon, could go no further. There was a fitful whistle of music, and Danjuro entered in the character of a naughty and frivolous priest. We should not have known it, if it had not been for Mr. Mayeda, though an American who kept a furniture shop out West, and whom I met at the Grand Hotel, told me that he could understand every word of the play from Danjuro's *moues* and gestures. I could not, but perhaps my notions of understanding are more rigid. The actor certainly was a master of grimacing, but so is Master Marshall Wilder, who does not at present threaten Mr. Irving's supremacy on the stage.

But grimacing seemed good enough for the Japs, who laughed immoderately at every twitch of a muscle. Presently he disappeared, while the attention of the audience was riveted on a change of scenery, comprised in tearing down the red and white flags. This revealed a row of singers, kneeling with their hands beside them, like recruits at attention, who have to keep their fingers touching

the seams of their trousers until they are sufficiently advanced to drill with arms. They were dressed in brown, and had on the huge shoulder-pieces which constituted full dress in feudal Japan, and look something like elephant's ears. They made an awful caterwauling, which Mr. Mayeda said was "taking off a religious service."

Re-enter Danjuro, got up as a dancing-girl (and therefore presumably none too strait-laced), who was, of course, to have clandestine meetings with the priest who had been represented by Danjuro himself a minute before. She was attired in a magnificent scarlet robe, adorned with silver cherry blossom and an obé (sash), so stiff and so high that it reminded one of the grand brass-mounted collars worn on draught mules in Southern Italy, or an Elizabethan ruff. "An ugly old cuss, if ever they built one," exclaimed Colonel B——, still fuming over having to pay for his box twice over.

Danjuro proceeded to give an imitation of the famous dancing of the girls at the Maple Club: the imitation was splendid. The musicians meanwhile kept up their monotonous "Yow, yow." All Japanese dancing is really dumb-show acting, something like an Italian ballet of the Excelsior or "Venice in London" pattern, but for the fact that the Japanese do no dancing with their feet. It is just as interminable! "Yow, yow, yow," went the musicians, twanging away with their samisens, which they had now taken up in the "supporting arms" position of infantry drill.

Danjuro was meanwhile glancing at "herself" in a mirror. He certainly had succeeded in a marvellous degree in "making up" the face of a Japanese female aristocrat, with her long thin nose and neck, deathly waxy complexion, and oblique eye slits.

Then the imp in mourning who officiated as prompter rushed forward, and held a blanket out at arm's length, behind which Danjuro, accompanied by another fitful

whistling from the orchestra, changed into another wonderful dress lined with white satin, and donned a peculiar kind of fool's cap worn for the No-dance (that most admirably named of terpsichorean exercises). Seven scarlet-robed musicians stole in with drums slung behind their backs, which they tapped over their shoulders. One has to be educated up to the No-dance; it simply infuriated the Colonel, who called out, "The old Baboon wants stopping." The accompaniment resembled the baying from the kennels when the moon shines too brightly for the good hounds to sleep, enlivened from time to time with the shrillness of a bo's'n's whistle when a gale of wind has blown a sail out from its bolts, and he has to use the full force of his lungs to summon the sailors to secure the canvas which is flapping about so thunderously.

"Tell me when it begins," sighed the Colonel wearily.

A curtain fell for a minute to cover the entry of twelve samisen players, arrayed in the most exquisite scarlet brocade, a perfect feast of colour; and then commenced another bout of wriggling, grimacing, singing (such singing!), fan play, and stamping, with samisens twanging all the time, that seemed as if it would go on for ever.

"A little's all very well," gasped the Colonel; "but an hour and a half of it is unconscionable."

Mr. Mayeda did not exactly catch the drift of his remarks, and explained that such dancing could only be on specially smooth floors, and invited our admiration to the way in which Danjuro, who had thrown himself on the floor, like a goal-keeper in the old days of Rugby football to make a desperate effort to collar a man running-in, was winding up himself and a monstrous fan.

"Babooning!" snorted the Colonel, while the music went on. "Ah! yow, yow, yow"; and his English contempt for the whole business was intensified by the spectacle of Danjuro, in his splendid robes, descending amongst the

audience to show his agility by gliding along the top of the narrow partitions between the egg boxes.

Then the prompter came to the fore again, and the blanket which he held as a screen was so low that one could distinctly see Danjuro being relieved of his bustle (obé), and a scarlet underskirt appearing. And then even the blanket farce was dropped, and Danjuro slid about the stage, being undressed and dressed hard all the time, until he considered himself satisfactorily attired in an exquisite green dress, with sleeves big enough for tents, with which he executed a dance with his arms that resembled a windmill, while he described ellipses about the stage as graceful as figure skating. Then that useful prompter approached him again, to fit him with superb oversleeves of red brocade and a hat like a riksha boy's topee, which he instantly surmounted with three red hats.

And then the priests, who had been on the stage all the time, turned up their petticoats, and most furiously began wheeling their parasols and posturing with them to make believe that they were on bicycles.

Meanwhile Danjuro had changed into a comparatively simple dress—a purple silk *crêpe*, with a gaily printed towel twisted round his head, like a coolie's—which seemed to delight the audience very much. The Japs are evidently much more easily pleased than "red-haired barbarians" are. There was a perfect furore in the pit when he took off his head towel and threw it at them to scramble for; and throughout the performance they showered their hats (those who wore them) and head-cloths at him, to be redeemed with presents on the following day. It was getting worse, and worse, and worse; the only redeeming feature was the comfortable blaze of scarlet, and that funny red blanket held up by the prompter to make a green room on the stage, which reminded us more and more of the bit of sacking stretched behind Aunt Sally on an English racecourse.

The rest of the performance was devoted to varieties of music (of the cats' concert order) and rapid changes of costume: possibly Mr. Danjuro was emulating Frederic Maccabe. Now it was a robe with chess-board sleeves, now a coolie's tunic with a huge crest—something like the three legs of the Isle of Man—on its back, in blue and gold.

The colouring was always marvellous. Finally the bell descended on Danjuro very clumsily—so clumsily that it brought down the cherry blossom with it—and then, the prompter having stretched the red blanket in front of the bell, Danjuro emerged from it and ran out at the back in a way perfectly patent to the whole audience. Then there was a sudden collapse of the priests; and the end was evidently near, for the chow dealers with their boxes of unsavoury-savoury viands began to make an exit.

But Danjuro reappeared with a band round his head, "to give him great power," as Mr. Mayeda expressed it, and with a crimson skirt, and mustard-coloured legs like a Blue-Coat Boy. Very likely he was taking off a Pall Mall dude.

Then followed some capital priests' dances; first a rosary dance and then a dance on their knees, winding up with saying of prayers to, or before, the bell. Then, with a noise like the unintermittent chant of the bull-frog in a Canadian summer, enter a corps of very grand priests, in stiff green gauze dresses as stiff as boards, and with head-dresses reminding one of the tarpaulin caps worn by coalheavers, or fishermen anticipating a sou'-wester. Almost simultaneously with their appearance the bell was hauled up again amid an awful clatter, while the prompter stretched a blanket once more for Danjuro to change his clothes to red robes with a white silk head-dress and long black whiskers. Perhaps another impersonation of an Englishman!

After this there was yet another change of costume, into a dress with a gold body and red sash and skirt, with long

black hair and a very much be-whitened face as accessories. And then a man with enormous trousers (which perhaps expressed demoniacal attributes) mounted the bell, and to our inexpressible relief it came down on Danjuro once and for all in the handsomest Drury Lane pantomime manner.

When we got outside we were very glad to have our umbrellas, for it was raining lightly but sharply, and any one, who has once tried it, knows the discomfort of a riksha with its hood up. Thanks to Mr. Mayeda's knowledge of the way things were run, we were well in our rikshas in a minute or two; bowling off to the Tokyo Hotel to dinner, for which we were already late. We left the Colonel threatening wholesale homicide to several scores of Japanese, who had to change their checks for their shoes and clogs before he could get near enough to hand in the check for his umbrella.

CHAPTER XXV.

TEA HOUSES AND TEA GARDENS.

NIKKO, *May 22nd.*

THERE are three or four kinds of tea houses in Japan, from the lordly native hotels patronised by the Duke of Connaught at Kyoto and Miyanoshita, and the sumptuous Koyokwan Club at Tokyo, down to the humble inns which a stranger has to put up with in the country, and the taverns where the Japanese disports himself in large cities.

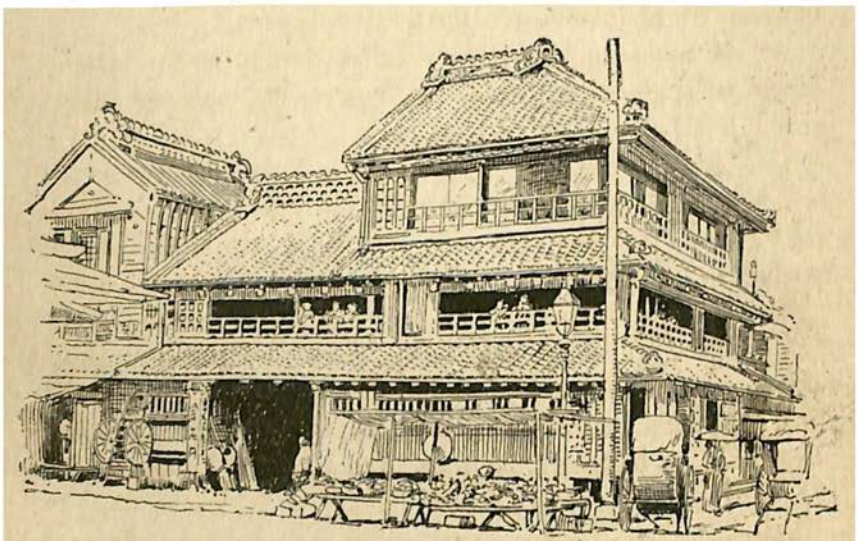
There are tea gardens usually attached to the great temples. The Japanese evidently believe in the Roman proverb, *Commiscere seria ludo*, for the temple grounds are always full of shows and stalls for holiday makers, in which foods and drinks, archery, knocking down the Gods of Wealth (a species of Aunt Sally), trained monkeys, or quack dentists are conspicuous.

Some of these tea gardens are very beautiful. There is one at Nagasaki, terraced on the hillside, which has its whole face covered with the exquisite and interminable Temple of the Bronze Horse, eloquent with memories of Pierre Loti's fascinating "Madame Chrysanthème," commanding a view on one side of the fantastic mossy-thatched roofs of the great Shinto temple, and on the other of the green, firth-like harbour, once black with the bodies of nearly 50,000 Christians.

There is another we loved to haunt under the shadow of the geographer's monument at Shiba.

After we had been spending a morning in rambling

through the temples of the dead Shoguns, glorious with scarlet and gold, and carven peacocks and dragons, or toiling up over sod heavy with the fallen needles of the cryptomeria pines, to the bronze-columned shrine in the dark wood that holds the famous gold lacquer tomb of Hidetada, or fairing on a public holiday, or watching the tortoises in the lotus lake, we used to haven ourselves with a sigh of relief in this little tea garden on a hill, with a great scarlet pagoda half way down the slope, and a view



THE PRINCIPAL TEA HOUSE IN JAPAN.

across the bay, broken in the foreground by the flimsy French-built island forts and the Japanese fleet, and bounded on the horizon by the blue hills of Kanozan.

The tea garden consisted only of the view, and of the broad benches with futon (cushions) strewed over them for the Japanese to squat on.

Every time we went there the pretty little musumé, gay with a scarlet obé and gaudy hairpins, used to approach with a tray full of cups of tea flavoured with salted cherry blossoms.

For the mere fun of the thing, because she did it so quaintly and prettily, we would wait until she had sucked in her breath and rubbed her knees with her hands (which is the out-of-door equivalent to the kowtow), and then send her back with an, "Irimasen ; Yokohama bieru saké dozo" ("I don't care about it: give me some Yokohama beer, please"). And then the old woman, the padrona who ran the place, would come out, suffused with smiles ; for Yokohama bieru saké cost thirty-five sen a bottle, and the cherry blossom tea about five sen for the whole party.

At Kameido they have a lovely tea garden in the temple of Sugawara-no-Michizane, the patron of Japanese literature.

One has to cross over the famous horseshoe bridge, of which the arch is so steep that it has steps like a treadmill up its back, to a tea house formed by a natural arbour of wistaria—such wistaria! I doubt if the world has its equal.

The arbour stands on the water's edge, and in May, when the Fuji, as the Japs have named the wistaria after their peerless mountain, is in full bloom, the water is swept by vast feathery racemes of delicate, lilac-coloured blossom three or four feet long, odorous of honey and buzzing with bees.

Jap bees have learned (very likely the Japs have educated them, as they educate fir trees to dwarf themselves, and plum trees to tie themselves up into knots) not to take the slightest notice of people who go to drink tea in their honey orchards.

Another delightful tea garden is the Gwa-rio-bai, or Garden of the Sleeping Dragon. We went there in spring-time, when the five hundred queer gnarled old plum trees, which are supposed to look like dragons, were one mass of blossom.

Under the trees, with their shower of fragrant blossom, were the few benches which constituted the tea house.

The trees were all stuck over with pieces of paper containing poems, for these gardens were the former rendezvous of the Japanese poetical Eisteddfod. All the trees had mossy trunks, and nothing more delightful than this antique orchard can be imagined.

Very different was the tea garden we went to at Kobe on the night of the Mikado's naval review. A wicket, marked by a great square lantern of rather dubious reputation, admitted us into a funny little garden on the Chinese pattern, full of lotus ponds, with artificial waterfalls and quaint tiny bridges, and islands, and pagodas, and the stone votive lanterns, Ishidoro, and fantastically trained fir trees, and little summer houses, which could be rendered private by drawing the paper shoji (shutters).

When our riksha boys knocked and we were admitted, a little gaily-dressed musumé led us to one of these summer houses, and was proceeding forthwith to draw the shoji. We expostulated, because we had gone there for the quaintness of the garden, and not for amorous seclusion. The expostulation was in signs and broken Japanese; so our musumé flew away and returned with two of the tall iron candlesticks, a couple of feet high, which stand on the floor and hold their candles on the point of a spike instead of the regulation socket, and (oh, horrors!) a box of Bryant and May's matches.

She then dropped on her knees and waited to see what we were going to order for the good of the house. We ordered a bottle of Yokohama beer, and sat down to listen to the tinkle of the samisen wafted across the garden, and wait for things to develop. We were rewarded for our patience, because presently the shoji, which were glimmering behind the lotus pond and its native lanterns, were flung open by an excited Japanese, overheated by the sultry evening, and over-eating, and saké, and alternately making love to the geishas who performed before him, and getting

A Temple Gateway.

irate with them for smiling more amorously at the younger gentlemen of his party.

We felt grateful to him for feeling so hot, for his party made a most picturesque *tout ensemble*. The quaint Japanese summer house, with its raised floor, was dotted with a score or more soft futon (cushions) a couple of feet square, on which squatted, in a couple of crescents, on the one side a party of Japanese gentlemen with the regular Japanese banquet before them, live fish, potatoes and syrup, sea slugs and plums, fish soup and bean cakes, and saké! saké! saké! and on the other side a group of geisha girls, with their whitened faces and gorgeous coiffures and costumes, playing the koto, and biwa, and samisen, and monotoning in their squeaky little voices. The floor seemed a mass of tall candlesticks and little tobacco monos (pipe stoves) for smokers.

The excitable gentleman, as he heated, was divesting himself of his clothes at an alarming rate, so we thought it prudent to beat a retreat, having ladies in our party.

A tea house means an hotel, and varies from the low-browed country hotel which would only make one decent room if all the partition shutters were pulled out, to real hotels like Yaami's at Kyoto and the Fujiya at Miyanoshita, which had good enough accommodation for an English prince.

Yaami's, where the Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent a fortnight, stands at the head of the native hotels of Japan. It is situated on the hill of Maruyama, overlooking the great city of Kyoto, the stronghold of the Mikados and for seven hundred years the capital of Japan. All round are huge groves of trees, and just outside it, separated only by a wall, is the great and important Chionin Temple, the parent house of the Jodo sect of Buddhists, and the possessor of the mighty bell which shakes the hotel like a small earthquake every time it is rung.

The hotel itself has most delightful gardens, with a little scarlet shrine to "Inari," the Rice Goddess, and fish ponds and waterfalls, and a clear running brook, and tangles of scarlet azaleas and camellias almost hiding the winding stairways of mossy stone which lead up to the quaint beetling gateway.

Just outside the Duke's rooms there was another little garden, or courtyard, built in on all sides, and containing fantastic rockwork, azaleas that were perfect snowballs of blossoms, tall purple irises, and an exquisite bronze fountain, while tall bronze storks stood about in various postures. This tea house, or hotel, which was three or four stories high, had capital European rooms, with doors and walls, and commanded magnificent views. Though it is funny to look back to, Yaami's was really a very good hotel for people to go to, the rooms were so clean and airy, and commanded such a lovely view; and the food was so plentiful, and the proprietor so obliging, and our bedroom boy was familiar with the Chinese classics, and explained the allusions allegorised in every curio that we had bought.

Japan is a tissue of allegory. The simplest decoration on the humblest article of domestic use emblematises something. Every gaudy picture that comes to Europe a muddle of red and blue and bad drawing, is an episode in the life of some famous personage.

Kyoto is the most interesting city in Japan, and Yaami's the finest of the native hotels, but one gets perhaps more fun out of the Fujiya at Miyanoshita.

The waitresses and the baths would be quite enough of themselves. What baths they were!—made of wood, about six feet long, by three feet wide, by two feet deep, sunk in the floor, and filled with steaming water conveyed through two or three miles of bamboo piping from the bowels of the slumbering volcano above, Ojigoku, which, being interpreted, means "Big Hell."

The Duke used to say that he never enjoyed a bath so much in his life as at Miyanoshita. One stripped off one's clothing and, wrapped up in a *crêpe* kimono, ornamented with Japan-blue palm trees and storks, was conducted to one's bath by one of the ravishing little musumés, scarlet-kirtled and gaudily hair-pinned, who waited at the hotel. To a shy man it was a little embarrassing, but, in Japanese ethics, bathing is the merest trifle.

Funny little damsels these musumés were, with cheeks as plump and as rosy as ripe red plums, and white teeth and silvery laughter. They had all sorts of engaging little tricks, but there never was a shadow of immorality in the house. Mr. Yamaguchi, the proprietor, was a martinet in such matters.

The Fujiya itself was a low wooden building, only one degree removed from a weatherboard cottage out West. That is the part reserved for Europeans, but it led to a charming Japanese part, with shoji, and chigaidana, and tokonoma (the guest chamber recesses), surrounded with blossoming cherry trees growing out of the face of the ravine on a spur of which it stood, commanding a glorious view of the gorge, with its dark mountain river and cluster of waterfalls.

In one of the rooms there was a ceiling of fir wood, as grey as chinchilla, a colour which it had gained by being stored away for five hundred years. This Mr. Yamaguchi assured me was not uncommon.

At the Fujiya the table was almost as good as the Club Hotel at Yokohama, proverbial through the far East for its cooking; and Miyanoshita is a delightful place, perched up in the hills almost under the shadow of Fujiyama, which is 13,000 feet high and the most beautifully shaped mountain in the world. If one climbs over Ojigoku, the "Big Hell," with boiling quicksands for the unwary, one has the sacred mountain standing right up before one, and

the blue Hakone Lake at one's feet. And the whole gorge of Miyanoshita is superlatively lovely with its blossoming cherries and camellias, and azaleas and irises.

Miyanoshita will always bring a tinge of regret to us, for it was from Miyanoshita, on Good Friday morning of 1890, that, as we stood round laughing and chatting, the Canadian Missionary Large went to meet his death so heroically at Azabu that night at the hands of the Japanese assassins.

The other mournful event was the death, soon after our return, of the little daughter of Mr. Mollison, whose childish beauty, like Millais's "Cherry Ripe," had made her the theme of wonder there. She lived just long enough to be chosen, for her beauty, to present the flowers to the English Royal Party on their landing in Japan.

Much quainter and more Japanese than either of these hotels was the Musashiya at Nara, a genuine Japanese tea house, but woefully inferior in comforts for the creature. A genuine Japanese tea house is lacking in the two prime essentials of civilised life. Beds and bread are unknown factors, and so are milk, and doors, and tables, and chairs, and beer.

One has to take off one's boots before one can go in. Rice does duty for bread, and saké, or the wishy-washy Japanese tea, without sugar or milk, for drink. Meat is never procurable, and only occasionally fish, chickens, and eggs all together; though one can generally obtain one or the other of these.

What an uncomfortable night we spent at Nara, half way from Kyoto! It had come on to pour, and we had to have our riksha hoods and tarpaulins drawn, so that we could see nothing of the road; and when we got to our hotel at nightfall we discovered that we had left our passports behind, and should have had to have gone back straight off, if my head jinrikisha boy, on the strength of having taken me to the Rapids in the Duke of Connaught's party, had

not, as I afterwards found out, told the head of the police that we were friends of the English prince, and that the Marquis Kido, the Japanese functionary in attendance on the prince, would certainly make a very great fuss if any incivility were offered to the prince's friends.

This, or the fact that it was exceedingly rainy and there were a lady and child in the party, mollified "Dogberry," who said we must be sure to return on the following day. And we were glad to obey him, for long before morning we got mortally tired of lying on the floor of the Musashiya with only a futon between us and it, and only a paper slide between male and female. Fortunately we knew what we were risking in the way of victuals, so we brought supplies of the foods and drinks befitting civilised stomachs.

It was rather fun at nightfall watching the closing up of the hotel. First of all they carefully fixed a row of paper shutters all around our sitting room, and one up the middle to divide male and female, and then they slid wooden shutters all round the outside, the last one of which had a feeble wooden bolt to keep the whole from being opened. But the whole affair was so flimsy that it would have given way if a drunken man had reeled against it.

The only other kind of tea house which remains to describe is the club tea house, and I have already written at length about the most typical specimen, the Koyokwan, or Maple Club, at Tokyo, which is a sort of Japanese "Lyric."

Outside Yokohama there are some sweet little restaurant tea houses; for example, the one on the hill at Kanagawa, of which Yokohama was once the foreign suburb, and the neat two-storied inn at Tomioka, strikingly clean even for Japan.

The tea house is ubiquitous. One cannot even go up a mountain without meeting at intervals of a mile, or less, some sort of shed with a kettle on the boil, and as likely

as not a bottle of beer on the shelf. As I mentioned in a former chapter, right in the magnificent Temple of the Moon

RESTAURANT TEA HOUSE AT KANAGAWA.

above Kobe we were confronted by the advertisement with the familiar red triangle of Lord Bass of Burton, hung up among the wooden lists of benefactors.

And, what is more, they sold his beer.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GOLDEN SHRINES OF NIKKO.

TOKYO, *May 29th.*

WE have just returned from Nikko (sun-brightness). "He who has not seen Nikko must not say *kekko*" (beautiful), says the Japanese proverb, and it says truly, for there are few spots so illumined by Nature, Art, and History as Nikko—the long home of Yoritomo, Iyeyasu, and Iyemitsu, the three most famous Shoguns; the site of the golden shrines which mark the highwater point of Buddhist decoration; and one of Nature's mountain masterpieces.

Of course the witching name at Nikko is Iyeyasu, the greatest of all the Shoguns, or military dictators of Japan, and Iyeyasu and Nikko are chronologically curiously linked to England's earliest connexions with Japan. For it was in 1616 that Mr. Richard Cocks, paying that visit to Japan in which he met poor Will Adams, the castaway English pilot, who was kept a kind of prisoner by the Japanese all his life to found a navy for them, and worshipped as a god after his death, drew, in that quaint diary of his, that picture of pride in the dust, the mighty Shogun Iyeyasu dying in a "poor paper cabin" at Shizuoka, where his last successor hangs his discrowned head.

Iyeyasu died, and for the dead high-and-mightiness, the consolidator of Japan into an empire, a mausoleum must be prepared that should excel all other mausoleums known to the somewhat confined world of the Japanese. Hence the shrines of Nikko, with their avenue of solemn crypto-

merias stretched ten leagues across the plain, with their sacred groves and golden halls, and sea of carvings wave beyond wave, and their unforgettable grace.

Though we have only been away from it two days my heart aches for Nikko; Nikko with its myths, and its legends, and its spotless priests, and its awestruck pilgrims, and its shrines, royal of the royal, and Taki-no-Jinja woods, thicketed with hydrangeas, and hiding in chaste dryad embraces pathetic moss-grown ruins.

Oh to be back in Nikko, plucking the heavy-odoured blossoms of the wild scarlet azalea, almost as big as arum flowers, on the high bank over the path which leads to Dai Nichi Do, or tufts of pure white azalea, from trees forty feet high, in the woods between the lake of Chiusenji and the great mountain Nantaisan.

Dai Nichi Do! The gardens of Dai Nichi Do and the Mangwanji monastery are the nearest approach to a child's fairyland I ever saw.

They are so-called Chinese gardens—Japan used to borrow as freely from China and Corea as she borrows from the West now—and they bear exactly the same relation to the stately pleasure gardens of the Howquas at Canton, or the peerless Mandarin Gardens at Shanghai, as the enchanted places of Hans Andersen do to the earthly paradises of William Morris.

These Chinese gardens, toy-gardens, all have a strong family likeness—a little artificial lake of pellucid brightness, a little artificial waterfall fit for a naiad's fountain, both fed by a little sandy-bottomed brook or conduit of clear spring water, bubbling like champagne; a cluster of little islands (one of them, perhaps, shaped like a tortoise) affording opportunities for impossibly quaint little stone bridges, circle-backed, horseshoe-backed, or flat slabs of portentous size, and every member of the cluster with its little stone pagoda, its quaint daimio-lantern, its toy shrine,

A Japanese Garden.

or the fantastic bits of rock for which the Japanese pay such extravagant prices.

On little artificial promontories will stand maples—plain maples, copper maples, pink maples, variegated maples —all with the fine splintery leaf of Japanese maples, trained into whimsical shapes, though not so whimsical as the fir trees (matsuji), which rival the box-hedge peacocks and other armorial bearings in old English baronial gardens, such as Haddon Hall's. In the garden of "The Golden Pavilion" (Kinkakuji) at Kyoto I saw a fir tree tortured into the similitude of a junk in full sail. Where the stream runs into the lake there will be a bed of stately purple irises, and built out into it on piles, or spanning a narrow arm as a covered bridge, a wistaria arbour with blossoms three or four feet long.

The wild wistaria itself grows profusely at Nikko, but its blossom is much smaller. A terrible obstacle to get through is a wistaria thicket, with its tough lianas and intricate web of branches, as we learned to our cost in striking a bee line from the red lacquer bridge to the top of Toyama. Wild wistaria, wild azalea, wild camellia, wild iris, wild *lilium auratum*, wild cherry, wild plum, wild luridly scarlet japonica, make the woods and gorges of Japan a blaze in spring; especially the burning scarlet of the camellias and azaleas.

On a slight eminence commanding this fairy scene will stand the pasteboard monastery for which it was created. I say pasteboard because Japanese monasteries are, for the most part, made of light woodwork and paper. And behind will be the temple, great or small, and on different points of vantage a pavilion, a kind of temple and belvedere combined; and a cha-no-ma, a sort of summer house for the solemn tea ceremony, which has a semi-religious significance in Dai Nippon.

But we must not linger too long at Dai Nichi Do or

Mangwanji. They are minnows at Nikko, though it may interest us to take a peep into the great temple of the latter —the Hall of the Three Buddhas (Sambutsudo); the three Buddhas being the Thousand-handed Kwannon, the Horse-headed Kwannon, and Amida Niorai, all of them great masses of gilt, thirty or forty feet high. You cannot help noticing the Sorinto, a black copper column forty-two feet high, looking like the funnel of a river steamer, and marking the very nadir of Japanese taste. For we have yet to see the shrines themselves, the Kammangafuchi whirlpool, the Murderer's Temple, the waterfalls, the woods of Taki-no-Jinja, and the Lake of Chiusenji.

While the heroes of the *Mayflower* were struggling with the austerities of the climate of Massachusetts, there arose in far-off heathen, almost fabulous Japan, a mortuary shrine to which the United States of to-day, with their vast territory and population, incomputable wealth, keen intelligence, and keen ambition to possess the best of its kind, have nothing comparable in the way of art, and which Europe and India can only excel by the statelier materials of their architecture.

If, as pilgrim of the picturesque, or wandering poet, you wish for the most ideal day you ever spent in your life, take the following recipe :—

Leave Tokyo at dawn on some May morning, leave the train, not at Imaichi, but at Utsonomiya, the old point of debarcation. Take a jinrikisha with the two stoutest coolies you can find, and let them go to Nikko at their own pace. They can't take more than six hours at the outside to traverse the thirty miles of stately cryptomeria avenue, which shows the way across the plain to the great warrior's tomb (they ought to take about four); and you will get all manner of amusing sights, all kinds of glimpses into the idiosyncrasies and failings of the country Japanese.

The Japanese omnibus—you will sometimes meet a dozen

on this trip—has no parallel in civilisation, except the curtained vans in which butchers fetch their joints from the abbatoirs. Then there will probably be a travelling show or two, and pilgrims of every degree, from the rope-shod pauper who carries his worldly belongings in a soap box tied up in a piece of oiled paper, to the swaggering plutocrat who has a whole jinrikisha and a whole coolie to himself; the Japanese generally travel in double rikshas, like twins in a perambulator. The coolies, if they are bribed, really can go very fast, and will traverse the whole distance with a single stoppage, but they dearly love to dawdle along, stopping here to buy fresh waraji (sandals) at three-halfpence a pair, here to light a pipe which is smoked out in a couple of whiffs, here to drink, here to rest.

They sell sandals at almost every house on the highway, and there is a stream on each side of the road. The road-side tea houses are queer. Each has a verandah or shed sufficient to shelter the jinrikishas of any conceivable number of patrons; for Nikko is a summer place, and in Japan the summer and the wet season are synonymous. Each has a sort of dais a foot and a half above the ground, on which the staff of the hotel squat, with a border of riksha boys sitting on the edge to keep their muddy feet on the ground. Each has a sort of summer house for persons of distinction, such as Europeans, and a collection of horrible victuals that look like the insides of animals instead of the flesh, and smell of sesame oil. And at each, before you are well seated, there will be a more or less attractive little maid kowtowing before you and offering a tray of tea, for which three-halfpence would be a liberal remuneration from a Japanese.

It is Nippon-cha, pale green, watery Japanese tea. Good mouth-filling Chinese tea is called Nankin-cha. The Japanese are very fond of calling Chinese things Nankin this or that, though they may have come from any corner of the Celestial Empire. The tea is served in tiny little cups

of the capacity of a liqueur glass, without milk or sugar, and sometimes there are some nice little cakes with it, though the Japanese taste in confectionery does not wholly correspond with the European.

But we must be agog. Suppose yourself in the long, sloping street, which constitutes the town of Nikko. Your coolies will have stripped off nearly every stitch of clothing, piecemeal, while they were running at full speed, as they grew hotter and hotter. Rivers of perspiration will be running down from their shock heads, and they will be turning round in the shafts, mopping their faces, smiling with the full ardour of a lower-class Japanese (what a radiance !), and nodding, as they exclaim :—

"Nikko ! Nikko !"

At the bridge dismount, and send your jinrikisha and your baggage on to the hotel to wait for you, then break the law. Traffic does not cross Mihashi, the exquisite red lacquer sacred bridge, springing from shore to shore with a single span, like the arc of a rainbow, supported at each end by a gigantic double torii of grey granite. But over this airy structure the bodies of Iyeyasu and his descendants, living and dead, had been borne for more than two centuries before their dynasty fell. Therefore, break the law, and climbing over the feeble gates enter the holy ground of Nikko by the sacred bridge. Right in front of you, as you leave it, is a little scarlet shrine at the edge of the grove. Japan is as full of wayside shrines as Cornwall of British crosses, or Italy of crucifixes. It is a noble grove—of cryptomerias, tall, needle-straight, and solemnly dark ; a steep, flagged road winds up it, trodden once by the bearers of the bones of Iyeyasu.

We will follow their footsteps to the end. We shall have to skirt the sunny south wall of the great monastery of Mangwanji, and ascend broad shallow steps between two rows of cryptomerias on high banks, soft with moss and

fallen fir leaves, and faced with fern-filled walls. Down through the centre of these steps runs a glassy little brooklet—at Nikko you are never without the music of running water—and over them towers a mighty granite torii, or Shinto archway, with uprights formed of single stones nearly thirty feet long and four feet thick. The pathway broadens out into a piazza. On the left rises, five stories high, a scarlet pagoda, with a tiny shrine in its bottom storey surrounded by the twelve animals of the Japanese zodiac; on the right, at the top of some crumbling mossy steps, a beautiful little temple with rich paintings and a mighty Buddhist bell.

This little gem, standing in deep grass, starred with wild flowers, in a cryptomeria glade, was built to secure continuity of worship if the large temple should be closed for repairs. Go and stand at the foot of the graceful torii in front of it, and you will see a surpassing vista of forest-clad hills, lower than you are, gradually losing themselves in the blue of distance. This is almost the only spot in these shrines of the Shoguns where you get a full view of the free heaven.

Turn back to the piazza and you are at the very threshold of the most glorious shrine of Buddha's hundred million votaries.

You buy your ticket, a little piece of coarse paper, with its contents for a wonder in Japanese only, and sealed and countersealed with funny little red ink seals to prevent the attendants embezzling the money, and you enter with a guide who only talks Japanese, and smiles like a seraph, while the Philistine tourist pokes fun at him in English. This I noticed, and felt, like the Pharisee, on the verge of uttering thanks that I was not like these publicans. It really was solemn to me.

Recollect that you have stepped lightly across the red lacquer bridge, climbed the steep flagged road through the grove, passed up the temple avenue (to the music of running water), under the noblest of torii, across the piazza of the

pagoda, and now stand at the very foot of the temple steps—flight the first. A gate stands at their head, of the type usually guarded by the two Deva kings, the Ni-O. This niomon—gate the first—has changed its kings for the two quaint monsters named Ama-ino and Koma-ino, omnipresent at Nikko, and filling the mind of the far-travelled Englishman with queer conjectures. For Ama-ino and Koma-ino are his old familiar lion and unicorn—a Corean lion's head and a unicorned head, almost similar, fitted on to the bodies of muscular poodles. And where the king of animals (the lion) is, there also is the king of flowers (the peony); the conventionalised peony taking the exact shape of the Tudor rose. This English lion and Scottish unicorn and royal rose must have been emblems of kingship in times when not only the great Aryan family still roamed undivided in its Tibetan or Caucasian home, but before the Aryan, with his clear-cut intellectual features, had separatised from the sensual-featured Shemitic and the monkey-faced Turanian, whom he now contemptuously couples together in a category one degree above savages.

Enter, and peep round the corner at the carved representation of that rare animal, the taku-jiu, which only appears in the world when a virtuous sovereign occupies the throne. Then step forward. Right in front of you is a tall forest tree, a koya machi. Once upon a time it was dwarfed, and, in a blue porcelain flower pot, carried round in his campaigns in the palanquin of Iyeyasu. Still Iyeyasu! In those three block houses to the right, surrounded by a scarlet balustrade, and with their fantastic roof poles and gables glittering with gilded brass, are all the things that belonged to the hero in his life, treasured as if they had fallen from heaven like the shields of Mars—his kakemonos, his furniture, his garments and his weapons, and the various stage properties and utensils used at the religious festivals in his honour, notably the great Toshogu, celebrated on the second of each June,

when Nikko goes wild with a revival of the mediæval pageantry that only passed away in 1868, and strangers flock to see the spectacle, and the ruined adherents of the fallen cause meet reverently and say little, and feel their knightly blood boil within them because they have survived defeat.

The Toshogu festivals here, and at Shiba and Ueno, are not recognised by the Government as religious holidays, but are observed none the less. In Tokyo and Nikko there is a sort of Jacobite halo round the ill-fated Tokugawas, none the dimmer for the anti-Buddhistic ordinances of the successful Mikado.

These "three banks" (sanginko), as they are called, are arranged in echelon, an arrangement that runs right through this temple, and the last of them has the famous carved elephants of the left-handed Hidari Jingoro, one of the masterpieces of Japanese carving, though the elephants' knees crook the wrong way. Directly opposite the sanginko is the stable in which is the sacred white pony, kept for the god—deified hero—if he should come down to the scene of his earthly triumphs. These sacred ponies, as I have said before, are always white, nearly always blue eyed, and many of them, I think, mad; perhaps selected for that reason, as having something unearthly about them. This stable is ornamented with the oft-described Sangoku-no-saru, the monkeys of the three countries that the Japanese of those piping days considered worth considering, India, China, and, of course, Japan (the kika-saru, iwa-saru, and mi-saru)—"not hearing, not speaking, and not seeing monkeys," the first stopping their ears, and the second their mouths, and the third shading their eyes—their faces masterpieces of character and expression, their bodies conventionalised, which is not a successful process with animals.

En avant! Follow the flagged causeway across the pebbled court, raked over every day to exorcise weeds, past the guardhouse to the exquisite fountain canopy, like the

never-to-be-forgotten fountain canopies of Stamboul, shading the cistern given by the great Daimio of Hisen more than two centuries ago, which looks like a block of ice as the clear spring water trickles over every single portion of its four sides—a miracle of levelling. Twelve pillars support the canopy, glorious with scarlet and gold; and next to it, quite a picture with the carvings and colours and burnished metal, and the quaint grace lavished on every building in this shrine of shrines, is a "Buddhist circulating library," a triumph of sophistry.

The Buddhist scriptures are nearly 7000 volumes, and as this is beyond the leisure of the average worshipper, Oriental ingenuity has devised an "indulgence." The whole canon of 6771 volumes is stacked on a circulating bookcase, round or octagonal in form, and revolving on a pivot. Any worshipper able-bodied enough to make the library circulate three times without stopping, is as meritorious as if he had read the whole.

Now turn to the right, and stand under the beautiful bronze torii, with the triple Asarum crest of the Tokugawas. Before you rise a lofty flight of steps, the second, and beyond that a third, with the glories of Yomeimon peeping over it between the dark groves which embosom the temple on the mountain side. On either side as you begin to climb are the great iron lanterns, noble in their simplicity, of the Daimio of Sendai. It was in 1641, when the English cavaliers had their swords half out of their sheaths, that Date Masamune reared these lanterns here. The stone balustrade of the terrace has a stone lion leaping down at each side of the stairway head; these are the Tobi Koye no Shishi, given by Iyemitsu, Iyeyasu's famous grandson, buried in Nikko's other golden shrine.

The plot thickens; before you in all its majesty, at the head of the steps, stands Yomeimon, the glory of Nikko, and all round you are priceless bronzes that have defied

time and two centuries of winter snows and summer rains, and the quaint bell and drum towers, so like dice boxes, which are essential to the dignity of a first-rate Buddhist temple. The principal bronzes are the moth-eaten bell and lantern given by the King of Corea, the candelabrum given by the King of Loochoo, and a candelabrum given by the Dutch, besides daimio lanterns galore. Superb bronzes all, and the principal pieces with a noticeable feature! They were the gifts of Asiatics; but the moth-eaten bell has a frieze of creatures, half angel, half mermaid, with a strong smack of church art about them, and the candelabra have sockets, not the spikes common alike to Japanese, Corean, and Loochooan.

Evidently the most valuable gift the tributary kings could erect to the memory of the mighty Iyeyasu were those with the latest improvements from Europe. Even the groups of Chinese sages and rishi round Yomeimon have a distinct Dutch cast about them, and all the groups of figures both on Yomeimon and Karamon are Chinese carving. *C'est juste*—Iyeyasu in his lifetime dealt much with foreigners, especially the Dutch, who enjoyed nearly a monopoly of European importations. Poor Will Adams, the Englishman, after twenty years of yeoman's service, died with a ruined company and a broken heart, though the Japanese have elevated him into a god for his work as the father of the Japanese navy, and buried him on a green hill far away, overlooking the exquisite little bays in which their national arsenal of Yokosuka is situated; while in the distance looms the harbour of Yokohama, full of the mighty red-ensigned steamers of the England he pined for night and day, and monopolised by the commerce of men sailing under two flags, but all sprung from the sea-loving subjects of Queen Bess.

Above you on a stone terrace runs a cloister, pierced with carvings of tree and bird and flower, all a blaze of colour like

the rood screens of fifteenth-century England. Climb to it by the third flight of steps and you will pass into Yomeimon, matchless among the gateways of the world—so perfect in the eyes of the Japanese that one of its columns, the evil-averting pillar (mayoke no hashira), was erected upside down lest the jealousy of the gods should bring misfortune upon the house of Tokugawa. Yomeimon is indescribable. One could not catalogue its graceful arabesques; its miraculously carved dragons, gold and glittering white; its beetling balcony, with balustrade woven of groups of children playing; its cornice carvings of rishi and sages, reminding one of the cameos from the Scriptures with which Michael Angelo filled up the interspaces of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; and its demon-capped roof resting on golden dragon-heads, whose gaping throats recall the gargoyles of that cloister at Magdalen.

Yomeimon is indescribable—a fantastic dream of white and gold in a riot of Oriental ornament. But pass through Yomeimon, glance to the left at the beautiful Do in which the Mekoshi are kept—the three sacred cars borne on the shoulders of hundreds of men every June 2nd, for Iyeyasu, Yoritomo, and Hideyoshi, the three most famous warriors of Japan; vast and sumptuous palanquins of gold, and scarlet, and black, adorned with phœnixes, torii, Shogun's banners and silken curtains. Then pass into the Tamagaki, the sacred enclosure, measuring fifty yards every way, surrounded by a high gilt trellis with exquisite bird carvings. Here are the haiden, or oratory, and the honden, or chapel, the consummation of the gold lacquerer's art, and the splendour of Nikko.

At the entrance, at the head of the fourth flight of steps, stands the Karamon gate, only inferior to Yomeimon in size and luxuriance, almost superior in grace, quite small, but with an exquisite canopy, and in perfectly exquisite taste, ornamented with the most delicate carvings, though no

The Golden Shrine of Iyeyasu,
Nikko.

colour but pure white and soft gold. It is called the Chinese gate, either from the rare Chinese woods with which it is inlaid, or the Chinese subjects of its carvings.

Here it is "take off thy shoes," perhaps because it is holy ground, but more likely with the practical-minded Japanese because you will tread the finest lacquer ever laid on a floor. To show how practical-minded they are, you will notice that from the exquisite canopy of the Karamon to the long white dragons that support the oratory's porch-roof, there is a simple shed of the commonest materials, to protect the unshod worshipper and the pilgrim advancing on his knees from wet flags. For one has to cross the court-yard of the Tamagaki between the Karamon and the Haiden. The intrusion of common materials among the most beautiful never distresses the Japanese. He lavishes cost and grace upon the object to be admired—you are not supposed to look to the right or left.

The poor pilgrims bow their foreheads to the ground and count their beads, and throw donations of a fraction of a halfpenny, wrapped up in white paper, and pray volubly, and listen to the priest-guide with as much reverence as if he were Buddha, or at the least Iyeyasu. The European passes by the crowd, "unkodakable" in the shadow of the shed, and steps glibly into the temple, a divinely graceful building of no great size, entered by a fifth flight of steps outside. It is now plain enough, with its quaint black gallery like the side of a ship, in spite of its marvellous roof, a sea of carvings and gables, and gold and colour. For it is more or less boarded up to save it from the ravages of the weather, now that the disestablished religion can no longer make restorations *carte blanche*. Internally there is nothing like it, with its glorious gold lacquer and its rich blue lacquered ceiling, its phœnix and eagle ante-rooms, and its gilt-doored houden, or chapel, whose hermetically closed secrets the priests themselves hardly know.

This is the golden shrine of Iyeyasu, inconceivably magnificent in the execution of its details, and made impressive beyond words by containing nothing open to the view but plain gilt and plain silken go-hei (strips of cloth or paper cut in a peculiar shape and offered in Shinto temples), and paintings of the thirty-six poets. Alas! what a pedestal poetry occupies in Japan compared to some other countries. Here the pilgrim of the beautiful throws himself on the rich lacquer, or soft white matting of the floor, and drinks a long intoxicating draught of beauty. At last, half saddened at tearing himself from the voluptuousness of the lacquer, he retraces his steps to the Karamon, puts on his shoes, and turns to the right along the Tamagaki trellis to climb to the apex of everything—the tomb.

On one side he will pass the Goma Do, where soft-mannered priests in soft white robes, squatting among blue and white paper screens of the colour of a willow-pattern plate, sell him, on kakemonos or silky paper sheets, the "Good Counsel of Iyeyasu," a facsimile copy of the original in the hero's handwriting; or tiny little prayers stamped in red ink on tissue paper pasted round a slip of card, to deposit one of which is as meritorious as praying for a devotee too ignorant to master the proper form of words. On the other side is the Kagura Do, where a woman of uncertain age and attractions, whose blackened teeth tell that she is married, dances the sacred kagura dance in a most picturesque dress of scarlet and white, very like that of the Saracen-descended *contadina* women who hang about or dance at the top of the Spanish steps in Rome, waiting to be hired as models. The dance consists of graceful poetical motions, and, like most Japanese dances, is danced with every part of the body except the feet. It is cheap to be generous and throw her a ten-sen piece.

Then let him hurry on to the little canopied door in front of him, carved over the lintel with Hidari Jingoro's famous

sleeping cat. This is the beginning of the end. Two hundred mossy steps in sundry steep flights, at sundry angles, between lofty walls like Capri's, two hundred moss-grown steps, and a mossy stone gallery with balustrades, decaying to just the picturesque point, will bring him to a torii and another oratory to be used if the main oratory should be undergoing repairs. Very beautiful and chaste, too, is this oratory within.

Behind it is the tomb. It was a poetical mind that designed the relation of temple and tomb. Down below was one constant enhancement of splendour. The pilgrim leaving the Sacred Bridge passed the tiny red shrine of Jinga Daio, and climbed through the simple grove until he came to the mammoth stone torii; here he was suddenly confronted by the great scarlet pagoda and the gate of the Two Kings, and climbed the first stairway. Then there was the outer court, with its carven stable and treasuries, its brilliant library, and exquisite canopied fountain. Then he passed under the graceful bronze torii, and up a second stairway into the court of bronze lanterns, gifts of tributary kings, with the scarlet bell tower on one side, and the scarlet drum tower on the other. Then came the third stairway, and the glory and indescribable sumptuousness of the Yomeimon; then a fourth, with the perfect grace of the Karamon, and a fifth with the golden shrine of shrines, standing in the gilt-trellised Tamagaki in the great court-yard, ringed in with the beautiful buildings containing the sacred car and the sacred dancers, and the Goma Do, and broad scarlet cloisters. Then through the archway, brooded over by the sleeping cat—of who shall say what allegorical significance—he suddenly turned his back on all this riot of splendour, and climbing steep flights of moss-grown and decaying steps, between grim walls, and over-shadowed by dark trees, arrived at the conqueror's tomb, plain of the plain, simple of the simple.

Such was the life of Iyeyasu, a procession of increasing splendour until it came to the dark gates of the tomb, typified in the noble bronze gateway, cast in one piece, solid and simple, guarded by Ama-ino and Koma-ino, those ancient royal emblems, the lion and the unicorn, at the top of a narrow stairway.

Behind this gate there is but a plain stone platform with a plain stone balustrade, in the centre of which rises a plain bronze tomb of the shape used for the great of the land—a cone surmounted by a cushion, containing, half way up, an orifice, closed by two little doors about a foot high, to hold the urn of the dead prince's ashes. In front is a low stone table bearing a bronze stork, with a brazen candle in its bill, and standing on a tortoise ; a bronze censer ; and a bronze vase with a brazen lotus in it. But then these are immense—this tortoise-stork emblem of immortality, this censer, and this lotus vase—and their goodly bronze is full an inch thick ; and the tomb !—this bronze has a strange light colour, like certain princely tombs of Shiba. It is half gold.

Hours ago it was four o'clock, closing time ; but he will have bribed the holy men to let him linger on to see the sun die on the hill of the illustrious dead. Rome was not built, neither can Nikko be seen, in a day. And he will have much left for another day, or week, or month.

Little inferior to the mortuary shrine of Iyeyasu is that of his famous grandson, Iyemitsu. Exquisite is the glacial blue Daiyagawa, with its whirlpools and its avenue of Buddhas with merciful countenances. Ghastly is the lonely Murderer's Temple ; unique the trip to Chiusenji Lake, with its waterfalls by the wayside, and its caravanserais on piles. And Taki-no-Jinja woods, with their moss-grown ruins and hydrangea thickets, and musical notes of the "pooh pooh," bring back one's lost youth, with the thicket-hidden palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE" IN JAPAN.

TOKYO, *June 5th.*

PROBABLY no single phrase of Japanese pigeon-English is quite so pregnant as that by which the Chinaman scornfully designates the Japanese, in allusion to their shoddy imitations of foreigners—"lie-Europeans."

The Japanese have no pigeon-English like that which prevails wherever John Bull and John Chinaman have much intercourse. It insults them to talk the number-one-top-side-plenty-pidgin lingo to them. They always endeavour to express themselves in good Queen's English and President's American, with much more ludicrous results.

There are plenty of educated Chinamen, such as the Shroffs in banks, or the *compradores* of ships and merchants, who speak Japanese like natives; but the common Chinaman—sailor off a ship, or the like—almost invariably carries on his dealings with the Japanese in whatever English they can muster between them. It is an odd sight to see these two remotest races of Asia conversing in the language of the little island at the further end of Europe, or the new nation which has only been in existence a span in comparison with them.

But it is odder still to see two Chinese of different provinces—say a Chinaman of Canton, and a Chinaman of Swatow—each finding it easier to understand the other's English than his different dialect of Chinese. It almost

comes to this—that between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn there is only one language of commerce.

The Japanese always wish to keep pace with the times, so they have made the Anglo-Saxon tongue a dual language with Japanese. Their proclamations are usually published in both languages. Their railway tickets, time tables, names of stations, etc., are in both languages, as were the tickets and notice boards of the Tokyo Exhibition in 1890, and even the Exhibition Catalogue. And the guilds of jinrikisha coolies, lending libraries, and any other conceivable organisation which comes in contact with the "red-haired barbarian," publish grand announcements in the language which every Asiatic proselyte firmly believes the Founder of Christianity to have spoken.

I cannot recall anything much funnier than the rules of the Kyokei Kashihonsha—a lending library in Tokyo :—

KYOKEI KASHIHONSHA'S RULES.

1. The Proffession of our Company is Supplying the all Japanase Classical and Modern Books or Chinese and English Language's Books to Readers for receiving duly Lending Price.

2. All Books are divided into Four class. First class is the Book which always ready in our Company, out Never take out except Special and quasi Special Customer. Second and Third class is the Books which will lend to the Readers who has paid Evidencial Money (HOSHOKIN). Evidencial Money is fixed, that is Second class is 3 yen. Third class is Y. 1,500. R.

Fourth class is the Book which permit Common Readers to be lend, but of the THE STUDENTS and Lodging-men who are not a Master of house, wished to Read. Our Company's Book must give the Signiture of Master of house or Officer of School.

Except who has paied a Real Price of Book.

3. Who has paied Evidencial-Money is called Special and will lend all Books for 8-10 of General Lending Price.

Whenever, Evidencial-Money will trust to our Company, but the Repayment of it, is limited Two month, that is June and December.

At the time of its Repayment, who desired to get previously must communicate to, if it does not, will suppose that it will be continuance.

When Reader trust Evidencial-Money, will give a Special reiept, therefore the repaiment is carried, it will be exchange for money.

4. Who has read the Book of our Company, above Three month by the Polish way of the reading, thought of our Company, will send the Signiture of Special and may be lend by paying Pending Price that mitigating 1-10 of it.

5. The Limit of time of Reading is fixed. All Novel and thin Book is five days. All Special Book is almost ten days. English Language Book which is not many pages is limited, ten days, but large Book is fifteen days. The Exact limit of time and lending Price are mentioned on the back or face of all Book.

6. Japanese styled Books, which are many books, is fixed not to lend above Three or Five volumes. One part of English language book or Translated Book in European Style is only a volume.

7. All Lending-Price must be paid, at first. The Lending-price of a Japanese Book always limited from 5 rin to 15 rin in one times. The Lending-Price of a European Styled Book is Generally from 1-1,000 to 1-10 of Real Price of Book. When distributer went at the end of time, if reader does not give back its book, is compelled to pay second Lending-Price.

8. Our Company's Book will send by distributer except Special Customer, therefor will not admit to take and

directory from our Company, but not who has paid Certain price for Book. If Reader took out the book directory from us must trouble himself to bring. When time has come, Yet does not bring, will require second Lending-Price, by identity Fifth Rule.

9. If some soil or Destruct of Book doen, we will require duly indemnity.

10. If the Order of Book is reported by the post, will send to, at next day.

11. Never delivere the money to the man who did not bring the Signiture of our Company at the matter of referring the money, except Lending Money if Reader do not so, though some meddling occurred at the since, we will not obliged to refer to that.

This Catarogue is description of owing Book of our Company's estimating at, 21, Meiji October, and the description of Japanese and Chinese Book was published already, therefore, if Readers desired to search out the Book's of that's part will hope to read of that description.

Price of this description is the real Price of book at present, not Nominal Price, therefore if Reader loses or soiled, anyhow will oblige to ransom.

The division of the book is the Private thought of author, therefore if Reader troubled for searching the book, we must thank to Reader's Grace.

The Rules of Our Library (Which Established in Our Company).

1. The time of Opening of Library is always from 9 o'clock of morning, and 4 o'clock of (evening) is the time of Shuting of Library, at every days except one eleven and twenty-one days of every month.

2. All men being admitted to enter our Library by paying three cents for the Reading, but all Special or Quasi-Special

Customer and the officers of News Publisher may be enter only paying two cent. Person who required to read the book of first or second class must compell the double Price for reading.

3. The object of our library is for the Reader who desired to Read many books at one time for searching useful matter. Therefore all book which is ready in our Company is permit to Read; but the prevailing Book at present is wished for Reader to be lent from the procedeur of sending.

4. All Tokyo *News* and political or Sciencial magazine readed in our library.

5. If reader does break or soil the book, and the thing, which placed on the room, must be obliged to pay duly indemnity.

Mayeda San, the poet printer of the Hakubunsha, took us to this very mercantile library. Outside it was an ordinary-looking Japanese house of the humbler sort, built entirely of wood and only closed in with sliding shutters (shoji), except that it had a window out of which leaned the most venerable Japanese I ever saw, with a handsome, long, snowy white beard. I don't suppose its counterpart exists among pure-blooded Japanese.

When we got inside, some time was wasted in the elaborate bows between Mayeda San and the librarian, who looked about twelve years old, of course after that worthy had given me the most elaborate kowtow in his *répertoire*. A good deal more time was consumed in Mr. Mayeda's deciding for me whether it was best that I should be a *special* or *quasi special* customer, or a *student*, or a *lodging man*, and what percentage between 1-1100 and 1-10 I should pay on that European styled book, "Griffis' Mikado's Empire." He recommended me not to pay evidencial money, because I could only get it back in June or December, and this was January.

Finally I got tired of the negotiations and went outside. My riksha boy was standing as if he were posing for a monument, with a most sublime grin on his back-turned face, and his pipe case in his left hand, while his right held his kiseru (pipe) with the dignity of a marshal's baton. He was very ragged. Taro was absent, sick. He had probably been taking too much saké. Being my servant, at 70 sen (about half a crown) a day regular, he was rolling in wealth for a jinrikisha boy. I simply stood and watched his statuesque deputy until the funniest old man slouched past with the peculiar trudge of the Japanese, dressed in a most comical hooded tunic. Rattling my kodak out to snap a photograph of old Fortunatus was too much for the statue by the jinrikisha. He put a hand to each side and laughed "fit to split himself," as he said.

Mayeda San, for a man in his poor circumstances, could really write very fair English. Here is a specimen of one of his letters :—

GENTLEMAN—I duly receeved your letter from Kioto which dated 3rd. You have written me about the book of poem and carry down the covers, inside papers and six copies of proofs, so I have told all about it to our head, and I have already arranged all things as above.

I thought I must go to the Club Hotel this evening as your ordered, but I could not to go this evening because it is exceedingly busy to-day, so I really will go down with all things to-morrow at any times you like, but I think I shall go to see you about 4—9 p. m. and carry them down at that time. It has been so bad weather at Tokyo last few days ago, but are you quite well? Please tell my compliment to your famiry

I am
your obedient servant
R. MAYEDA.

Mayeda had probably learned his English from the missionaries. It is a common trick for Japanese and Chinese to go through the process of conversion until they know enough English to get a place as a waiter or clerk in a store, when they drop it like a hot potato. Mayeda was certainly not a Christian any longer when we knew him.

Every one in the East is familiar with the story of the Chinaman who went to his Sunday school teacher to say that he did not mean to come any more.

"How is that?" said the missionary; "you seemed to be getting along so nicely."

"Me savez plenty English now; me go hotel boy; me no care for Amelikan man, Jesus Kilist."

It is probably not true, but it points the moral to plenty of true tales.

It is in commerce that the English of Japan shines resplendent.

The Japanese are very great at spurious imitations. They make up the vilest concoctions of methylated spirit and label them Fine Blended Glasgow Wine, oblivious of the fact that Scotch wine does not share the reputation of Scotch whisky, and one has to examine every label with a detective eye. If it is of Japanese manufacture it is sure to be full of ridiculous small errors. No Japanese ever could copy a thing accurately. He never gets further than a general effect, and that often a caricaturish one.

It is the Chinaman who copies the rents in your clothes, and would paint the gold in your teeth, if you sat for your portrait smiling.

Here are some examples. There is a great sale in Japan for the Eagle brand of Condensed Milk, and, accordingly, the Japanese have counterfeited the label. The Gail Borden signature is purposely a blur, and there are such mistakes as *witer* for water, *witout* for without, *freezar* for freezer, *beet retined* for best refined, concluding with this magnificent

piece of American advertising: "The largest quantity of these vauloble articels the least possible sace. Possesses great advantages and saves timepand trouble." The man who got out this magnificent label was probably willing, like the leading merchant at Utsonomiya, to sell his goods *fullsell* or retail.

One of the standard "chestnuts" in the East is that when Shobey, the great silk merchant at Yokohama, first began to get up boxes of silk handkerchiefs for the European trade, he labelled them "Crosse and Blackwell." Shobey is too intelligent and scrupulous a man to do this, but it is exactly the kind of thing that many of his countrymen are unintelligent and unscrupulous enough to do, such as the gentleman who describes himself on his shop sign as:—

DEALER OF

THE

Ancient Thing, Old Gold and Silver.

Mr. "KONDO RIHEI,

Dealer in the Imported Liquors, Wines, Spirits, &c.,

No. 9, NICHOME, HONCHO NIHONBASHIKU, TOKIO, JAPAN,"

has been filled with distrust by these proceedings of his countrymen and issues this warning to his European patrons:—

"If health be not steady, heart is not active. Were heart active the deeds may be done. Among the means to preserve health the best way is to take in Kozan wine,

which is sold by us, because it is to assist digestion and increase blood. Those who want the steady health should drink Kozan wine. This wine is agreeable even to females and children who cannot drink any spirit, because it is sweet. In other words, this pleases the mouth, and, therefore, it is very convenient medicine for nourishing. Accordingly, our wine is now in demand, and it can be obtained at any store for liquors and spirits throughout the empire, but it is regretted that several others imitated our wine, having mixed a certain sweet material with common wine. Please remember our three registered trade marks, in order to distinguish genuine from inferior imitations."

I have myself tasted this Kozan wine. It is something like very sweet California port.

The Yebisu brewery's prospectus in almost as funny as Mr. Rihei's. They asked me for a testimonial and I wrote the old German doggerel:

"Leben sie wohl,
Essen sie kohl,
Trinken sie bier,
Lieben sie mir?"

And they saw the word *bier* and accepted it perfectly seriously.

For a climax I must go to Mr. Chamberlain:—

"During the last ten years young Japan, eager for new worlds to conquer, has begun to turn its attention to English versification. That the results still leave something to desire will be gathered from the following specimen entitled 'Her Glee,' which appeared in September 1886, in the pages of a Japanese magazine in the English language, published by certain Japanese students at Tokio. So far as we apprehend its obscurities through the mist of poetic license, it would appear to be a dithyramb in praise

of woman, who is apostrophised as the cement of society, or, to use the youthful poet's own words, 'social glue' :—

HER GLEE.

'The purest flame, the hottest heat
Is Woman's Power ever earth,
Which mighty black and pale down beat,
And made the Eden, place of birth.

'Of what? Of what? Can thou tell me?'
A birth of Noble, High, value—
The station He designed for thee—
Of woman, Mother, Social Glue.

'Let her be moved from earth to try
What dark mist overwhelms human Race!
Let Lady claim with all the cry:
"Can you still hold and hold your peace?"

'How sweet, how mirthful, gay is Name!
What boon, thing, may exceed in kind?
Would she be praised, entolled—not Shame:
Tie Pale, of Both, to bound, to bind.'"

This is another of the *bonnes bouches* in "Things Japanese."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THEATRES AND VARIETY SHOWS IN JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA, *June 12th.*

IN an earlier chapter I have described a visit to Danjuro's Theatre, but I forgot to say anything about the ordinary theatres and variety performances. And since then I have seen the beautiful and famous cherry dance, miyako odori, which is held at Kyoto for but a week or two in the year, and which enjoyed such notice from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

I suppose I ought to begin with the last. We were all (the Duke and Duchess included) staying at Yaami's, the most charming of native-kept hotels in Japan, on the hill of Maruyama. We rattled down the slope in our rikshas till we had rounded the great Gion Temple (famous for its merry-go-rounds, and monkeys, and archery booths), when we turned up to the left, and almost immediately afterwards down to the right. There was no mistaking our destination, for tall cressets were blazing outside the theatre, which shot their shafts of flame high above the low Japanese houses. Dashing up an avenue lined with waiting rikshas we dismounted, and found everything elaborately carpeted in honour of the royal visit. The attendants pointed to our boots, and said something in Japanese; but our riksha boys, as we were good customers, had anticipated the occasion, and brought white linen boot-covers, something like the split-toed stockings

worn by the natives indoors, so we were spared the trouble of disbooting.

I never was in a more charmingly designed theatre than this in which we witnessed the cherry dance. It consisted of a pit, which may or may not have been occupied—I was too interested to notice—surrounded by four stages on the same level, the front stage being occupied by the dancers, the two side stages by the orchestra, and the back, which was prettily curtained and like a huge private box, by a delightful room in a tea house with a whole side opened to the theatre. It was luxuriously carpeted, and provided with seats and little round tables for tea or chow. The moment we got inside, sweet little musumés, as light and gay as butterflies, flitted up and offered us refreshments in the ancient Japanese fashion, kneeling. The audience thus privileged were few, not more than fifty, and the spectacle was unique.

To execute this cherry dance all the most famous dancers in Japan are brought together to Kyoto for a week or two while the cherry trees are in blossom. The performance is more like an Italian ballet of the Excelsior type than ever, and would be slow but for the exceeding beauty of the dresses in colour and fabric, and the typically Oriental flavour of the whole performance. The side stages were very narrow and almost filled with the long rows of musicians, wearing of course prodigious specimens of the shoulder flaps which were full dress in the feudal times, arrayed in scarlet brocade to which Solomon in all his glory was nothing. Some of them tummed upon antique drums, and some of them twanged upon the quaint samisen, not to mention the biwa and the Japanese fiddle and flute. The music didn't seem quite so distressing as the native music generally does.

The dancers, as I mentioned before about Japanese dancing, danced with everything but their feet; swaying their bodies and heads, waving their arms, opening, shutting, twirling and flinging their fans. Their posturing certainly was very fine and graceful, and their dresses, in all of which the cherry blossom was the theme, were marvellously beautiful. They and the delicious little private box and restaurant combined were the charms of this unique performance. The scenery was rather amusing. It was a kind of revolving panorama, and depicted famous European haunts of fashion

THE ORCHESTRA AT THE MIYAKO-ODORI.

and pleasure, such as the Crystal Palace and the Battersea Embankment of the Thames.

The Duchess was immensely delighted with everything, and clapped her hands repeatedly; the Duke looked about as bored as his courtesy ever permits him to look. He and his party were barricred off from the general public; but from various males in the party went longing looks at smart and pretty globe-trotters beyond the pale. The cherry dance was certainly more interesting than the No-dances are, though the latter are the only theatrical entertainment much patronised by the upper class Japs. These *No* seem to be a kind of

ancient opera, written in classical Japanese on classical subjects, and consisting of singing and dancing only. Like the Greek play they were developed out of rude religious dances, accompanied by an orchestra who sang, by the addition of two characters who recited the more important parts instead of singing them. The dresses are gorgeous in the extreme, but there is no scenery. Though each only takes about an hour to perform, the whole day is devoted to them, as a number of them are performed with comic interludes, just as an English play has several acts with music between.

Except it be to see Danjuro, or some other Irving of Japan, the nobles seldom attend any theatrical performance except the *No*. They consider the ordinary theatre (kabuki or shibai) as fit only for the vulgar people; for their plays, instead of exhibiting gods and heroes, are drawn from Japanese life, especially life before the revolution. They are divided, not into tragedy and comedy, but into historical plays and comedies (jidaimono and sewamono). I learn from Chamberlain, in his fund of amusement and information on "Things Japanese," which I have just been reading, that "these plays originated partly in the comic interlude of the No-dances, partly in marionette dances accompanied by explanatory songs, called zoturi or gidaiyo. This explains the retention of the chorus, though in diminished numbers, and exiled to a little cage separated from the stage (described in the chapter about Danjuro). Hence the peculiar poses of the actors originally intended to imitate the stiffness of their prototypes, the marionettes (which is most skilfully done.—D. S.).

Mr. Chamberlain goes on to remark that though, like Æschylus, Shakespeare, and their Chinese rival, Japanese dramatists have no female actors to interpret their women's parts, the founders of the regular stage were two women named O-Kuni and O-Tsu. These two ladies seem to have

been no better than they should be, which may have given birth to the fear that immorality would ensue from the meeting of the sexes on the stage, though one cannot see how this could have mattered much in a country like Japan, where morality and immorality are in about the same condition as the world before the firmament was made. It is of little interest to know the names of Japan's most famous dramatists, because, like all the other play-writers, big and little, they dramatised the story of the "Forty-seven Ronins," which bobs up against you at every corner. This places them outside the pale of human sympathies.

To the foreigner it is doubtful *which* are the less interesting, the No theatres or the Kabuki. The No-dances seem as long as a sermon, and it is seldom that one can understand what the plays are driving at, though it is interesting to see obsolete diversions like hara-kiri (suicide by disembowelling) represented with historical accuracy. Japanese historical plays are fearfully bloody affairs, and the adjuncts of homicide are always represented most realistically. The stage is strewn with limbs and gore, and the picture-panels hung outside these theatres, as advertisements of the gruesome pleasures within, compress a whole "Iliad" of carnage into a few hundred square feet. I endured a performance from a sense of duty, but I could make so little out of it that I have to take a brief cutting from an American book—dear old Griffis—to give an idea of a typical Japanese play:—

"The play was full of love and murder, with many amusing incidents. A pretty woman of gentle birth loves a poor itinerant pipe-mender and cleaner. Her father wishes her to marry a son of a nobleman. He succeeds in his purpose by means of a go-between, who pretends to carry messages from the true lover to the duped girl. At the marriage-ceremony, which is represented in detail on the stage, she lifts her silken hood, expecting to see her true

love, but beholds her father's chosen, whom she hates. She has to submit, and goes to housekeeping.

"Clandestine meeting of wife and old lover. Jealous husband detects paramours. Murder of the guilty pair. The husband finds that the pipe-mender is his dear friend, in humble disguise. Remorse! Commits hara-kiri. Finale.

"As the performance lasts all day, people bring their tea-pots and their lunch baskets. The interest in the bloody scene, when heads, trunks, blood, and limbs lie around the stage promiscuously; the deliberate whetting of the sword with the hone, dipper, and bucket and water, in sight of the frantic, guilty pair; the prolongation of the sharpening of the sword and the bloody scene to its possible limit of time—twenty minutes by the watch—makes it seem very ludicrous, though the audience look on breathless. During this time all talking, eating, and attention to infants cease. The repeated attempts of the husband to screw his courage up to the striking point, and thrust the dirk in his abdomen, excite the loud laughter of the audience."

Some of the stage effects, such as the bleeding wounds are very well done; and the scenery is not at all bad, especially at the theatres which have revolving stages, the principle of which is that when a scene is finished the stage revolves, and what has been the front face goes behind (scenery, furniture, actors and all), what had been the back-face being presented to the audience with fresh scenery and appurtenances. This revolving stage saves a great deal of time, though you wouldn't have thought the Japanese cared about that; for all the time a scene is in progress on the front of the revolving stage, a fresh scene is being fixed up behind. But it would not act so well in European theatres, because Japanese scenery and stage carpentry are very meagre and light and flimsy in comparison.

However, while I am laughing at the Japanese theatre from my European point of view, I am shamed into quoting an anecdote I saw in Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," which shows how equally ridiculous our theatrical performances appear to them :—

"A small Italian Opera troupe having come to Yokohama, a wide-awake Japanese impresario hired them, and caused a play to be written for the special purpose of letting them appear in it. This play represented the adventures of a party of Japanese globe-trotters, who, after crossing the Pacific Ocean and landing at San Francisco, where they naturally fell among the Red Indians who invest these savage and remote localities, at last reach Paris, and attend the performance of the Grand Opera. Then all the Italian singers were appropriately introduced, Hamlet-like, upon a stage upon the main stage. But, oh ! the effect upon the Japanese audience when they recovered from the first shock of surprise ! They were seized with a wild fit of hilarity at the high notes of the Prima Donna, who really was not at all bad. The people laughed at the absurdities of European singing until their sides shook and the tears rolled down their cheeks, and they stuffed their sleeves in their mouths as we might our pocket-handkerchiefs in the vain endeavour to contain themselves."

These Kabuki theatres are very picturesque affairs outside. From the roof, overhanging in Japanese fashion, to within about eight feet of the ground hang huge panels, sometimes twenty feet high and six broad, depicting the most ghastly and sensational incidents in the play, as much exaggerated as an auctioneer's description of a suburban building site. They are hung, like pictures in a room, with a tremendous cant forward, so that they may strike a passer-by with all possible effect. Below sits a man selling wooden tickets as big as cheque-books, and inviting people to enter with the orthodox hoarse voice of the red-faced man at an English

fair, who invites you in to see the boxing and the fat woman. The theatre street is always the liveliest in a Japanese city, the Dotom-Bori in Ozaka enjoying the highest repute, though the theatre street in Kyoto is perhaps more entertaining to a stranger. Tokyo has no regular theatre street, unless we can reckon the street of booths in Asakusa park.

At Kyoto there is a wonderful variety of entertainments, from legitimate drama to wrestling, conjuring, archery, and even dioramas—the last fearful and wonderful in the bloodshediness of their subjects. The best conjuring performance we saw in a theatre was at Kobe, and even there the tricks were not worth mentioning beside the feeblest Indian juggling ; chawing live charcoal and spinning half a dozen big tubs at the same time being the *tours de force*. I forgot to say that theatre streets, like temple grounds, have every spare yard filled up with stalls for the sale of sweets, combs, hairpins, soap, pipe cases, toys, and the other unspeakable rubbish of a Japanese fair.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NATION AT PLAY.

YOKOHAMA, *June 19th.*

THE most delightful things in Japan are the children. Taken as a whole, I don't think one finds such delightful children anywhere else in the world. For to the beauty and grace of childhood they add the roguishness, the playfulness, and the gentleness of puppies or kittens. They are just as self-possessed.

They are always ideally dressed, and have a considerable amount of actual beauty as well as quaintness in their little faces, as round and soft as ripe plums. To begin with, they have marvellous complexions—clear brown skins, as velvety as peaches, with a rich damask-red on the cheeks. And they have the loveliest little rosebuds of mouths, and the whitest teeth, generally very regular, though small. They have also beautiful little hands and feet, with the same clear brown skin; slender, well-formed, "nervous" fingers and toes, and remarkably good nails

Outside these points, they are beautifully ugly, or quaint! Their queer little hickory nuts of heads are shaved, all except one little tuft of jet-black hair at the top of the head, or over each ear. Their eyes are like black beads with hard china whites twinkling behind narrow slits. They have the funniest little snubs of noses, and plump and puppyish figures.

The Japanese love to dress their children in strictly Japanese style, in the most becoming clothes, just as they

exhaust their ingenuity in inventing games and toys for them. Their dress has always a plentiful admixture of red. Red is the colour of youth in Japan, but on grand occasions one must go to the rainbow, or the kaleidoscope, or fireworks, to find a parallel.

The general effect is that of a long gown open down the front, with long loose sleeves and a broad sash at the waist. The little girls who are apprenticed for the profession of geisha (singing girl) wear brilliant and exquisitely-flowered silks, with obés or sashes of rich, stiff brocade, fabulously dear.

The Japanese commence their duties as mothers earlier, and leave them off later, than any nation in the world. One sees children who do not look more than four years old carrying the last baby in the haori slung on their backs, and women will suckle children, two, three, or even five years, before they wean them.

Sir Edwin Arnold, whose editorial experience has taught him to be careful where statistics are concerned, says that the Japanese have very small families. This being a fact, it is patent that every man, woman and child of the age of puberty must be busy in the business of the procreation of children, set forth in the marriage service of the Episcopal Church as the main duty of married life. For the streets literally swarm with children, especially at New Year's tide, on March the 3rd, and May the 5th.

It is fortunate that nearly all the steeds in Japan are human. Otherwise we never should have got to our destination in safety that New Year's Day when we took the long drive, from our temporary abode in the Castle of Tokyo, to the fair which was taking place in the grounds of the Great Temple of Kwannon at Asakusa, for the streets were at the mercy of throngs of little girls in their gayest dresses and sashes, with powdered faces and carmined lips (colouring said to be in imitation of a certain kind of gay beetle), and with

a most gorgeous coiffure, playing at hane-tsuki (battledore and shuttlecock) in pairs or circles.

Their shuttlecocks were tiny feathered balls made of seeds; and their battledores, made of the light kiri wood (*paulownia imperialis*) of which clogs are made, had backs in all the colours of the rainbow, raised up with cloth, padded silk, etc., to give "some popular actor, hero of romance, or singing girl, in the most Japanese style of beauty."

One had to pass through a hail of shuttlecocks, some of them whizzing past you point blank like a hard volley at lawn tennis, others dropping just in front of your nose on a battledore which skied it back again. No horses would have stood it.

This game is supposed to give the youthful Japanese belle matchless opportunities for showing off beauty, figure, and dress; and, strictly speaking, the victor may, if she chooses, disfigure the conquered beauty's face with ink.

The boys meanwhile were having top-fights (koma asobe). If it had been windy enough for their favourite kites it wouldn't have been calm enough for battledore. These tops were made of hard wood, with an iron ring around them, and were wound up and thrown. The first thrower threw his to spin, the second threw his to strike the spinning top.

As we drove back the wind had risen, and on the roof of every two-storey house paterfamilias was assisting his boys in flying kites, a pastime in which the Japanese are particularly adept.

"You go drill-ground?" asked Taro (eldest son), my riksha boy, observing the interest I took in their skill; "plenty kite, good kite, drill-ground." I nodded, and we drove just past our hotel to the wind-swept drill-ground lying between the cavalry barracks, the Rokumeikwan (Tokyo Club), and the School of the Nobles. Here was young Japan in all its glory, with kites flying fabulous heights in the air,

which, when they came down, proved to be counterfeits of the great brown hawks which wheel and wheel over every street of a Japanese city, or rectangles of tough paper, stretched on light split bamboo frames of about a couple of feet square or more, adorned in rainbow hues with the figures of great heroes, or beautiful women, or Chinese dragons.

Some of them have hummers made of strips of whalebone, others had ten or twenty feet of their string at the kite-end dipped in a mixture of gum and pounded glass, for kite-fights. If this is drawn sharply across the string of a rival kite it cuts it and brings it to the ground. Sir Edwin Arnold was very fond of giving kite-parties.

The girls, meanwhile, had given up battledore, and were having matches at bouncing a ball covered with bright silks, to which they kept up a crooning accompaniment, which consists of stories as old as the hills or a word-play on the numbers up to a hundred.

We never had snow enough in Tokyo to see Daruma Asobi; the children, with characteristic Japanese irreverence, making snow men in the shape of Daruma, the founder of one of the most important sects in Buddhism; or the white rabbit who is supposed to live in the moon and beguile his time with making the elixir of life.

And some of their games are hard for a foreigner to identify; such as senjo kwannon, in which a child takes another on its back, faced backwards, and pretends to be one of the rokubu (devotees) who carry a tall narrow shrine of the goddess of mercy, some six feet high, on their backs, for the common people to worship (and give them a gratuity); and the ahiruno tamago (ducks' eggs), in which the smaller child is held crosswise on the back, and the other children dance round, singing a nonsensical verse.

But kari asobi (playing at hunting), and mushi gari, hunting grasshoppers, which are put into the quaintest

gauze cages, speak for themselves, as do tamaya (blowing soap bubbles), and isuka asobi, playing at war with toy weapons. Hotaru-gari (hunting fireflies) is similar to a grasshopper hunt, except that they are hunted at night, and struck down with a circular fan.

The interesting part about king-yo (playing with gold fish) is that these precocious finny Japanese cultivate any number of tails up to half a dozen, two and three-tailed fish being quite common. But the two out-of-doors *tours de force* for children are the Tenno Matsuri no Asobi (playing at the Feast of Tenno, the Japanese Neptune), and the Bon Matsuri, or Feast of the Dead. In the former the four biggest boys (and Japanese can carry astonishing weights for their size) carry a big tub (taro) from the palace of the god, and others carry lions made of basket-work (shishi), and huge square paper lanterns on staves (toro). The children's backs are covered with marvellous dragons and such "wild fowl."

This is one of the summer festivals, taking place in June. But the Bon Matsuri, the Festival of the Dead Ancestors, in July, is the most picturesque thing of the year; for not only do the children, in gorgeous costumes, parade the streets with fans and banners, and paper-lanterns, chanting, but most great cities have some special form of celebrating it.

For instance, at Nagasaki, whole fleets of straw boats, with food and a light on board each, are launched in the harbour on the last night of the festival; and at Kyoto, the ancient capital, fires are lit on all the surrounding hills, in the shape of characters which spell certain words.

So much for the most important of their games.

Two days in the year are specially set apart for children —March 3rd for girls, May 5th for boys.

Of the Hina Matsuri (Feast of Dolls), Dr. Griffis says :— "For several days before the matsuri the shops are gay with the images bought for this occasion, and which are on sale only at this time of the year. Every respectable

family has a number of these splendidly dressed images, which are from four inches to a foot in height, and which accumulate from generation to generation.

"When a daughter is born in the house during the previous year, a pair of *hina*, or images, are purchased for the little girl, which she plays with until grown up. When she is married her *hina* are taken with her to her husband's house, and she gives them to her children, adding to the stock as her family increases."

Japanese children can't be much like Americans.

"The images are made of wood or enamelled clay. They represent the Mikado and his wife, the Kyoto nobles and their wives and daughters, the court minstrels, and various personages of Japanese mythology and history. A great many other toys, representing all the articles in a Japanese lady's chamber, the service of the eating table, the utensils of the kitchen, travelling apparatus, etc., some of which are very elaborate and costly, are all exhibited and played with on this day.

"The girls make offering of saké, dried rice, etc., to the effigies of the Emperor and Empress, mimicking the whole round of Japanese female life, as that of a child, maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother."

"The Boys' Day (Feast of Flags) is on the festival of Hachiman, the god of war. The old Japanese were a very martial nation, and the boys' effigies were always those of heroes, generals, soldiers, on foot and horse, the gods of strength and valour, wrestlers, and so on. Their toys, too, on this occasion, are the weapons, etc., of a daimio's (feudal prince's) procession, such as arms, armour, banners, and the like."

A complete set is bought for every son ; and for every son born within seven years there is a huge hollow paper carp (nobori) hung outside the house from a lofty bamboo pole. The wind bellies these fish out, and makes them flap

their fins and tails. The idea is that the carp can swim swiftly against the current, and surmount waterfalls (here again Japan enjoys a monopoly), typical of the young man's mounting over all difficulties to success and quiet prosperity.

The boys play at daimio's processions, or the battles between the Genji and Heike (the Chinese names of the famous rival clans of the Minamoto and Taira). In these mock battles the player carries a little red (Heike) or white (Genji) flag stuck on his back, or an earthenware helmet fixed to a pad on his head. To capture the enemy's flags, or to break the earthen discs with bamboo swords, is the way the game is played.

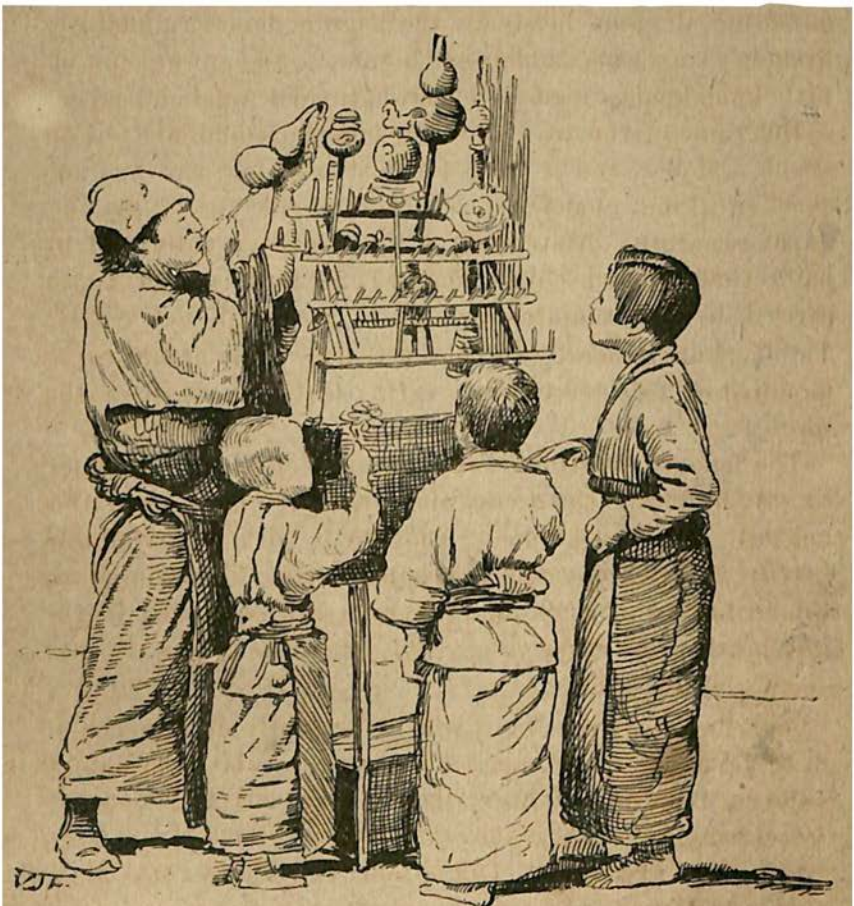
In modified forms, "prisoner's base" and most of the time-honoured children's games of the West are played.

Indoors there are such games as Mawari Doro, fastening tiny figures and scenes cut out of black paper inside a lantern, the heat of the flame of which makes them revolve; sugo roku, a sort of backgammon; juroku musashi, a sort of fox-and-goose, and various kinds of card and educational games, such as iroha garuta (alphabet cards), hiaku nin isshiu garuta (one-verse-of-one-hundred-poets cards), kokin garuta (game of ancient odes), Chiye no ita (wisdom boards), and chiye no wa (ring of wisdom).

Some of these require a knowledge of the Chinese classics, and considerable scholarship, so it is not surprising to find that the most popular of them all is that of the "fifty-three post stations" between Tokyo and Kyoto. The name and picture of each is given, and the stake deposited on Kyoto. Then they throw with dice, and whoever arrives at Kyoto first, wins.

Japan is veritably, as Sir Rutherford Alcock called it, "The Paradise of Babies." If a village is large enough to hold a shop at all it will have a toy shop. The poorest parts of cities have numbers of them. The temples are full of them. Fairs have hardly anything else except pipe

cases and combs ; and their parents are for ever devising or buying toys for them. At any of the matsuri (festivals) at great temples, like those of Shiba and Asakusa, one will



THE AME YA—MAKER OF DOUGH TOYS.

see the poorest Japanese going off laden with toys for their children.

The toys, it is true, are cheap and simple. Some of the favourite ones are made of dough, blown in much the same way as glass is, into figures of gods and men and jinrikishas, and cocks and foxes, and fir trees, rudely coloured.

Then there are the kites, battledores, helmets, flags, coats of mail, swords, spears, guns, model junks and sampans, balls, dolls, every article of furniture for a house in miniature, dragons' heads for the kagura dances, miniature firemen's standards, ladders and hammers, and any amount of little knickknacks made of cheap lacquered wood and paper.

But some of the toys are very ingenious and fine. For about a dollar and a half, for instance, one can buy an exact working model of the Murata rifle used by the Japanese army. And some of the swords, usually sold in pairs (katana and chiisai-katana), in imitation of those carried by the samurai, are really beautiful and costly. The flags are generally the national flag, made of silk *crêpe* mounted on a lacquered staff, with a little brass ball at the top.

The favourite pastime of the Japanese children is, strange to say, imitating the occupations of their elders—and this not only at matsuri time. They do it with an inimitable gravity and demureness. Perhaps having to assume the responsibilities of nurse and perambulator combined to the baby brother or sister when only about four herself may give a girl the habit.

One constantly sees boys who look hardly old enough to go to school actively engaged in business—bookbinding or painting lanterns and umbrellas, or even with tiny hammers knocking the gold leaf into the fretted surface of the great "Satsuma" jars which Tokyo and Yokohama turn out in such abundance.

The boys are charming until they put on red socks and pseudo-European shoes, and flat-rimmed caps and spectacles, and attend one of the great schools on foreign models. Those are the grubs which change into soshi.

One of the prettiest sights one can see in a Japanese street is a group of children buzzing round a candy stall or peripatetic cooking-stove, well described by Griffis :—

"Nearly every itinerant seller of candy, starch cakes, sugared peas and sweetened beans, has several methods, by lottery, by which he adds to the attractions on his stall. A disk having a revolving arrow, whirled around by the hand of a child, or a number of strings which are connected with the faces of imps, goddesses, devils, or heroes, lends the excitement of chance, and when a lucky pull or whirl occurs, occasions the subsequent addition to the small fraction of a cent's worth to be bought. Men or women itinerants carry a small charcoal brazier under a copper griddle, with batter, spoons, cups, and Shoyu sauce, to hire out for the price of a cash ($\frac{1}{10}$ of a halfpenny) each to the little urchins, who spend an afternoon of bliss making their cakes and eating them. The seller of sugar jelly exhibits a devil, taps a drum, and dances for the benefit of his baby customers. The seller of mochi (rice flour cakes) does the same, with the addition of gymnastics, and skilful tricks with balls of dough. The fire eater rolls balls of camphor paste, glowing with lambent fire, all over his arms, and then extinguishes them with his mouth. The bug man harnesses paper carts to the backs of beetles with wax, and a half-dozen in this gear will drag a load of wax up an inclined plane. The man with the magic swimming birds tips his tiny water fowl with camphor, and floats them in a long, narrow dish full of water. The wooden toys, propelled from side to side and end to end by the dissolving gum, act as if alive to the wondering eyes of young spectators. In every Japanese city there are scores, if not hundreds, of men and women who obtain a livelihood by amusing children."

Nor must one forget the kagura dancer, who goes about the streets at the New Year with his head enveloped in a dragon's-head mask, with a scarlet or green cloth hanging from it like a photographer's camera cover, to enable him to give the dragon a neck by holding it at arm's length above, or in front of his own head. Nor the man with the

performing monkeys, who are ludicrously like the Japanese they imitate. Nor the conjurer, and the acrobat, and the raree showman, who has a doll's theatre or a diorama, full of high life or high tragedy in his black box, and sells candies at the close of the performance.

The acrobat-shows are rather distressing; such very young children perform the contortions. In Yokohama, especially, there are troupes of child acrobats, adorned with cocks' feathers and scarlet flannel, who go about the streets throwing somersaults for visitors.

Good-bye, little Japs, who are said never to break anything (perhaps because there is nothing in your homes to break), who never hear a cross word from your parents, and enjoy your mother's milk until you are nearly old enough to carry the next baby; who look the cleanest and sweetest little things imaginable, on the occasions when your heads are not running with eczema or your noses with colds (your parents never attempting to stop either). Day fireworks are mere smoke to the gleams of colour which dart about the streets in your clothes, and butterflies are less glowing and less substantial.

Never grow up! And may Japan never grow up out of its old delightful status of a "Nation at Play."

The same child that is lovely in a bright kimono is ridiculous in an Eton suit; and the good old Japan of daimio days cuts much the same figure when, in an ill-fitting suit of foreign institutions, it poses as a Western Nation.

CHAPTER XXX.

PUBLISHING A BOOK IN JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA, *June 26th.*

POETS are particular about their books. They wish the covers to have the individuality of beauty, which the contents have to themselves. I was probably not more foolish than the ordinary run of poets, when, being in Japan, I conceived the wish of publishing one of my poems in the style appropriated to poetry by this most poetical people.

Every one said: "Go to the Hakubunsha. They do the best work, and one man in their establishment can speak a little English." For printing a book in English this seemed to be an advantage; so to the Hakubunsha I went.

The interpreter, who, of course, would get his squeeze out of the arrangement, came to my hotel before breakfast on the day of the appointment, full of importance and in European clothes. A couple of hours later we crossed the moat (the Tokyo Hotel stands just within the castle walls), and, within one block after we had turned into the Ginza, came to the Hakubunsha.

I respected my publisher from the first. He was a Jap of the old school, who had most of his hair shaved off, and the rest cosmetiqued up into a top-knot at the back of his head. He wore no hat with his quiet, rich, grey silk kimono, white split-toed socks and handsome sandals; and he couldn't talk any English at all—not one word. He really was a Japanese gentleman, a member of the Maple Club, brother

of the Court Chamberlain, and with quite distinguished manners, which made him a distinct bore when one was in a hurry.

He invited us upstairs to his private room. Mr. Shundo, the interpreter—he of whom we used to speak as Man Sunday—kicked off his boots at the foot of the spotlessly clean deal stairs (which Sir Edwin would have called "hand-dressed fir wood"), but Mr. Nagao, the publisher, made signs that we were on no account to do so. Otherwise that business

MY PUBLISHER.
(Drawn by a Japanese Artist.)

would have been conducted in the shop. In winter, especially, it is by no means pleasant to take one's boots off to sit in an ill-heated, draughty Japanese room.

Upstairs we found Mr. Nagao's private room divided into two, one corner being screened off, and carpeted, and provided with a little table and chairs, as being more impressive to customers than the charming room left *à la Japonaise*, with its beautiful pale straw matting.

The latter had its tokonoma and chigaidana recess, with the usual appendages; a screen or two; a little spindle-legged

scarlet table the size of a footstool to support a blue and white porcelain pot containing one of the dwarfed and trained plum trees (one mass of double pink blossom); and a huge example of the motchi, triple bun-shaped New Year cakes, made of pounded rice flour dough.

These have a semi-sacred character until they have been kept so many days after the New Year, when they are eaten. A vase of flowers, symbolically selected, stood before them, and they were raised on one of those queer little flat-rimmed tables like a Japanese tea tray on legs. The room itself was a delightful one, surrounded on two sides by glass shutters through which the sun flooded on a winter morning.

There was a good deal of bowing and kowtowing to be got through before we sat down—not in the beautiful Japanesy room, but round the little lodging-house table in the other room. We were each provided with a charcoal stove for warming the fingers, a pipe was offered to us, and then the honourable tea was brought, with honourable oranges and honourable cakes and honourable candies. I made up my mind to swallow the tea. The interpreter seemed to think that this was necessary to the validity of the business. But I soon found that I could not keep up. Tea was brought about every ten minutes, and the business took us a whole morning.

The book I was going to publish, I must premise, was "LESTER THE LOYALIST," a romance of the founding of Canada—an hexameter poem of eight or nine hundred lines.

When once we got down to business I found that I had hit upon the right man. Mr. Nagaò proved to be one of the leading authorities on the etiquette in the form of books, and in Japan everything has its etiquette and its symbolism. The arrangement of flowers in a cottage vase rigorously obeys it. It descends even to the pipe cases of

the various classes of coolies. A pipe case picked up on the floor of the room in which the heroic Canadian missionary, Large, was assassinated, proved that one of his assailants, at any rate, was a betto (groom).

First Mr. Nagao had brought in, each by a separate ·ant, and each carefully wrapped in a silken cloth, tied round it as a British workman ties his red cotton handkerchief round his lunch, famous books of fabulous antiquity, very likely autographs of the Thirty-Six Poets themselves, or those twin stars of eighth-century Japanese poetry, Hitomaro and Akahito.

Beautiful books they were, bound in silks that hundreds of years after retained their delicate hues, and brocades of the marvellous Japanese patterns, bound with the superlative Japanese finish that leaves nothing to be desired, though simple as unstained fir wood. Some of them folded like screens, though they had fifty or more of the double Japanese leaves; some were stitched between flexible covers of costly fabrics, the stitching being done with floss silk outside the covers, about half an inch from the back of the book.

In these books the covers had no backs, and the double leaves were bound in double with their backs outward. In Japan they only use one side of the paper, and books are invariably printed from top to bottom. On some of these books blocks had been used, but they nearly always were written and illustrated by hand. As I have mentioned above, Japanese fancy writing is as beautiful, as elegant, and delicate as a maidenhair fern.

These priceless books that had taken patient hands months and months to make, on paper that could not be bought for money now, were hardly in my line, considering that I wanted five hundred copies. And so the servants bore them off in procession.

Moreover, as the ordinary Japanese poem consists only of

thirty-one syllables, such as the famous one of which the translation is, "When I gaze toward the place where the cuckoo has been singing, naught remains but the moon in the early dawn," one copy of a poem of nine hundred hexameters would take up as much space as four hundred and fifty of them.

The procession returned with books in the modern style, very few of them poetry. Can it be that even the unprogressive Asiatic has found that poetry is a dissipation rather than a profession? They served, however, to illustrate, as well as anything could be illustrated through the interpretations of Man Sunday, how, with certain modifications, a poetry book of the new style should be brought out.

Imprimis, it was distinctly poetical to use the whity Chinese paper instead of the soft ivory-coloured silky Japanese paper. I demurred at this, and Mr. Nagao said the point did not signify much; but it would be necessary to have one of the standard poetical emblems on the front and another on the back of the book. He suggested "water" for the former, and "wind" for the latter. I found that "wind" was conveyed by the curl of a leaf, but that "water" could only be implied by a sort of Cambridge-blue worm squirming across the cover.

As my subject was the "Romance of the Founding of Canada," it would have been simply grotesque to have this worm squirming all over it, so I struck again, and asked if there were not any more poetical emblems, and he went on rehearsing them till he came to the very thing—the maple, which enters into Japanese life almost as much as it does into Canadian. So we settled on having a sprig of the autumn-tinted maple on the front cover, to signify something or other which I don't remember, and to have a few leaves drifting across the back, one of which should be curled in a manner that signified "wind." As the maple had to be printed in several colours, several wood blocks

were required for both back and front, but the making of these and those for the inside of the book cost altogether only six of the depreciated Japanese dollars.

At first Mr. Nagao wanted to have pictures for the inside. Japanese poetry books, he explained, always had pictures. But Japanese subjects clearly were out of the question, and after seeing the Japanese history of the great Napoleon, with his soldiers in the armour of the fifteenth century, I trembled to think how the War of Independence would be treated, and suggested as a compromise that he should have designs drawn from the maple, and blocks prepared from them, to be printed on the pages in light grey under the text. This, he said, was new, but thoroughly in keeping with the Japanese spirit in such matters, and he waxed enthusiastic in working out my idea. Fetching out a box of paints, and wetting and washing out his brush in his mouth, in a few minutes he had painted us lovely designs in autumn tints for the covers and in pearly greys for the inside.

The question of price was to be deferred till his treasurers could work out the estimates; but of course I should be charged according to his special rates. Perhaps in Japan, as in America, the only people who do not get special rates are the people who forget to ask the price beforehand. And then there came more tea, more compliments, more bowings, a polite but clumsy shuffle downstairs, a resumption of sandals and shoes by Mr. Nagao and Man Sunday, yet more compliments and bowings, and a desperate bolt from the door to get back to the hotel in time for lunch.

A day or two afterwards the estimates arrived. Toku, our hotel boy, knocked at my study door, bowed to the ground, and said, "Mayeda San, sir, Japanese boy from the Hakubunsha." Mayeda San, the English-speaking clerk of the Hakubunsha, was shown up; a bright-looking Japanese, with a mop of hair hanging over his eyes, and cut in the

Western way, probably to show that he did not believe in either of the national religions. But he did not wear a hat or European boots, so he was evidently not of very advanced opinions. He began by informing us that he too was a poet; and tendering us a poem that he had written in conjunction with his partner, who was a street photographer. It was not long—"Dust of Light at the back of the Ocean"—but it was transcribed with unusual delicacy of caligraphy, even for a Japanese, with a dainty little painting of the dawn in one corner. The reader may not have recognised that the poem described dawn.

The estimates arrived in the shape of a number of samples of paper, sewn together with a slip of tightly-twisted paper, and marked No. 1, No. 2, and so on, while on another paper the prices were written down. Unfortunately, the estimates were in Japanese writing, which only one foreigner in a hundred can ever learn to decipher. But Mayeda San translated fairly well to give me a general idea, and said he would bring them back in English to close the contract.

Mr. Mayeda himself interested us very much. He was remarkably intelligent for a Japanese of the lower order, and was fairly delighted because we allowed him to examine the European things we had about the room. He had the greatest ambition to possess "European article," but he was too poor. He supported all his relations but his brother, "who lived in a much better house."

Just about that time my little boy had been changing his foreign stamps from an old album into a new one. He had cut most of the stamps out. I showed Mayeda San the old album, and offered it to him for his little boy, to see what he would say. His eyes fairly sparkled, and he carried it off in triumph, and pasted up every hole, and ruled the red lines over the patches to fit in with the uninjured squares with that marvellous skill the Japanese have for patching.

Not long after this, having settled the question of esti-

mates, I left the manuscript with Mr. Mayeda to be printed while we were away. We were just going down to Hong Kong for the races.

When we came back from China, several weeks afterwards, I wrote from Yokohama to ask for the proofs. I found that,

A JAPANESE POET—MAYEDA SAN.

with true Japanese procrastination, they hadn't even begun them. Mr. Mayeda wrote :—

"GENTLEMAN.—I duly received your letter at 7 o'clock this P.M. and I understood very well what you have written for me. I inform you that we are being in a hurry some other printing things, because it is a thing of limited day's, and it must be printed all up till the end of the month so

we did not set it up of your poem. . . So I entreat to you I am your very humble servant "R. MAYEDA.

"P.S.—It is so bad climate, but are your famiry well? If so I am exceedingly glad."

A few days afterwards—it was the rainy season now—we heard the shuffling of clogs outside that never-to-be-forgotten sitting-room of ours on the sea front of the Club Hotel—a delightful room, with a great bay window from which you could throw an orange into the sea, and two other windows, and with its private entrance to the street, and its bedrooms *en suite*. It was Mr. Mayeda—very much umbrella. To the Japanese a European umbrella is as precious and paraded as a cross of the Legion of Honour. He had brought the proofs. We forgot all the delays when we saw them, they were so beautiful, and really, considering that Mr. Mayeda was the only man in the establishment who could read a word of English, the printing was exceedingly correct. The blocks had turned out a complete success, though, of course, the proofs of the covers did not look as well as they would when mounted and *crêped*.

The Japanese have a process by which they can make paper *crêpe* book covers as stiff as buckram.

"Well, Mr. Mayeda, how did your little boy like the stamp book you mended up for him so beautifully?"

"Ah! it is very sad; he has gone to hell. But the little boy he has loved the stamp book so that he has taken it to hell with him. It is on his *grave*, do you call it?"

A few more weeks passed. Mr. Mayeda brought us the perfect book. He was so flushed and tearful that I poured him a couple of bumpers of vermouth, which he drank off with the excitement of an unemployed workman in England when he makes a trifle by chance, and spends it right off on his beloved gin.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Mayeda?" I asked.

"It is so sad. My other little boy he has gone to hell, too. And I am so poor, and I have to keep my wife's uncles, and my father is very silly, and so I get drunk every night."

The books he had brought were exquisite. The printing was really very correct, and the effect of the long hexameter lines, in the handsome small pica type, on the oblong Japanese double leaf of silky ivory-tinted paper, every page flowered with maple leaves in delicate pearl grey under the type, was as lovely as it was unique.

The block printings on every single leaf were done by hand —the leaf being laid over the block and rubbed into it by a queer palm-leaf-pad burnisher.

The covers were marvels of beauty, made of steel grey paper *crêpe*, ornamented, the back one with three little sere and curled up maple leaves drifting before the wind, and the front one with a spray of maple leaves in all their autumn glory and variety of tints, reproduced to the life.

Across the right hand end of the sprig was pasted a long white silk label in the Japanese style. The good taste, the elegance, the colours of this cover fairly amazed me. I would not leave a copy in Japan. I sent them all off to England.

When the account came in, there was some slight variation in every item. Knowing Mr. Nagao to be too honourable a man for this, I asked Mr. Mayeda about it, and the account was rectified.

After the first two or three interviews, I always avoided seeing Mr. Nagao in person—I hadn't time for all the bowings and compliments, and tea, and oranges, which were necessary to the etiquette of business. One day, while I was waiting for my account, I watched one of the treasurers writing it out in Japanese, and with some difficulty, from his modesty, persuaded him to come and finish it in the sun where I could photograph him.

He was writing as the Japanese always writes his letters. Sitting like a tailor behind a long, low table, about a foot high, he holds a roll of their soft tissue letter paper balanced in his left hand, with the edge turned towards the right. He begins on the right hand side, writing down the page perpendicularly with the fine brush that constitutes his pen, dipped from time to time into the Chinese ink which he has rubbed on his palette inkstand. He jots down his words

JAPANESE WOMAN WRITING A LETTER.

with great rapidity, and unrolls more paper as he wants it. When he has finished he swiftly tears off whatever he has filled, folds it up lengthwise till it is about two inches across (Japanese writing paper is always the same width—about six inches), and thrusts it into a long narrow envelope of about these dimensions.

You buy the paper in rolls of about 100 feet long for 15 or 20 sen (*6d.* to *8d.*), and a letter is usually about a yard long.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ARTIST'S HOME IN JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA, *July 3rd.*

HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, with a fine disregard for creature comforts, prefers to live like a native whenever he makes a halt on his earthly pilgrimage. At Tokyo he was some time before he could realise this aspiration, because the hospitality of the Master of Napier at the British Legation was so inexhaustible. But at last, after temporarily sharing another Englishman's Japanese home, he was able to find a suitable one for himself, in which he resided for some months, at 61, Rokubancho, Koji-machi—Kojimachi being the suburb in which the Legations are situated for the most part, just outside the principal gate of the Mikado's palace. Here he lived, with a man-cook, and a sort of major-domo or valet, man-housemaid and man-housekeeper combined.

His house, built in the form of a right-angle, stood in a sort of compound, which included a picturesque little Japanese garden with the usual stepping-stones and stone votive lantern. It was quite a roomy one, beautifully kept, and luxuriously matted.

Good Japanese mats are lovely—made of pale primrose-coloured straw, an inch or more thick, and almost as yielding as a Turkey carpet. But they are a nuisance to a European, for where the mats are in first-class order one is constrained to take one's boots off. Indeed it is generally made a condition in the lease. Landor, who had joined heartily in

laughing at Sir Edwin only a few months before for "not making a street of his home," became a perfect martinet in the matter as soon as he took possession of his own Japanese home. The moment his front door was opened one heard a voice from behind the screens: "Take off your boots, or you shall not come in!"

Earlier in the year, when the weather was more variable, it was by no means pleasant to sit for any time in loose Japanese sandals in a Japanese house. Japanese houses, with their walls of ill-fitting paper screens, are a rendezvous for all the winds that blow; and they have no fireplaces, but only a few miserable charcoal fire boxes, which the Japanese call hibachi and I call finger stoves. So my visits to him then were only in butterfly weather. In cold, draughty weather, I resolutely refused all his invitations.

As is usual, the house was divided up by sliding paper panels removable at pleasure. As it was ordinarily arranged, one passed from the porch where one left one's boots into a sort of hall. Regularly as I was saluted with, "You shall not come in unless you take off your boots!" I used to reply with, "I value these boots at 10 yen" (30*s.* to 40*s.*), "if any one steals them from your doorstep." From the hall one passed into the studio, and from the latter to the dining-room. Noticeable in the studio were the portraits in progress of Sir Edwin Arnold, and the Countess Kuroda, wife of one of the most prominent Japanese, now a Cabinet Minister, and perhaps more intimate with foreigners than any Japanese lady of high rank. Like other ladies of her position she wears European dress, and looks more elegant in it than any Japanese I have seen.

One day while Sir Edwin was "sitting" Landor found himself in a strange dilemma. He had just caught the expression for which he had been waiting in vain, when the charcoal embers in the hibachi caught the handsome fur-lined overcoat Sir Edwin was wearing. If he told the

knight-editor, the snatch to save the coat would inevitably destroy the expression. Was *he* to sacrifice the expression or Sir Edwin his finery? Finally the artist remembered that the Japanese are particularly dexterous at repairing, and let the coat take its chance.

Scattered about the studio, besides the pictures already mentioned and the fine study of the funeral procession at Nagoya, were a quantity of the little oil sketches in which Mr. Landor excels. He has such a hawk-like eye for *subject*, and such a gift of conveying a whole picture with a few bold strokes and dabs. Here was a bit of the never-to-be-forgotten Taki-no-Jinja woods at Nikko—the little rainbow arched, mossy stone bridge, with the huge torii and leaning balustrade behind. There was a typical musumé kneeling in a little brown tea house, with a mountain in the vista; there a temple in a garden at cherry blossom time; and all round, pilgrims, coolies, children, priests, and geishas in the most lifelike attitudes.

The studio was naturally fuller than a Japanese sitting-room would be, for the Japanese idea of furniture does not go beyond a cleanly-matted floor, and broad, flat cushions to sit on; a screen for draughts or sudden transformations of costume; a little lacquered, spindle-legged table, as a stand for some piece, and a vase for a few properly assorted branches, more or less in blossom; with tiny charcoal fire boxes for fingers, and tinier ones for pipes.

Mr. Landor was Japanese enough not to have a table to sit at, or a chair to sit on, but he could not restrain himself from displaying the artistic trophies of his expeditions into curio-shop land. Among the intrusions were a charming torii two feet high, of polished solid oak, with brass ends; a very fine black and gold lacquer jewel box, presented to him by Countess Kuroda, and swords, and screens, and carved pipe cases and netsukés galore.

When I went to lunch with him, we lunched Japanese

fashion, squatting on the floor, with our food on dwarf tables. The food, I am thankful to say, although Mr. Landor himself did drink Japanese tea in thimbleful cups without sugar or milk, was English, and very well cooked.

He slept upstairs, in a tiny sort of cabin at the top of a steep railless stair shaped like a ship's companion, and made of plain deal. He used the Japanese flat quilt bed (futon) and Japanese pillow, and very funny they looked in the midst of particularly English-looking solid leather portmanteaux, a silver-mounted dressing case, patent leather pumps and boots, and clothes of the latest English cut.

It was lucky that he did sleep upstairs, or he might have added one more to the European victims of the Japanese sword. No Japanese burglar would think of facing an Englishman without a drawn sword, and at the first burglary the robber was creeping up to his room when he was frightened by the click of the revolver.

He came through one of the amido (outside wooden shutters put up at night) which was rather loose, and carefully chose several things which he intended to carry away. He then proceeded up to Mr. Landor's room, but the latter heard him coming up the steps, and cocked his revolver. This frightened him and he bolted.

Before Mr. Landor was able to light his lamp and come down the man had made away, taking with him several articles of silver, a lacquer kago, etc. Next night the artist took the precaution of balancing some large pieces of wood at the back of each amido, so that if any one was attempted they would fall down with a crash. Which duly happened. At 2.30 the dorobo returned, and proceeded to pull out the same amido as the evening before; but no sooner had he touched it than to his surprise down came the weights which had been placed at the back, and clattered on the verandah. Mr. Landor rushed downstairs, and chased the man all over the garden with his revolver, but owing to the

darkness could not get a shot at him. He having a lantern, the thief could, of course, see where he was, and kept dodging round the house until he found an opportunity of escaping. And then Mr. Landor found himself locked out of his house. His servants had locked the stable door after the horse had bolted.

Mr. Landor's own account of the occurrence is very dry :—

"The robbers that came into my house were a source of great amusement to me. They came twice, and I had much fun chasing them round the house and garden. I believe that they must have been globe-trotters, as they went in for all my curios. The first night they tried to make their way to my bedroom; but I heard them coming up the stairs, and they, discovering that I was awake, bolted. The police seem to have taken a deal of trouble, and have been very polite indeed, but, as yet, nothing has been recovered. I was quite sorry to see that the burglars did not take any of my sketches, for had they done so I should have thought that there was somebody in Tokyo who appreciated them. I am in hopes that they will come again one of these nights, for I see few people, and a change is diverting. Besides, Japanese burglars are most polite : they come in and go out without smashing anything."

It will be a long time before I forget the amusement I had out of my artist friend's Japanese home.

The big, round, charcoal-heated tub in which he daily ran the risk of committing suicide by asphyxia when he (literally) tubbed, was typical of his whole *ménage*.

I wonder if he realised that hardly a week passes in Tokyo and Yokohama without somebody being suffocated by this least ingenious of all bath-heating apparatus. In the European-kept Hotel Continental at Yokohama, two people have been killed in this way since we have been in Japan.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHAKING OFF THE DUST.

IN YOKOHAMA BAY. *July 6th.*

I AM writing this on the decks of the *China*, the greyhound of the Pacific until the new Canadian Pacific boats are launched. I can't help feeling regretful as I say good-bye to the queer land, so restless itself with earthquakes and volcanoes and typhoons, so creative of rest, not to say languor, in all it clasps to its lotus-bearing bosom—the land so mysteriously mixed up with the sunrise. For a few more hours we shall look upon the crumpled hills, and pass, perhaps, not a few of the great junks, like Noah's arks rigged with the quilted window blinds dear to the æsthetic lodging-house keeper. And then our world for the next fortnight will be a world of waters, and moving over the face of them the stately *China*.

That fast-receding land of wonders has been our home for a winter, a spring, and a summer. What on the whole are my impressions of it? What sort of a country is it for Anglo-Saxons to go to? I will answer the last question first. As a land to make a living in, my advice is, don't live in it. So many of the trading class are commercially worthless, and their bond, having to be sued on in Japanese courts, worth little more. The dishonest Japanese when he is sued by a foreigner, if the case is going against him, changes his home to the next prefecture (which implies commencing the case *de novo* in the new court); or transfers his property and goes bankrupt; or avails himself of the

interminable tangle of Japaneses commercial law, the unwritten law of Japan, and what not.

Besides, the competition is very severe. For the Japanese are very clever when not unscrupulous, and can live on next to nothing. If they had more capital the foreign merchant would be driven out of the field instanter. Again, Japan is not a great consuming country. It is true that, while it is "catching on" to Western ideas, it has to import many foreign models and a good deal of foreign material; but it must not be forgotten that Japan, being so long and narrow, and extending obliquely from N.E. to S.W., can produce most *materials* in certain quantities, and that as soon as ever the Japanese can produce the shoddiest imitation of a *manufactured article* for himself, he is apt to think tha the time has arrived to cease importing that article.

Japan being not so very much larger than Great Britain, and being so much of it barren and mountainous, and carrying a population of forty millions of penurious people, it stands to reason that if the whole country were thrown open to foreign settlement it would not present the same opportunities for capital or settlement as the immense virgin tracts and booming young cities of Australia and Canada and the United States—even if the natives were not to form rings against the foreigner, to prevent him getting the labour and whatever he might require to compete with them, as they certainly would.

In addition to this it must be remembered that, as treaties stand at present, foreigners are limited to the treaty ports of Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, Ozaka, Hakodate, Nagasaki, and Niigata.

Clearly Japan is not the place for setting up in business.

For the tourist, or the "retired" man of modest means and in need of a mild climate, it is altogether a different tale; for living is cheap, luxurious, and picturesque.

Take an old bachelor with a few hundred pounds a year.

He can have his rooms, with a charming Japanese girl to look after them, for a trifling sum. He can have his meals, even at the best hotels in Yokohama, for thirty dollars a month, or can mess exceedingly cheaply at the club itself. The club has luxurious rooms, and a very fine library; and he can live there also, if content to do with a single room and without the pretty little musumé. But if he is a sensible man he will have his rooms, and gradually furnish them with the exquisitely artistic bits of old furniture, old *bric-à-brac*, old silk embroideries, kakemonos, and flowers, which one can pick up so cheaply in Japan as one acquires experience.

An hour's journey will bring him into the great city of Tokyo, with its swarming, quaint Oriental life. The Spring and Fall are full of flowers and perfect weather. The winter has blue Italian skies and bright sunshine, day after day. In the heat of summer he can go and live in the mountains at Nikko, with its peerless shrines, or Miyanoshita, with its delightful baths. Here he can end his life in the placid content of a well-looked-after vegetable—can turn into that fortunate being, a lotus eater. Japan is the land of the lotus in more senses than one. Here is the lotus life. Here this lily, springing from the mud—the emblem of purity flourishing amid filth—is the ever-present accompaniment of Buddha, the most pervading symbol and ornament in art. And here, when summer reaches its glowing zenith, every lake and every moat is full of its noble pink or white crown of blossoms, springing royally from the broad green shields of foliage which almost blot out the water.

But few tourists see the lotus in its glory, for they fly from the heat and wet of the Japanese summer. The hot season is the rainy season.

Japan is the happy hunting-ground of the tourist. Not in all my life shall I forget the zest and wonderment with

which I explored the famous sites and cities of Japan, from Kyoto, the ancient capital in the west, to Tokyo, the modern capital in the east, with its seething multitudes of Orientals.

Adieu Kyoto, with your imperial palaces and gardens; your noble and legendary temples; your gold and silver pavilions; your *bizarre* theatre street; your old curiosity shops; your silk and porcelain factories—I was just going to write silk looms and potters' wheels; and the delightful expeditions to Nara, to the tea gardens of Uji, to the rapids of the Katsuragawa, and to Lake Biwâ beloved in art! Your very names are poems.

Adieu Nara, with your royal treasures of a thousand years; your great bronze image of Buddha, sixty feet high; your pagoda-shadowed lovers' lake; and your unforgetable Kasuga Temple, all colour, with the scarlet of its shrines and the scarlet of its wild azaleas, and the green of its park glades!

Adieu historical Ozaka, with your vast mediæval fortress; your canal-streets gay with singing girls; and your interminable Tennoji Temple!

Adieu Kobe! adieu green hills stealing down to the sea, with waterfalls in your bosoms and ancient temples on your brows!

Adieu Kamakura, city of departed thousands, with your great Idol (I doubt if the world has such another), almost as vast as the poor hideous giant at Nara, and yet so exquisitely made, with the true Buddha countenance of infinite calm and pity—"the peace of God which passeth all derstanding"!

Adieu Enoshima, Kamakura's beautiful neighbour—unique among islands—with your crabs as long as crocodiles; and your caverns of Venus; and your quaint streets; and your temple-haunted woods, ruddied with the wild camellia!

Adieu Yokosuka, with your grave three centuries old of

the shipwrecked English pilot, overlooking the blue bay—that network of coves and islands—and the great arsenal, and leagues of woods odorous and glittering with the *lilium auratum*!

Adieu Miyanoshita, with your baths and your miles of flowery gorges, liked by expatriated Englishmen as is no other place in Japan, though you are Jappy enough, in all conscience, with your native inns and hordes of coolies! And, indeed, from the mountain under which you nestle, "The Big Hell," which gives you your famous sulphur baths, can be seen in its immortal grace the whole of the mighty snow-cloaked cone of Fujiyama.

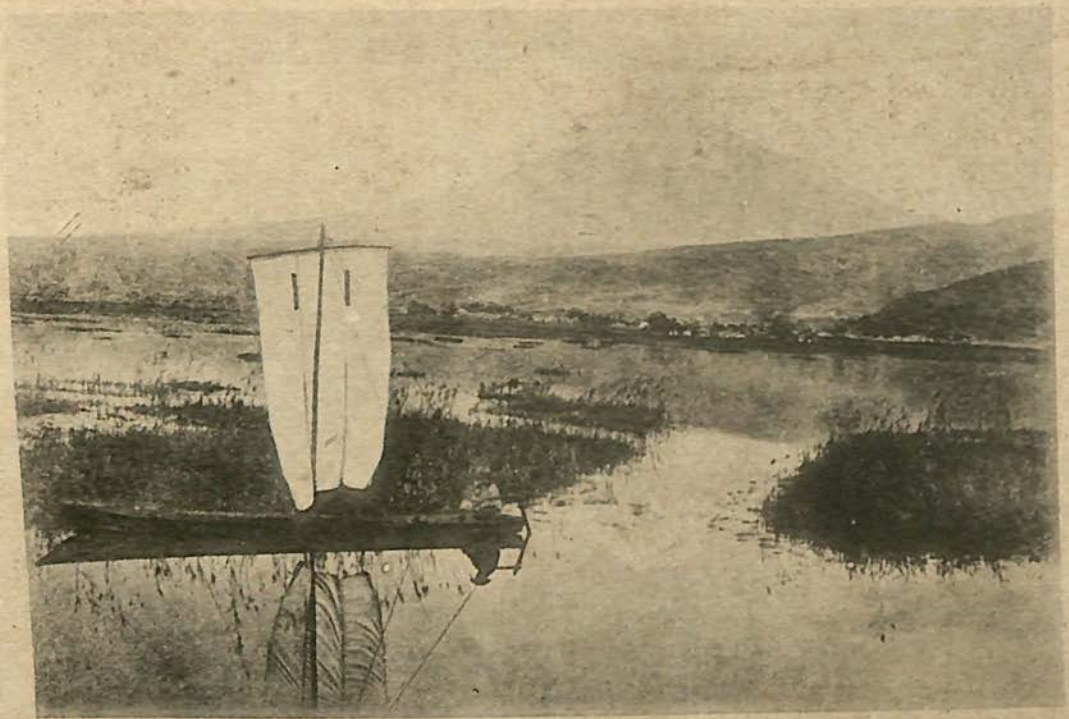
Adieu Hakone, over the hills from Miyanoshita, loveliest of Japanese villages, with your blue lake and your steep-pitched roofs, modelled after the Parthenon of Mountains brooding over and reflected in your waters!

Adieu Nagasaki, with your harbour serpentining between soft green hills; and your terraced city of the dead, and Bon Matsuri; and your marvellous Bronze Horse Temple.

Adieu Nagoya, with your famous castle, in shape and size rising like a mountain from the great plain; and your golden dolphins, large as life, that have lain at the bottom of the sea!

Adieu Yokohama, with your home-like Club Hotel and your snug Club; and your memories of hospitalities, and hearty friendships, and good ships that carried us safely across stormy seas!

Adieu Tokyo, fifth city of the world, covering a space as large as the cab-hirer's London; packed with delightful paupers, so cheerful and picturesque; and with fascinating curio shops in unfrequented streets! How delightful are your parks of Shiba and Ueno, with the shrines of dead Shoguns, and the blossom of cherry trees in the glades of their solemn groves; and their lakes all pink in summer with the sacred lotus! Shiba and Ueno, echoes of Nikko—



The Parthenon of Mountains.

well called sun-brightness, the spot above all others in Japan blest alike by Nature and Art and Association! Nikko throned in the mountains and vestured with the golden shrines that are the gems of Buddhist art! Nikko the long home of Iyeyasu, Iyemitsu, and Yoritomo!

Adieu Japan! You have most delightful and picturesque coolies, and idealisations of children!

Japanese, only a quarter of a century ago you were all Japanese, and such of you as make no pretence of being anything more now are noble and charming.

Adieu, once more, Japan! No tourist will ever regret the days he has spent in wandering through your wonder-house.

THE END.

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

MR. SLADEN'S BOOK PUBLISHED IN JAPAN.

LESTER THE LOYALIST: A Romance of the Founding of Canada.

PUBLISHED BY GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO. 2s. 6d.

"Made in Japan, at Tokio, with its diaphanous pages decorated with pale and scattered impressions of maple leaves. . . . A poem that treats of the sufferings undergone by the American loyalists who migrated to Nova Scotia and Canada during the War of Independence. We have before now recognised Mr. Sladen's skill in narrative poetry, and in this new example, for which he claims an historical basis, he sets forth his story of the wanderings and fortunes of the Sherwoods, and their rescue by the gallant Lester, with his wonted energy and vivacity. The picture of the destitute family in the Canadian forest, threatened by starvation, and tried by all the horrors of winter and solitude, is strikingly presented."—*Saturday Review.*

"This little book is a curiosity. It was made in Japan, exclusively by Japanese, and the printing is remarkably clear considering the thinness of the paper. According to a Japanese custom, impressions of maple leaves have been made on each page, and the result is a very dainty book, very suitable, both as regards its exterior and interior, for presentation. . . . Mr. Sladen's spirited poem is worthy of all commendation. He has packed the incidents of a thrilling three-volume novel into forty-three pages of hexameter verse, which is almost, if not quite, as good as Longfellow's. The poem is eminently fitted for recitation."—*Literary World.*

"Truly charming in its appearance."—*Review of Reviews.*

"One of the most curious volumes published of late years."—*National Observer.*

"Vigorously told."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Mr. Sladen knows how to tell an interesting story with fluency and grace."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Every drawing-room table would look the better for such specimens of the printer's art."—*Literary Opinion.*

"It abounds in picturesque touches of North American scenery, and is animated everywhere by an adventurous spirit as well as a healthy patriotism."—*Scotsman.*

OTHER WORKS BY MR. SLADEN.

PUBLISHED BY GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO., LONDON AND SYDNEY;
THE CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

AUSTRALIAN POETS, 1788-1888.

In scarlet cloth boards. 3s. 6d.

"Will repay examination."—*Athenæum.*

"On the whole successful."—*Academy.*

"In putting it before the public, Mr. Sladen has done a real service to literature."—*Literary World.*

"Deserves the thanks of lovers of stirring, spirited, and pathetic verse."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"To read it is a real inspiration."—*Boston (Mass.) Advertiser.*

And uniform with the above. 3s. 6d.

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS, 1830-1890.

"Mr. Sladen, himself no mean poet, has placed English readers under a debt of gratitude by issuing this timely volume of American poetry."—*Review of Reviews.*

"Though Mr. Sladen is not a citizen of the United States, he has caught the spirit of American verse more accurately than any native critic has done hitherto."—*Bookseller* (New York).

"A more varied and comprehensive treasury of the work of the 'Younger American Poets' than I know how to find elsewhere."—*Louise Chandler Moulton* in *The Boston Herald.*

AUSTRALIAN LYRICS.

100 pp., thick antique paper, in scarlet, black and white parchment envelope. Second Edition. 1s.

"The best thing in the volume is undoubtedly 'The Squire's Brother,' a tale of true love told in ringing measures; but there is much more that will delight the genuine lover of poetry."—*The Graphic.*

A POETRY OF EXILES.

100 pp., uniform with the above. Second Edition. 1s.

"With as much freshness of subject and ardour of feeling as characterised previous productions, they have more variety of theme, and more of the kind of descriptive writing which we want."—*The Academy.*

IN CORNWALL AND ACROSS THE SEA.

In scarlet, black and white cloth boards. 6s.

"Mr. Sladen pays a tribute to the memory of Lindsay Gordon, the 'Poet of Victoria'; but that erratic and unfortunate genius left little behind him that is so good as many parts of Mr. Sladen's work. Taken altogether, it gives him a high claim to be considered the best poet that Australia has yet produced."—*The Queen.*

OTHER WORKS BY MR. SLADEN.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

256 pp., uniform with the above. Second Edition. 4s.

"A successful modern example of the old-fashioned stage history in blank verse."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The drama entitled 'Edward the Black Prince,' just published by Griffith & Farran, places the author at once on a literary pedestal, of which his previous efforts have given no conception. It is no exaggeration to say that his treatment of the paladin of chivalry is masterly, his history perfect, and his style unaffected yet scholarly. The research shown in the volume is remarkable, and we cordially recommend a close study of it to Mr. Wilson Barrett at the earliest opportunity. Cut down and compressed into a third of its present length, it would make an acting drama of the rarest promise. It is not often that a reviewer reads through a volume of this ethic blank verse to the bitter end; yet we can conscientiously aver that we not only have read it through, but regretfully found ourselves arriving at the last page. Such books never sell; the age deals not in nor appreciates such literary gems: but when the twenty-first century has dawned, and author and reviewer have alike been resolved into the elements, posterity will ponder over the want of taste displayed by the nineteenth century in passing by unnoticed a work of such infinite beauty, fire, pathos, and purity, and, above all, the compendious story of a reign scamped by historians, and only kept alive by Froissart, to whom Mr. Sladen cordially acknowledges his indebtedness."—*St. Stephen's Review.*

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

In scarlet, black and white cover. Second Edition. 6d.

"Mr. Sladen's 'The Spanish Armada' is a spirited composition, which cannot but quicken the pulses of the dullest or most peace-loving reader. It smacks of the old sea-dogs, whose exploits it celebrates. The following is a characteristic stanza:—

> 'And two days and nights the English raced like Hell-hounds to the North,
> Tearing grimly at the Spaniards in their flight,
> Till they clove the waste of waters ever wroth beyond the Forth,
> And drew homeward, jeering, "Lo, ye cannot fight,
> We will leave the winds and waves to find you graves."'"
>
> —*Literary World* (London).

"Both compositions breathe the spirit of intensest patriotism, and both are full of rhetorical fire."—*Globe* (London).

"The most considerable poetical result of the commemoration."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"The author of 'Edward the Black Prince' could hardly have selected a fitter theme for a pen whose vigour of expression is now as well known in England as in Australia. In a few brief and nervous stanzas, wherein we seem to hear the alarm-drums and trumpets that awoke the West Coast on that July morning of 1588, and in ever varying metre, admirably adapted to the stormy tale of battle, defeat, and relentless pursuit it has to tell, we follow the phases of that life and death ordeal through which our tough forefathers passed. . . . This little volume, handsomely printed on Dutch paper, is a model of artistic printing throughout."—*The Overland Mail.*

"The two ballads are vigorous and spirited, and breathe the very tone of the gallant days of which they speak—of the stout and loyal hearts of brave Englishmen. Such poems have a claim on our attention beyond their intrinsic merit, for they are sung by one of the sons of England overseas, the foremost poet of Australia."—*Birmingham Post.*

OTHER WORKS BY MR. SLADEN.

A SUMMER CHRISTMAS.

In green cloth boards. 6s.

"Mr. Sladen tells his story in a vigorous Hudibrastic verse, and he relieves it by stories from the lips of his friend. He does not claim that the work is a poem, but only a novel in verse: but certainly such pieces as 'Odysseus in Scheria,' 'San Sebastian,' which is dramatic in the most exacting sense of the word—and 'Sappho,' which is truly lyrical, may lay claims to being poems in themselves, and, as interludes, may lay claim to communicate something of a poetic character and charm to the whole. For ourselves, we have read the latter piece with real enjoyment and appreciation of the music and delicate fancy which mark it. Many other portions of the volume might well claim more exhaustive notice, such as we cannot now give it. But we commend the volume to all who care for Chaucer-like presentment of character and situation, for humour and sly satire, for imagination and real power of portraiture."—*British Quarterly Review.*

PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., LONDON.

FRITHJOF AND INGEBJORG, AND OTHER POEMS.

In green cloth boards. 5s.

"We read with pleasure the tale of 'Frithjof and Ingebjorg,' and can recommend it to our readers. A good tale well told justifies publication."—*The Westminster Review.*

"Even in the rough hexameters of the American Poet (Longfellow) the story is full of pathos and dignity; but when wedded to Mr. Sladen's tender and musical words, it must charm all who read it."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

PUBLISHED BY WALTER SCOTT & CO., LONDON,
AND WHITTAKER & CO., NEW YORK.

In the "Canterbury Poets" Series. 1s.

AUSTRALIAN BALLADS AND RHYMES.

"We heartily wish it success. . . . an important contribution to our poetical literature."—*Literary World.*

"The volume marks an epoch in English verse."—*Public Opinion.*

"Mr. Sladen has been very happy in his choice."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"The selection is representative of the best poetry produced in recent years in Australia."—*Scotsman.*

"Bids fair to become popular the world over."—*The Chiel* (Glasgow).

"Will sink deep into the hearts of all English-speaking peoples."—*European Mail.*

And in the "Windsor" Series.

A CENTURY OF AUSTRALIAN SONG.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PUBLISHED BY GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO.

Uniform with their Byron.

In blue cloth, gilt, and with gilt edges, MR. SLADEN'S

POEMS.

Vols. I. and II. now ready. Price 5s. each.

00058427

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018